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## THE COFFIN.

The Coffin is come! 'tis a dreadful sound!  
And tears are gushing anew,  
For the Family, wrapp'd in grief profound,  
Have caught that sound as it flew;  
It sendeth a shock to each aching heart,  
Suspending with awe the breath;  
It says that the living and dead must part,  
And seems like a second death.

Now heavy and slow is the bearers' tread  
Ascending the winding stair,  
And the steps which are echoing over head  
Awaken a wild despair;  
They know by the tread of those trampling feet  
They're lifting the silent dead,  
And laying him low, in his winding sheet,  
In his dark and narrow bed.

Come follow the corpse to the yawning grave—  
The train is advancing slow;  
See children and friends and the faithful slave  
In a long and solemn show—  
Hark! hark! to that deep and lumbering sound  
As they lower the coffin down,  
'Tis the voice of earth—of the groaning ground  
Thus welcoming back her own.

Now—ashes to ashes! and dust to dust!  
How hollow the coffin rings!  
And hands are uplifted to God, the Just,  
The merciful King of Kings—  
"Farewell forever! Forever farewell!"  
Is heard as the crowds depart,  
And the piteous accents, they seem to swell  
From a torn and broken heart.

## AN ESSAY

### ON THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY ON THE CRIMINAL LAW OF ENGLAND.

The subject of this essay is the influence Christianity has exercised on the Criminal Law—a branch of jurisprudence in which *all* are deeply interested, because of the protection it affords life, liberty, property, and honor—all of earthly moment to us as individuals; and because there is no one so exempt at all times from the frailties of human passion, or so strong as not to feel at intervals the weakness of virtuous resolutions, but that he may become the subject of its exercise; and because there is no one, be his life as unspotted as innocence, and his conduct as exemplary as an angel's, but that malice may arraign him of guilt, and perjury convict him of crime. The improvements which it has undergone in the lapse of time, must be a source of pleasure, especially to the philanthropist, the patriot, and the lawyer; and its former and present condition, with the causes which have produced the change, a matter of curious inquiry to all.

The limits of one paper will not allow an enumeration of all, or indeed of the most prominent and important changes, which have been made in the lapse of those centuries in which the hand of reform has been remodelling its features: nor of all the causes, seen and unseen, silent and obtrusive, which have been at work; but I shall have accomplished the plan I designed, when I have pointed out some of the most striking and useful particulars of reform therein, as samples of that good work commenced in days long gone by and still in progress, and traced them, mediately or immediately, to that grand, gigantic cause, which, although it may have acted in coöperation with others entirely independent of it, is yet the pre-eminent one in services as in strength—Christianity!

Of those who are skeptical of her influence in this respect, I would ask—has she, who has confessedly produced such changes in the condition of man, exerted no influence in *this*—one of the most important of all? Has she, satiated with glory, disdained to pluck the loveliest flower to adorn her chaplet, and left the wreath unfinished? No—and it is my purpose, on whatever brow it may be found, to transfer it to its rightful owner. We should not deny her influence, because her operations have not always been manifest to the careless observer. Like some subterranean stream, that winds itself beneath a fertile plain, she has imparted verdure and loveliness with her life-giving properties—not the less felt, because unseen.

War is the worst enemy of commerce. It shuts the avenues that lead from nation to nation, and insulates each particular one. The genius of religion is opposed to the martial spirit of battle, and inculcates peace, and good will, and friendly intercourse among men. By conquering this great enemy of commerce, it liberates the latter and enables her to scatter her bounty over the world. Commerce softens and humanizes the character of a nation, as social intercourse does that of individuals; and as men are compelled to bow in reverence to the moral feelings of society, so are nations forced to respect those of that portion of the world with which they have an intimate intercourse. The laws are a reflection from the character of a people as from a mirror: so that he who would apply himself to the study of the disposition of a nation, might with safety search for it in its statute book, which would present as true an image thereof, as the unruffled surface of a lake portrays the surrounding landscape.

Besides this wholesome influence which an united

world produces upon the aggregate parts, commerce, which acquaints every nation with all the secrets of the rest of the earth, enables each to make a selection from the congregated laws of all the others, of such as are adapted to its peculiar moral and physical condition. Thus, commerce must ever produce changes in the laws, manners and customs of the different members of the great family of the world—and changes, too, stamped by the impress of wisdom, so long as her car continues its course around the earth, and she, with the munificence which has always characterized her, continues to scatter over the universe the riches of her treasury, accumulated in every clime.

But religion acts not only indirectly, by the aid of commerce, in the improvement of law, but also directly and immediately by its own humane and merciful spirit. It inculcates the duty of swelling the tide of human happiness, and diminishing the sum of human misery; and by its divine voice, stills the tumult of those hurtful passions, that tempt the lawgiver to avenge their rage with bloody edicts.

Of this opinion was my Lord Coke, who, regretting the frequency of capital punishments, urges the necessity of resorting to preventive means to arrest the hangman's hand; and mentions as one of the most effective modes which could be adopted, (to use his own somewhat quaint language,) "the good education of youth," "by the instruction of them in the grounds of the true religion of Almighty God." The merciful commands of Divine Revelation, while they thus address themselves to the people, and prepare them for a milder code of laws, appeal also to the legislature, and forbid the sanguinary policy that a narrow-minded, unfeeling, and selfish wisdom inculcates. The examples of tenderness, pity and forgiveness, recorded of its author, invite the human legislator to emulate the code of a super-human lawgiver.

Not unmindful that in the complicated affairs of the world there is no effect which has not manifold parent causes—many of which are independent of, and unconnected with all others—I would not be thought to urge that we are indebted to Christianity *alone* for those improvements—some few of which I am about to enumerate—but cheerfully acknowledge that there have been many other agents at work coöperating with it.

One of the blackest features of the English Criminal Law was, that punishments were disproportioned to the offences; and that crimes were too frequently atoned for by capital executions. It can scarcely be credited that there were more than one hundred and fifty distinct offences expiated by death. By far the greater number of these are now punishable by confinement in penitentiaries—sometimes *solitary*, but in most instances relieved even of this severe feature of modern judicial vengeance. This merciful substitution not only allows to the wretched criminal time for reflection and re-

pentance to prepare him for the dreadful future, but also secures his services and labor to the state, by which it obtains some satisfaction for the injury it has sustained in the outrage committed on the laws. But what, we may ask, dictated the ancient sanguinary policy? a belief that crimes could only be suppressed by a bloody code? or a mere recklessness of human life, and an indifference to human sufferings, untainted by even more corrupt motives? If it was dictated by either or all of these, we could read the cruel parliamentary edicts, and still more cruel judicial expositions, with an indignation mitigated by pity for the fabricator and expounder. But indignation alone fills our bosoms when we are apprized that it did not proceed either from error of judgment, or indifference to human life and sufferings; but originated in the rapacious avarice of the cruel and bloodthirsty barons, who made nearly every offence a felony, because in that class of crimes a forfeiture of the land to the lord of the manor ensued upon conviction, which was not the case in simple misdemeanors. Thus, a strong motive was held out to the fierce aristocracy, to make every forbidden act a capital felony. In this, they followed the example of the king, who, from a cowardly motive of protecting himself, and an avaricious motive of aggrandizing his coffers, extended the law of treason as much as possible—one of the incidents to which was a forfeiture of the convict's property, real and personal, to the crown. It is to these sordid principles, and to the selfishness of the owners of forests, parks, and chases—who valued their deer more highly than they did a brother's life, which they hesitated not to claim for the slightest infraction of their privileges—that we are in some measure to attribute the offensive traits of this code, which rivalled Draco's in the celebrated peculiarity which has given it such notorious infamy. By mere habit, at length, death became almost the universal punishment. No offence seemed too trivial to call down upon the trembling culprit the most awful severity of the law, which should only be inflicted on such as by their perfect recklessness of social order, evince a disposition sternly bent upon an uncompromising warfare with the best interests of society, and the absolute subversion of its foundations. The molestation of fisheries—hunting in the night-time in disguise, and other equally trifling and unimportant acts—brought down the Cain-like fury of the law, until there was hardly a nook or corner in the kingdom, whence the blood of an Abel did not cry out daily from the ground for vengeance upon it.

There is no apology for cruel laws: they do not exact implicit obedience, and *cannot*; but only impair the authority of the state by placing all crimes on an equality. Society, in taking away the life of one of its members, exercises its most sovereign and most *questioned* prerogative. It should therefore be very sparing in its use, which should never



be appealed to but in cases of critical danger. The physician who resorts on every occasion to his most powerful medicines, instead of consulting the constitution and disease of his patient, and trying those slighter but often more efficacious remedies, is not more of an empyric in his profession, than the statesman is in his, whose universal prescription for all the maladies of the state is death. Momentary relief it may afford; but when those severe assaults are made on the constitution, which as well the body politic as the body natural must encounter at sometimes,—when those powerful medicines are required, by their too frequent use they are found, at the only time when they were proper to be administered, to have lost their sanitary influence.

Revelation discountenances those selfish feelings to which I have attributed the ancient policy, and enjoins the observance of that golden maxim which indicates, in a few words, the duty of man to his fellow-man, in whatever relation he may stand to him, whether in that of king and subject, lord and vassal, stranger or neighbor. Accordingly we find that the cruel lineaments of the law have been gradually smoothed and relaxed into those of benevolence and mercy, before the softening influence of Religion, as it became more fully and universally understood in England.

A few examples in support of the position here assumed, I proceed to quote.

The first crime, in point of magnitude, is treason, and its punishment is the most terrible. For these reasons it should be more accurately defined than all others. But so far from being so, it was left almost (I think I may say altogether) to the discretion of the judge to ascertain its character; for there was no law until in the reign of Edward III, which specified its nature. Before that epoch it was *lex non scripta*. Not only were actions which bore not the slightest resemblance to the *crimen læsæ majestatis* adjudged to be treason, but *thoughts* became the subject of judicial cognizance. The knight of Herefordshire was convicted of treason, because he seized a fellow-subject, and held him in his custody until he paid him a certain sum of money. It was treason to imagine the king's death, even though no overt act was committed; and were we not filled with horror, indignation, and disgust at the cruelty, we would smile in contempt and scorn at the stupidity of an ermined judge, occupying one of the highest offices in the realm, who shamefully disgraced his rank and profession, by condemning to death a trembling culprit, who unfortunately was so imprudent as to say, that he intended to make his son the heir of the *crown*, which, when explained, signified that he should inherit his tavern known by that name. Equally indignant are we when we hear of the accusation, all the pomp of a trial, and the gravity of the sentence of a poor hind, who, mourning over the slaughter of a favo-

rite buck by the king, in one of his hunting excursions, wished it, horns and all, in the monarch's belly. The wise judge being well aware that the gastric juice of a mortal was incapable of digesting such a dish, pronounced him guilty of wishing the king's death; and, as he could not wish it without thinking of it, *ergo* he *imagined* his death—which was treason.

These decisions were made as late as the reign of Edward IV, and founded upon precedents in previous reigns, which were declaratory of the law as it had existed immemorially. A law defining treason was loudly called for, and at length made in the reign of Edward III. But the spirit of this law was constantly violated by a judiciary appointed by the crown and devoted to its interests, exercising its high and holy functions to gratify by forced constructions the malice of kings and ministers, against those who were so unfortunate as to be obnoxious either to their fears or hatred. So true it is that the best laws, when their execution is entrusted to vicious hands, cease to afford any protection to the rights of the people.

While we can scarcely resist the temptation to smile at the absurdity of the decisions above mentioned, there have been other victims at whose sacrifice we cannot forbear to weep; for so pure were they in life—so refined was their virtue, and so exalted their patriotism, that all who have heard their melancholy histories, render to their memories homage, regret and pity, unmingled with grosser feelings. Of whom can I speak but of Algernon Sidney and John Russell?—names consecrated by all that can adorn human nature; and which, were there nothing else in the history of their times upon which the mind could rest with pleasure, would rescue them from imperishable infamy. The death of these two good men, who were inhumanly murdered in violation of an express statute, by the time-serving, sycophantic and bloody-minded Jeffries, was all that was wanting to fill the measure of public detestation against one, whose name has descended to us, to be transmitted to posterity, identified with all that can blacken the character of a judge. The humane judges, which the humanity of later times has selected for the administration of law, have reprobated the doctrine that *imagining* the king's death, without any overt act, is treason, as hostile to reason and the inalienable rights of man. They confine their judicial investigations to his actions, and leave his thoughts to the scrutiny of that Divine Being who alone has the power to fathom, and the right to avenge them.

The statutes of 25th Edward III, and 33rd Henry VIII, abolished by implication that monstrous law—that a madman, who, in the frenzy of his insanity, attempted to kill the king, should be adjudged guilty of treason, and punished as a traitor.

Barbarous as were the laws in defining and declaring the number of crimes, and affixing capital

executions to their commission, and wicked as have been the judges in their interpretation thereof, they still were merciful in comparison to the awful punishment prescribed for treason,—to the terror of which Carthaginian cruelty and savage ingenuity may be defied to produce a parallel. Sir William Blackstone thus describes the punishment of high treason. 1st. That the offender be drawn to the gallows, and not be carried, or walk. 2nd. That he be hanged by the neck, and cut down alive. 3d. That his entrails be taken out and burned while he is yet alive. 4th. That his head be cut off. 5th. That his body be divided into four parts. 6th. That his head and quarters be at the king's disposal.

This formerly was the regular execution, but in *modern times* the king has always remitted all but the beheading.

A yet further punishment awaited the unfortunate malefactor. All his real and personal estate was forfeited to the crown, his wife lost her dower, his children became base and ignoble, and the blood of his posterity stained and corrupted, through all time to come. My Lord Coke assigns this as the reason of the punishment, (for there is nothing in the law for which he would not either find or make a reason,) namely—"That his body, lands, goods, posterity, &c. shall be torn, pulled asunder and destroyed, that intended to tear and destroy the majesty of government." So much of the punishment as inflicted a corruption of blood on the posterity, and a forfeiture of lands and goods, was abolished in the wise reign of Queen Anne; and from that time the innocent have been protected from the punishment which was due to the guilty only. Forfeiture and attainder have been done away with likewise in most felonies, by recent acts of parliament—so that the punishments in those offences have been pruned of those luxuriant branches that were engrafted on it by cruelty and avarice; and are now only used to remove, by the easiest death, a culprit from a world which he showed himself unfit to live in, and to afford an example to deter others from similar vices, which are the two legitimate objects of capital executions.

The judgment in high treason against a woman, was, that she be drawn to the stake and burnt alive; and this was the practice from the remotest antiquity, until a statute was passed in the thirtieth year of the reign of George III, which changed it to hanging.

The more elevated wisdom of modern times holds in contempt the superstition of our ignorant ancestry, who devoutly believed in the existence of witchcraft, conjuration, sorcery and enchantment, four distinct offences, but generally confounded, and understood to be synonymous. According to Coke, "a conjurer is he that by the holy and powerfull names of Almighty God, invokes and conjures the devill to consult with him, or to do some act."

"A witch is a person that hath conference with the devill, to consult with him, or to do some act," but without using the name of God for that purpose. "An inchanter," as the derivation of the word signifies, "is he, or she, who by songs adjures the devill" to do some act. A sorcerer was one who became conversant with futurity by means of demoniacal songs. That we may know how profoundly these offences were believed in, and with what abhorrence they were regarded, it is sufficient to remember that Lord Coke ranks them the fifth in point of atrocity; and considers murder, theft, robbery and piracy, as offences of an inferior grade. For the amusement of such as are curious about this branch of the law, a part of a statute passed in the first year of the reign of James I, is inserted, which serves as an historical description of the nature of the aforesaid crimes, and also to show the pious horror in which they were held.

"If any person or persons shall use, practice, or exercise any invocation, or conjuration of any evill and wicked spirit, or shall consult, covenant with, entertaine, employ, feed, or reward, any evill or wicked spirit, to or for any intent or purpose, or take up any dead man, woman, or childe, out of his, her, or their grave, or any other place where the dead bodie resteth, or the skin, bone, or any part of a dead person, to be employed, or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charme, or enchantment, or shall use, practice, or exercise any witchcraft, inchantment, charme, or sorcery, whereby any person shall be killed, destroyed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in his, or her bodie, or any part thereof," he shall, on conviction, be adjudged a felon and punished with death, which death was burning at the stake. In the ninth year of the reign of George II, the offence was abolished, and the statute book purged of a memorable record of folly and inhumanity.

Apostacy, or a renunciation of Christianity, was punished by a like death, until the reign of William III, when only those who publicly denied the divinity of Christ were punished, for the first offence, by incapacity to hold any office of trust or honor; and for the second, by imprisonment for three years. This, it must be acknowledged, is a great improvement; but still the law is susceptible of further modification, until all restraints are thrown off the conscience of man, and he is allowed to feel no necessity for acknowledging the truth of Revelation, except the obligation to yield to the dictates of reason and the force of evidence.

Heresy is a kindred sin, and punished in the same way; its definition, and the expiation being equally abhorrent to humanity and that religion which it professed to protect—which wants no protection—which depends upon no arm for defence save its own—which is alike invulnerable to the wit of the jester, the ridicule of the ignorant, and the sophistry of the learned. It is defined to be



a renunciation of certain tenets held by the church; and was punishable not only when the essentials were denied, but when the most unimportant doctrines were questioned; and what those doctrines were, with which every man's faith was required to correspond, was left to the discretion of the ecclesiastical judge; who was thus constituted interpreter-general for the kingdom, and invested with little less than authority enough to fabricate and establish as the legal religion, any systems he chose, which his successor tomorrow might abolish and replace with others—his own peculiar offspring. This would do very well if man could divest himself of his responsibility to his Maker; and if there could be concentrated in the ecclesiastical judge, as the representative of all those for whom he interpreted the Scriptures, the flashes of Divine indignation brought down from Heaven by the crimes and infidelity of men. But as there is individual responsibility not transferable, it is but reasonable that each one should be allowed to meet that accountability, as his judgment and conscience shall declare best. The ecclesiastic having examined into the state of the accused's mind, certifies his judgment to the civil tribunals, whence a writ *de heretico combuendo* issues, and the man who had the honesty and the courage to avow opinions, formed by the best light which Heaven afforded him, was doomed to die an ignominious death, which equalled in cruelty the most savage tortures that the ingenuity of an American Indian ever devised to murder a captive foe. A statute, passed in the second year of the reign of Henry IV, denominates those persons heretics who are "teachers of erroneous opinions, contrary to the faith and blessed determinations of the holy church."

The advancing civilization of England has excoriated the horrible punishment prescribed for heresy, and substituted for it the pains and penalties affixed to apostacy. Various other modifications of the law restricting the freedom of religious opinions, have more recently been made; and we may believe others will be made, until the conscience of man shall be absolutely disenthralled from the tyranny of an established religion, and he be permitted to measure his faith by a standard of his own selection, and demonstrate the presence of that faith by whatever forms and ceremonies his imagination shall suggest, and his reason approve.

Having mentioned some of the offences known to the laws of England, and the punishments incident to them, we proceed to take a hasty view of the trial.

We have said that many crimes of a trivial character were made felonies, in order to secure to the barons the forfeiture of their subfeudatories' lands. But a forfeiture could only ensue upon a trial and conviction, and there could be no trial until the accused had pleaded; that is, had either acknowledged his guilt, or asserted his innocence by a denial of

the charge laid in the indictment. To prevent this forfeiture, and a corruption of the blood of his posterity—to preserve his wife and children from being involved in ruin with himself, by a reduction to absolute beggary—to prevent his offspring from being bastardized, the hardy sinner would refuse to plead to the accusation. The lord, thus thwarted in his avaricious schemes, had recourse to the *peine forte et dure*, which, to the enduring dishonor of the English code, became the universal practice and acknowledged law of the realm. Whether it was introduced by statute, or is a part of the common law, is uncertain: at any rate it was known in the early part of the reign of Edward I. The judgment for standing mute was as follows, according to Sir William Blackstone: "That the prisoner shall be remanded to the prison from whence he came, and put into a low, dark chamber, and there be laid on his back, on the bare floor, naked, unless where decency forbids; that there be placed on his body as great a weight of iron as he can bear, and more; that he shall have no sustenance, save only on the first day, three morsels of the worst bread; and, on the second day, three draughts of standing water that shall be nearest to the prison-door; and in this situation this shall be alternately his daily diet, till he dies, as the judgment now runs, though formerly it was, till he answered."

The melancholy fact is recorded, that there have been instances where this horrible agony has been endured forty days before death came to relieve the wretched man, by removing him from his merciless tormentors. The subject, writhing under the *peine forte et dure*, might applaud the mercy of the Carthaginian senate, manifested in the butchery of Regulus, and envy his comparatively easy death. In the reign of George III, it was abolished.

The rack or torture was a means resorted to, to constrain a confession. This species of trial, the eulogists and apologists of the English jurisprudence have attempted to prove is unknown to the law, but an excrescence which attached itself to it, generated under the unwholesome influence of the full brightness of despotic sway, when an unclouded tyranny shone upon the island. The pernicious mistletoe does not more surely suck up the healthful humors of the oak and eat away its life, than would such a species of trial (if that may be called a trial, which is at once accusation, conviction, judgment and execution,) utterly weaken, rot, and finally destroy all justice in judicature, and liberty in the people. It, however, certainly was practised in many reigns, and the right to exercise it was never questioned until in that of Charles I, when the twelve judges unanimously declared it to be illegal and unknown to the laws; since when its use has never been justified.

The admirers of the philosopher Bacon, (I say the philosopher Bacon, for the politician Bacon,

and the lawyer Bacon had and has none) must forever mourn that so wise, and indeed I may add so humane a man, could ever consent under any temptation to authorize by his high name this infamous mode of extorting evidence. History tells us that "an aged clergyman of the name of Peacham was accused of treason on account of some passages of a sermon which was found in his study. The sermon, whether written by him or not, had never been preached." This aged man was seized by the counsel of Bacon, and put to the torture, while he stood by, a witness of the horrible tragedy, assisting the rack to extort answers from the wretched sufferer. Such was the conduct, on a memorable occasion, of that great, and in some respects, and at some times, good man; he whose genius and erudition and patient investigation illuminated a benighted world, and who, though he has long since sunk beneath the horizon of this life, has left a splendor behind him, which still fills the world with his glory, and which those bright luminaries that have arisen since his departure have been unable to dim. Who, then, will say that the unaided reason of man can digest a good and humane code of laws, when the renowned and immortal Bacon justified the use of the rack?

It is in vain that good laws are made, unless there be virtue in the people and virtue in the rulers. These are the frame, the bone, the nerve, the muscle and the sinew,—this is that subtle spirit and essence that gives life, and action—the vivifying principle, without which the former is a lifeless trunk, incapable of exercising its functions. Even those good and wholesome laws which are the inheritance of Englishmen, transmitted to them by their ancestry through centuries, were inoperative, and barren of all good; for those who were to administer them, and those on whom they were to be administered, were equally ignorant of the mutual benefit and protection which virtue could reciprocally afford them. Lord Bacon and Mr. Hume, both, extol the star-chamber, unrestrained in its powers and unrestricted in its jurisdiction as that institution was, until it was finally abolished in the reign of Charles I. This formidable instrument of power was coeval with the Norman conquest, but its authority in some respects was confirmed in the reign of Henry VII, by a statute whose preamble instructs us in the state of the nation at the time, and which is as follows:

"The King our sovereign lord, remembereth how, by our unlawful maintenances, giving of liveries, signs and tokens, retainders by indentures, promises, oaths, writings, and other embraceries of his subjects, untrue demeanings of sheriffs in making pannels and untrue returns by taking money by juries," &c.

How deep must have been the degradation of a people who thus accused themselves! It was not an accusation made by a haughty prince stung into

passion by the rebellion of his subjects; but the solemn charge of a nation's infamy made by the nation. It was a filing of a bill of indictment against itself: felon-like, *holding up its right hand*; and to the accusation that came from its own lips *pleading guilty*. Mr. Hume in his commentary on this passage says: "It must, indeed, be confessed, that such a state of the country required great discretionary power in the sovereign; nor will the same maxims of government suit such a rude people, that may be proper in a more advanced stage of society. The establishment of the star-chamber, or the advancement of its powers in the reign of Henry VII, might have been as wise as the abolition of it in that of Charles I." If then we would not make it necessary for an arbitrary, irresponsible discretion to be reposed in the conscience of a monarch, we should inspire the people with virtue to administer their own laws:—and how can this be done so effectually as by the inculcation of a religion whose least eulogium is, that it is a perfect system of morality?

We shall mention but one other particular wherein the Criminal Law has undergone a favorable change, and then cease to accumulate instances with which the history of the last two centuries is crowded.

We attribute to the fierce avarice of the king and barons that rule of practice which denied to one accused of treason or felony the privilege of being heard and defended by counsel, while the crown was allowed its prosecuting attorney. He, no matter how ignorant and unlearned—no matter how unskilled in extorting truth from reluctant witnesses; no matter how incapable of sifting evidence and unriddling sophistry, was—in a state of trepidation, naturally felt when life and death were the stakes played for, and such odds to oppose—compelled, in a crowded court-room, before the legalized murderers of the law, decorated in all the blood-dripping paraphernalia of office, to rely upon the weak voice of innocence to protect his life and honor. But as if this was not sufficient to fill up the measure of injustice, the poor privilege of proving his innocence was denied him; for it was the olden law that no one charged with treason or felony should be permitted to examine witnesses in his behalf. In the course of time he was allowed them; but they were not sworn, so that their testimony unsupported by oath was to be placed in opposition to the sworn statements of the witnesses for the crown. How naked assertions would be received in contradiction to solemn asseverations, we all know. But this was not odds enough against the accused. He was not even allowed a copy of the indictment, by which he might ascertain the nature of the offence with which he was charged, and against which he had to defend himself. To the honor of the last century, by sundry parliamentary provisions, the prisoner is allowed counsel, regularly sworn witnesses, and a copy of the indictment.



Thus we have in part accomplished our design. We have shown *how* Christianity influenced the Criminal Law; and we have shown a gradual improvement in it, commencing with the first dawn of genuine piety in Britain, and advancing as the dawn broke into full daylight. The advance is still going on and will go on until Christianity shall have reached its full meridian splendor, when, judging by the past and the present, we may believe, there will be no point in the code so obscure as to be inaccessible to its penetrating rays, or so dark, but the flood of light that is ever gushing forth from this inexhaustible fountain may irradiate it. Under its cleansing influence, we may hope that ere long this code of England, which yet has its bloody spots, and which was as crimson, may become white as snow, and which, though it hath been red like scarlet, will be like wool. In the Christian Religion, we may see the bow stretched across the jurisprudential horizon, which is the covenant, that the laws of England, now that the flood is over, shall no more again be deluged with blood.

We would invite the attention of those who yet doubt that the improvements mentioned have been wrought by the influence of Christianity, (but attribute them to other causes exclusive of this,) to other times and other lands, in which its merciful influence was not and is not felt. Where in antiquity do they find the rights of the people protected and made sacred by good laws? Will they find them in Sparta, where her youth were taught to revel in the luxury of blood, by early staining their hands in Helotæ gore? Will they find them in Rome in her most refined days, when the masters and the fathers were uncontrolled lords over the lives of his slaves and his daughters—when a senseless throng revelled in the savage sport of gladiators, butchering one another for a holiday spectacle? Will they find them in Venice, where serfs and lords, nobles and peasants, were accused, tried, convicted, sentenced and executed, without being allowed the privilege of asserting their innocence, and without any intimation of their offence until the executioner's hand had commenced its bloody office:—where lords offered as an incense to the arts the plebeian blood of those whom a cruel destiny had made their slaves?—Will they find them in the unmercifully-administered, unmerciful jurisprudence of Russia and Turkey of this day? Or rather, do not cruelty to the person and injustice to his property emulate each other, and each by turns surpass the other? Where on the face of the globe will they find the Criminal Code so merci-

ful, and yet so admirable a protection to the interests for which it is framed, as in France, England and America, the three most truly christianized nations of the earth? Do they not see, too, that in England they are better than they are in France; and does not genuine Christianity more universally prevail in the former than the latter kingdom? Is not the criminal polity of America wiser and more humane than that of England, who has in this, as in many other respects, reversed the order of nature and wisely followed the example of her wiser offspring? And where is the favorite home of Religion but *here*? *Here* where all creeds are tolerated, and all sects protected! This land, in which as in a great temple, the pious pilgrim as well as the good sojourner, of whatever denomination, of whatever faith,—Jew or Gentile, Papist or Protestant, Greek or Hindoo—may find an altar where each may sacrifice to the God of his choice, secure from state persecution or private outrage; and where, interfering with the creed of no one, he is allowed to exercise the rites of his own. In this grand Temple, erected for all—this immense Pantheon, though before others than the true God the pious but ignorant zealot should, prostrate himself—the inviting voice of Christianity eventually draws him to its own shrine, while the altars erected to other Gods, gradually neglected, with their divinities, tumble to the dust.

But, it may be argued that Religion has walked hand in hand with science and the arts; and that to these latter, good laws are exclusively to be attributed; while the former occupied the place of an attendant, who was only admitted to swell the pomp and magnificence of their retinue, but whose counsels were never heard, and whose precepts were never heeded.

To those who espouse this dogma we would say, the history of France in the latter part of the eighteenth century confutes its fallacy. When that kingdom was upon a pinnacle of intellectual excellence from which she could look down upon the other nations of the earth far beneath her, slowly clambering the rugged heights which she, as if soaring upon an eagle's wing, had spurned in her heavenward course; when she was all over glittering with the concentrated rays of intellect; when her rival neighbors were positively dazzled with the unprecedented splendor of her genius:—when all the arts of war and peace were crowning her with their laurels, she suddenly, and by a demoniac whim, wiped out from her statute book all those good old laws, which had been accumulating during the reigns of sixty-six monarchs, and which are the proud and everlasting memorials of the wisdom of their framers. By that venerable offspring of patriotism and experience, improved by a lofty reason, the rights of property, the enjoyment of liberty, and the security of life were preserved.

This precious legacy of their fathers, derived by

\* The anecdote is here alluded to, which is told of one of the Medicis. Having employed an artist to paint a piece, in which was to be represented a dying man, the royal patron ordered a slave to be brought before the painter, and a dagger to be plunged into his bosom. It was done; and the death-struggle was transferred from the countenance of the expiring victim, to the canvass.

them through an ancestral line which mocks admeasurement, should have been held as an old family estate, valuable for its priceless richness: valuable for the curious but important improvements which successive generations had made upon it; valuable as a token of the considerate affection of their parentage; valuable as a monument of their fathers' wisdom; and, above all, valuable as their next best possession. Instead of thus considering it, they treated it as an unfeeling heir does his patrimonial estates, who commences his ill-starred career by disregarding the religious precepts which were enjoined upon him as the rule of his life, and then ridicules them, and at length renounces them; disclaims their authority, and insults their dignity; terminates his wild and infamous schemes by squandering the lands which his ancestors bequeathed to him with the condition that they should be transmitted not only *unimpaired*, but improved, to his posterity. This valuable and venerable property then—the laws—were, by one sweeping edict, aliened—the Laws of Property, the Constitutional, and the Criminal Law. With the latter only have we to do. This code was utterly abolished, and substituted by none other. Under such a state of things, all the consequences that ensued were the legitimate results to be expected. By one sweeping forfeiture the property of the church was confiscated, without trial, and without an apology for the ruthless injury to that august institution. Confiscated! And for what? Because it existed as the laws established it. And to whom was it forfeited? To a merciless, unconscionable, greedy banditti of robbers. Their king was impeached, arraigned and convicted. Of what? Of tyranny? or usurpation? No; but of being a king—a king who had yielded, time and again, the privileges of his crown to the demands of his people; who had torn the stoutest parts of his armor and its richest ornaments from his own person with his own hands and presented them to his subjects, as their defence, and their wealth, and their glory. Notwithstanding this concession to popular demands, this populace inhumanly murdered Louis XVI, his queen Marie Antoinette, his sister, and the Dauphin, while his hands were still extended towards it, holding out precious gifts for its acceptance. They who had contemned the rights of princes were not to be expected to respect those of the people. The *assassinations* committed under the authority of the then existing government during the reign of terror, are computed to have been one hundred and fifty thousand. The confiscations embraced all the property held by the church, and by far the greater portion of what was owned by the gentry who opposed Danton, Marat, and Robespierre. The forms of trials were sometimes observed; but Justice never sat in the forum to be insulted by the solemn mockery that was going on in those halls consecrated to

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It is true that in all revolutions there are and must be excesses; but Christianity is the best opponent of disorder and the surest corrector of its evils. When the English brought Charles I to the block, they retained their religion as the surety of public happiness; and such it proved to be. The virtue of the people remained, founded upon an enlightened Christianity. The public prosperity and morality clung to religion while the storm of revolution passed over the island, and found a sure support—as the vine throws its arms around the firm body of the oak, and, confident in the friendly assistance of its neighbor, defies the blast and the fury of the tempest. It is true that sometimes injustice was done and oppression was practised, but the nation as a body retained its senses, and public opinion frowned even during the height of tyranny, upon those isolated acts of rapine and bloodshed which occasionally stained the commonwealth. Let then France, during her revolution, prove to mankind forever the utter impracticability of maintaining good laws without the aid of Christianity, be the wisdom and refinement of the people what they may.

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## I'LL THINK OF THEE, LOVE!

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I'll think of thee, love! when the landscape is still,  
And the soft mist is floating from valley and hill;  
When the mild, rosy beam of the Morning I see,  
I'll think of thee, dearest—and only of thee!

I'll think of thee, love! when the first sound of day  
Scares the bright-pinioned bird from his covert away;  
For the world's busy voice has no music for me—  
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I'll think of thee, love! when the dark shadows sleep  
On the billows that roll o'er the emerald deep;  
Like the swift-speeding gale, every thought then shall be—  
I'll think of thee, dearest—and only of thee!

I'll think of thee, dearest! while thou art afar—  
And I'll liken thy smile to the Night's fairest star;  
As the ocean-shell breathes of its home in the sea,  
So in absence my spirit will murmur of thee!

## AN INFANT'S SPIRIT.

An infant's soul,—the sweetest thing of earth,  
To which endowments beautiful are given,  
As might befit a more than mortal birth,—  
What shall it be, when, 'midst its winning mirth,  
And love, and trustfulness, 'tis borne to Heaven?  
Will it grow into might above the skies?—  
A spirit of high wisdom, glory, power,—  
A cherub guard of the Eternal Tower,  
With knowledge filled of its vast mysteries?  
Or will perpetual childhood be its dower?—  
To sport forever, a bright, joyous thing,  
Amid the wonders of the shining thrones,  
Yielding its praise in glad, but feeble tones,—  
A tender dove beneath the Almighty's wing?

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In an age, marked like the present by such signal examples of private vice and political profligacy, disguised oft-times under an exterior of decorum and public spirit, it may not be unprofitable to consult the records of past depravity, in order to discover the indications, by which the man of genuine virtue and the real patriot may be distinguished from the hypocritical pretender. There is no window in men's bosoms, through which we may discern the secret purposes and movements of the heart; nor can the unskilful multitude pretend, like the phrenological charlatan, to decypher the moral and intellectual character by an inspection of the external irregularities of the cranium. Ignorant and shortsighted as we are, our only guide in the solution of these mysteries must be the imperfect light of experience and analogy. But should it happen, that a reprobate, stung by remorse or insensible to shame, lays bare the hidden recesses of wickedness, and exposes to view the foul tissue of selfish and vicious motives by which his actions were prompted, such a case would furnish at once an *experimentum crucis*, illustrating the causes of those moral phenomena, which have so often baffled the researches of mankind, and establishing the eternal connection between

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selfishness in principle and profligacy in practice. The world teems with examples of enterprising knaves, who, by some obscure path, have climbed the loftiest heights of distinction, nor is it possible to trace the course of these reptiles, till from some dark recess they suddenly emerge into notice. To arrest the progress of such vermin, or to destroy their capacity for mischief, we must know their habits and their haunts. A full development of their nature and instincts, by one of the tribe, would, therefore, be a valuable accession to the history of those animals, who have been permitted, by an inscrutable arrangement of Providence, to disturb, in appearance at least, the moral and physical government of the world. Let it not be supposed, that the exhibition of depravity, denuded of those specious disguises with which it is usually cloaked, would contaminate the moral sense of mankind. That

"Vice is a monster of such horrid mein,  
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen,"

is a proposition not so inconsistent with experience, as, at first view, might be imagined. In those instances where the conduct of men seems to contradict this charitable view of human nature, they have generally been deceived by the sophistry of their own passions, or the artifices of designing knaves. It is by concealing their real character and motives under some plausible pretext of public or private virtue, that those, who act exclusively on the selfish system, succeed in securing the favor and confidence of mankind. Hypocrisy, it has been well said, is the homage which vice pays to virtue, and it must be confessed, that this spurious homage, the dictate of self-interest, is frequently mistaken by the superficial observer for the spontaneous effusion of the heart. The meed due only to real worth, is thus awarded by the erroneous judgment of men to consummate duplicity. Yet however depraved, in our present degenerate state, may be our principles and propensities, there is still imprinted on the hearts of the bulk of mankind a deep and abiding veneration for moral excellence, (the faint image of original innocence not yet effaced,) and a corresponding abhorrence of moral deformity. An act of generosity or benevolence kindles the enthusiasm and commands the unbought applause of the multitude, while, indignant at the spectacle of moral injustice, it often smites, with summary and lawless vengeance, fraud, tyranny, and ingratitude. These irregular ebullitions of violence, dangerous and inexcusable as they are, and frequently converted by the cunning of a few to the promotion of their own base schemes of interest or revenge, are usually, with the mass, the effect of an honest, misguided resentment, excited by some real or supposed infraction of right. Bad men sometimes enjoy a transient popularity, because their characters are misunderstood; but let the veil of prejudice or dissimulation which covers their vices be once withdrawn, and the sense of rectitude inherent in human nature will stigmatize the detected knave with merited reprobation.

This train of reflection was suggested to me by the autobiography of a man of some talent, and formerly of distinction, which accidentally fell into my hands. Having, from authentic sources, known something of this man's career, I was struck with the audacious boldness with which he avows sentiments and principles of action, that, however common, are seldom acknowledged, and the undoubting assurance with which he derives his own success in life from a steadfast adherence to these profligate maxims. Apprized that the gleam of delusive prosperity, in which he exults as the fruit of his principles and his address, had been quenched by a series of calamities, the natural consequences of his crimes, and that the wave of popularity, on which he fancied himself triumphantly riding, had suddenly subsided, leaving him a miserable wreck, "the scorn and by-word of the world," his biography, in my judgment,

furnished an instructive lesson, teaching the hollowness and futility of those deceitful hopes, by which men, destitute of moral principle, are lured into the abyss of infamy and crime. I thought, therefore, that the publication of his manuscript might impart some interest to the pages of the *Messenger*, and that, if any should deem the doctrines and arguments of this bold, bad man, pernicious in their tendency, and calculated to mislead weak and unreflecting minds, an antidote to the mischief would be found in the sequel of his story, which would exhibit him stripped of all those advantages so long the objects of his guilty pursuit, deserted and betrayed by the sycophants of his prosperity, and, more cutting still, by his own child, and writhing under the anguish of remorse and disappointed ambition. Indeed, a conclusive refutation of his opinions, however plausibly defended, would be furnished, I should suppose, by their very extravagance, by the execrable maxims to which they lead, the total disorganization of social and civil society, which their general prevalence must inevitably produce; nor can I believe, that any mind, properly constituted, could be seduced into their adoption. To young men, especially, the cold, selfish, calculating policy, recommended and practised by the Adventurer, would, I am sure, present no allurements. In the genial season of youth, the passions are ardent and generous, and there is a strong belief in the reality of virtue. Burning with admiration of all that is great and noble, reposing with unsuspecting confidence on the sincerity of men, and revelling in the delights of love and friendship, the heart then shrinks with abhorrence from the bare semblance of fraud or circumvention. Such feelings as these must be strangers to the disciples of a man who inculcates a total distrust of human virtue, who makes self-interest the only rational guide of human conduct, who holds deceit and treachery to be legitimate modes of action, and who laughs at love and friendship as delusions. The writings most dangerous to youthful morals are those which paint in glowing colors the delights of vicious gratification, or which delineate men of great energies and brilliant virtues, hurried by the impetuosity of their passions into flagrant breaches of morality. Such portraiture inflame the susceptible imagination of youth, always too prone to make its own unbridled impulses an excuse for self-indulgence, and instil the pernicious heresy, that vehement passions are the necessary adjuncts of eminent virtue, and palliate the grossest enormities. Such tendencies are not imputable to the writings of the Adventurer. There is nothing meretricious, nothing alluring in his picture of vice. It is a coarse, vulgar figure, more like a camp trull, than a *Ninon d'Enclos*. In his choice of life, he is determined, not by the impulse of his passions, but by a cool calculation of profit and loss. He scoffs at all the charities which bind men together, all the affections which sweeten and endear existence, and makes interest the pole-star of his career. Upon his principles, men would degenerate into an animal as fierce, unsocial and insidious as the tiger or hyena. Yet some, bewildered by metaphysical subtleties, might be so blind as to embrace his principles from conviction, and others, already depraved, might seek in his arguments a plausible vindication of their vices. To such, the sequel to the life of the Adventurer will demonstrate, that talent, undirected by moral principle, may prosper for a season, but that certain disaster awaits it, not more from the treachery of others, than from its own ungoverned propensities; and that, when it experiences the inconstancy of fortune, it will be condemned, like Philoctetes in the isle of Lemnos, to languish in solitude under wounds self-inflicted and immedicable, "the living ulcer of a corroding memory," unassuaged by the balm of human sympathy.

In his theory of moral sentiments, the Adventurer maintains, that, whatever color of justice or benevolence it may assume, all human conduct is in fact referable to self, to



some proximate view of personal advantage or gratification; and it must be acknowledged, that he testified, in his own practice, his confidence in the truth of his principles. Hence we may infer, that when a man professes similar doctrines, and ascribes the noblest and most generous actions to interested motives, his sentiments reflect in truth the feelings of his own bosom, and betray the baseness of their origin. A man who avows and acts on an opinion so degrading to the dignity of human nature, should be regarded as *hostis humani generis*, a monster, dead to all the social affections, who only consorts with his kind that he may pillage or betray them. The intelligent reader must perceive in these pages striking proofs of the demoralizing influence of this pernicious doctrine, nor will he require any suggestion of mine to deduce the salutary lessons which they inculcate. If it succeed in making this dogma of a so-called philosophy as odious as it is grovelling and fallacious, the principal aim of the present publication will have been accomplished.

D.

## PART I.

Why, who cries out on pride,  
That can therein tax any private party?  
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
Till that the very very means do ebb?  
What woman in the city do I name,  
When that I say, the city woman bears  
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?  
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,  
When such a one as she, such is her neighbor?  
Or what is he of basest function,  
That says his bravery is not on my cost,  
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits  
His folly to the mettle of my speech?  
There then; How, what then? Let me see wherein  
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,  
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,  
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,  
Unclaim'd of any man.

As You Like It. Act 2. Scene 7.

When we remark any uncommon instance of success in the pursuits of business or ambition, we naturally inquire, by what arts, or by what accidents of fortune, has the lucky adventurer contrived to escape the disasters and surmount the difficulties which usually defeat the enterprizes of men. Our curiosity is the more keenly excited, when the subject of our observation has emerged from indigence and obscurity to wealth and distinction. We explore the adventures of his early life, we examine the peculiar traits of his mind and character, to discover the causes of his extraordinary rise. \* Our researches serve only to confirm the remark of Oxenstiern, that very little wisdom is required in the conduct of human affairs. We perceive, that the most brilliant acquisitions are more frequently the fruit of fortuitous circumstances, than of industry or forecast; and that genius and virtue, those vaunted idols of the poet and philosopher, are far less certain passports to success, than the dextrous cunning and persevering selfishness, which make the folly and weakness of mankind subservient to their advancement. The caterpillar, to use a common figure, attains the highest pinnacles with as much certainty as the eagle. The one is struck down by the gun of the fowler; the other passes on its obscure path, unenvied and unnoticed, till the sunshine of prosperity transforms the filthy grub into the gaudy butterfly. Are its colors less brilliant or less admired, because it has been hatched and nourished in a dung-hill? Let not those, therefore, despair, whose moral and intellectual pretensions are humble, but whose passions are as ardent as the most gifted of our species. It is not merit, but address, which most frequently secures the gifts of fame and fortune.

History has lavished its highest eulogies on many, whose pre-eminence was acquired by ductility and prudence, rather than virtue or talent. It is true, that these cases of unmerited distinction are, for the most part, the offspring of cotemporary favor and partiality, and that time usually reverses the erroneous judgments of men. But numerous examples might be adduced, where the wave of popular prejudice, which has wafted crafty mediocrity to power and consequence, has continued to roll on with undiminished force long after the causes which imparted its first impulse have ceased to operate. Is it certain, then, that those illustrious names, upon whom history has bestowed such unbounded praise, are really the giants of intellect and models of purity, that we are accustomed to suppose? Seen through a different medium, Arnold might have been the patriot, and Washington the traitor. The multitude joins, with the same unreflecting vehemence, in the hiss of reproach and the acclamations of applause.

No one, it has been justly remarked, is a great man to his valet-de-chambre, and the reason is evident. It is because the familiarity of domestic intercourse exhibits the character naked and exposed, disrobed of those artificial integuments, those theatrical disguises, under which men strive to hide their infirmities and deceive the eyes of the multitude. Strip greatness of adventitious advantages, of cant and grimace, of the pomp and circumstance of office and of wealth, and you leave it a poor, forked, featherless biped, not more dignified, and scarcely less laughable, than the redoubted Justice Shallow. We know with what "base matter" party spirit frequently illuminates its idols; and may not that delusive glare have sometimes misled the most impartial historians? But even were it otherwise, how empty and worthless is mere posthumous fame, that phantom, which has lured so many wild enthusiasts to sacrifice ease, pleasure, health, for the vain hope, when they are no longer sensible of applause, of filling a niche in the temple of glory! A wise man directs his ambition to the attainment of things which minister to present enjoyment. The plaudits of posterity concern him as little as those of the inhabitants of Loo Choo.

If, as Hobbes affirmed, man is so organized as to delight in perpetual warfare, he best fulfils the design of his creation, who, unmoved by chimerical visions of benevolence, regards his fellow creatures as lawful prey, to be subdued by force, or circumvented by fraud, as may most effectually promote his peculiar interests. Such a man, as Touchstone would say, is a natural philosopher. It cannot be criminal to gratify our passions, else wherefore were they implanted? Power, wealth, influence, are only desirable as they conduce to that object. If the end be lawful, the means necessary to its attainment must be justifiable. The end of all our pursuits, veil it under what pretences we may, is happiness; not the happiness of the species, but the individual. We have a natural, indefeasible right to promote that happiness in our own way. If it be objected, that I employ vicious means to effect improper purposes, I answer, like Shylock, that it is my humor, which I have precisely the same right to consult, as he, who, seeking his own gratification, aims at objects supposed to be meritorious, by means that the *unco gude* are pleased to call virtuous.

In this enlightened age, no one would embrace the ridiculous dogmas of the stoic, and imagine happiness to consist in resisting all the impulses of nature. The pleasure derived from yielding to those impulses, sufficiently demonstrates, that we were intended to indulge them. If we want the capacity of obtaining that indulgence by direct means, we but conform to the analogies of nature in striving by artifice and cunning to grasp the great object of all human exertion. To deny this, were to maintain that it is lawful to seek happiness, yet culpable to pursue the only course by which it is attainable. The ties of blood and

friendship, the abstractions of morality, the dreams of philanthropy, and all the multiplied prejudices, with which a vain philosophy would fetter our freeborn reason, have been long exploded in practice by men of the world. A prudent regard to these fantasies may be tolerated while they interpose no obstacle to the successful prosecution of our interests; but he, who, from a preposterous reverence for such delusions, incurs pain and privation, acts as absurdly as the idolatrous Hindu, who prostrates himself to be crushed beneath the car of Juggernaut.

The man of virtue is the slave of reputation; but reputation is only valuable because it commands attention and respect. Does not every day's experience evince, that wealth and power, however acquired, are courted, and followed with far more observance, than that self-denying integrity, which relinquishes present enjoyment for an idle dream, that is never realized? And of what benefit is this boasted reputation, so keenly pursued, yet so rarely merited, to the pauper in his hovel?

Plate sin with gold,  
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks :  
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

Why then this painful and unprofitable struggle with the dictates of nature, when fame, all that a wise man should covet, may be purchased with gold, or extorted by power, without plucking a single flower from the garland of pleasure? These principles lie upon the surface, and are intelligible to the meanest capacity. They are rooted in that universal sub-stratum of human action, the love of self, and require no deep metaphysical research to develop or explain them. A man need only look into his own bosom, and he discerns the rudiments of a philosophy more practical than was ever taught by Plato or Epictetus. Disdaining the inventions of pretended wisdom, which exacts a purity as impracticable as superfluous, he obeys those instincts which our common mother has implanted as the unerring guides of our conduct. Strange that a doctrine so obvious, and practised by men in all ages of the world, should never have found a place among the novelties of philosophical speculation. Fable describes truth as concealed in the bottom of a well, and, from some such conception of the difficulty and mystery that encompass it, we overlook the evidences of its existence around and within us, in pursuit of some fantastic and recondite hypothesis, repugnant alike to nature and common sense.

This age has been signalized by its mechanical inventions; but, in future times, it will be far more celebrated for the rejection of those hoary prejudices, that have so long shackled the progress of reason, and kept men forever halting between their own untutored impulses and the dogmas of soi-disant philosophy. I am happy to observe, that the aspiring spirits of the present day have adopted more liberal and enlightened maxims, and boldly renounced the dominion of that scrupulous casuistry, whose meshes, "like the web of the spider, entangle only the small flies, while the great ones break through." I have always despised that system, which, under the specious names of morals and religion, controls the unthinking multitude, through prejudice or superstition, as a device of fraud or enthusiasm, inconsistent with the freedom, and offensive to the dignity of human nature. Unrestrained by such narrow and arbitrary notions, I have risen, with a moderate share of capacity, from the depths of obscurity, to wealth, power, and distinction. The occupation of sketching the scenes of my past life, of retracing the outlines of events which time had nearly effaced from my memory, has beguiled the tedium of my old age; and the vicissitudes of my history would, I doubt not, be fraught with both instruction and amusement to my young cotemporaries, who are now eagerly thronging every avenue to fame and fortune. The good of mankind (a pretext under

which men often disguise their selfish purposes) has had very little influence on my actions, and, therefore, it is by no means certain, that any supposed benefit to others will ever induce me to expose these pages to the public view. That event, should it ever happen, will, probably, be postponed to a period when I shall be wholly insensible to the terrors of criticism. In this review of the past, though I perceive nothing in my conduct not clearly defensible on principles of right reason, yet, I confess, that some incidents have awakened involuntary compunctions, which all my philosophy has been unable to allay. These rebellious feelings furnish a striking example of the force of early impressions, which cling to us in despite of the dictates of reason and the monitions of experience.

The son of a nobleman, who prided himself on the dignity of his birth, has been styled in derision, "the accident of an accident." My case might much more aptly be referred to the chapter of accidents; for I was a foundling, and, in the emphatic language of the common law, the son of nobody. My parents, finding my birth a reproach to their reputations, very prudently resolved to get rid of so disagreeable an incumbrance, and, before the affair took wind,

Push'd me from shore,  
And launch'd me into life without an oar.

I do not complain of their abandonment, for, in like circumstances, I should, probably, have acted as they did. The care of our offspring, when unattended with misery or disgrace, is the dictate of nature, and is, therefore, commendable. But I can see no reason, why the circumstance of our having given existence to a child imposes the necessity of sacrificing our fame or happiness for its preservation. If the safety of the mother is supposed to require it, the attendants of a female do not hesitate to destroy the life of an unborn infant; and, if it were essential to our own security in a shipwreck, we would be clearly justified, on the principle of self-preservation, in thrusting our own child from the plank to which we were clinging. Granting the moral innocence of such a deed in these cases, then, by parity of reason, it must be equally excusable to prevent the loss of reputation. My parents were not constrained to avail themselves of this principle to its utmost extent. By adopting a middle course, they effected their object without compromising their consciences, if, indeed, that bugbear of timid souls ever gave them any uneasiness. During a cool night, in the month of October, they caused me to be deposited in a basket at the door of John Thompson, a respectable farmer in lower Virginia. Antiquity furnishes two examples of infants, committed to the same frail conveyance, who were destined, in after life, to act an important part in the world, to become law-givers, and the founders of powerful commonwealths. However brilliant the destiny betokened by this coincidence, unlike my great prototypes, I was indebted for my preservation, not to the miraculous care of a wolf, or the tenderness of a king's daughter, but to the warm-hearted benevolence of the farmer aforesaid. The feeble wail of an infant arrested his attention as he opened his door in the morning, and, observing the basket, he discovered a new-born babe, whose faint spark of life was nearly extinguished by cold and famine. Fortunately for me, Mr. Thompson was one of those weak, simple creatures, who are dupes to the antiquated idea, that charity is a duty to be performed at any expense of trouble or inconvenience. The cry of misery never encountered his ear in vain, and, on the present occasion, his sympathies were doubly enlisted by the helplessness and desolation of the poor infant, thus abandoned by the vice and cruelty of its parents, and exposed, at that tender age, half-clad, to the bleak temperature of an October night. Such an act argued a perfect indifference to its fate, and was little less criminal than actual infanticide. He has-



tened with the child to his wife's chamber, fearing it might expire before the measures necessary to its restoration could be applied. The whole house was now in a bustle, and all "means and appliances" were immediately put in requisition to recall my wasted animation. The activity of Mrs. Thompson, never weary with well-doing, was indefatigable till I was made warm and comfortable, and supplied with suitable nourishment.

Though my parents had sent me literally naked into the world, reckless of my fate, and without the slightest provision for my sustenance and education, they had undesignedly bestowed on me a most valuable inheritance, in a healthy, robust constitution. I throve apace under the fostering care of Mrs. Thompson. Having no son of her own, and being naturally of an affectionate disposition, she soon conceived for me the tenderest attachment. Relieved from all apprehension of my death, Mr. Thompson had now leisure to speculate on the cause and consequences of this strange and scandalous proceeding.

In all situations and societies, female peccadillos of this kind are sure to produce a great sensation. The unfortunate Magdalen, on such occasions, is pursued with the most inveterate rancor by her own sex, and consigned, with unrelenting rigor, to the deepest pit of infamy. Whether all this clamor among the ladies proceeds from actual abhorrence of the crime, or the love of scandal, or from a wish to impress the world with a high idea of their own purity, as cowards bluster to conceal their timidity, it might be invidious to determine. The torrent of vituperation, too, is always the more copious and noisy, when curiosity is whetted by circumstances of mystery, or when the affair has occurred in an unfrequented district. An event, so unusual in that quiet, sequestered neighborhood, created the most intense interest. It was a theme of perpetual discussion of the gossips, and such was the impression it produced, that even the most sedate, though not addicted to scandal, partook of the general excitement. The authors of this deed could scarcely have eluded the lynx-eyed vigilance of the enraged multitude, had not the precautions to prevent discovery been exceedingly well-concerted. All efforts to penetrate the mystery were unavailing. The strictest investigation furnished not even a trace of suspicion, that pointed to the real offenders. Proceeding upon presumptions, in the absence of more direct proof, it was unanimously concluded, that the child was the fruit of illicit love, and that it must be a case of aggravated guilt: for no female, it was argued, unless the motives for concealment were uncommonly powerful, could so far stifle the yearnings of maternal affection as to hazard the life of her infant. Having settled these points to their satisfaction, the gossips aforesaid found inexhaustible materials in the future for ingenious surmise and conjecture. Had the parents of this foundling abandoned it forever? or would they reclaim it at some convenient season? or would they secretly supply the expenses of its nurture and education? were questions, which there were no means of resolving, and which, of course, gave rise to endless debate.

Mr. Thompson, though usually averse to such discussions, took an active part in these inquiries. He was stimulated both by indignation and humanity to detect the actors in what he deemed a dark and infamous transaction, to compel them to own and do justice to their child, and perhaps (for selfishness lies at the root of actions apparently the most disinterested) a lurking anxiety to rid himself of a burthen, so unceremoniously thrust upon him, was an additional incentive to his zeal. A romantic visionary, and a firm believer in the reality of human virtue, he was the natural prey of the artful and sagacious; and, though, on more than one occasion, he was beguiled of both time and money by the craft of imposture, his credulity remained unshaken. The prejudices of education had taken such strong hold on

his mind, that they could be dispelled neither by observation nor experience. With a wife and three infant daughters, he had contrived, by dint of industry and economy, to live in comfort and independence on his moderate property; and yet, slender as his means were, he resolved not to desert the foundling, whose friendless and destitute condition appealed so strongly to his feelings. There were no orphan asylums in those days, and, even if there had been, he would have thought his duty very imperfectly performed, by exposing a promising child to the moral contagion and cold-blooded tyranny of these public establishments. His wife and himself had long vainly coveted the birth of a son. This child, he thought, would fill the void in their affections, caused by this disappointment; and, as their prospect for more children was slender, (their youngest daughter being then three years old,) he could be reared with little inconvenience as a member of his own family.

I was christened Anthony Newman, a name significant of the mystery of my birth, and which, by attracting attention to that circumstance, might lead hereafter to the discovery of my parents. Being nursed by Mrs. Thompson, with great care and tenderness, I soon became a thrifty, lively, and handsome child, and gained such a hold on the affections of my protector, that he determined to give me the best education his finances would justify. This was the first important advantage that I derived from my good looks. In after life, I have always found my personal comeliness a most persuasive and influential attribute with men, and still more with women. Exhibit Apollyon himself, divested of horn and hoof, in the semblance of a handsome man, and the fiend, I doubt not, would find favor in the eyes of the fair sex.

About two years after I was received into Mr. Thompson's family, his wife presented him with another daughter. The three elder girls were delighted with little Anty, and, indeed, I was the general favorite of the whole household. Even then the germ of that address, which I have since employed so successfully in the management of men, began to be unfolded. Few could resist my importunities, even at that early period, when I strove to coax them to my childish purposes. The interval between my infancy and manhood was chequered by no events of any importance. The mystery of my birth was still unravelled, and no circumstance indicated that my parents took any interest in me, or that they even existed. Mr. Thompson's daughters grew up to womanhood, and still manifested towards me the strongest marks of sisterly regard.

At the age of ten, I was sent to school, where I exhibited an uncommon dexterity in all athletic games and exercises, became an adept in the petty gaming practised among boys, and was dreaded by my comrades for my courage and shrewdness. At the same time, I discovered such an aptitude in the acquisition of knowledge, that Mr. Thompson thought my capacity entitled to the benefit of a collegiate education. He sent me accordingly to the college of William and Mary, where I had more ample opportunities for the cultivation of my talents, and a larger theatre for the indulgence of my passions. My amusements were less harmless than at school, and soon degenerated into the grossest dissipation and debauchery. Though dependant for my pecuniary supplies on a man whose liberality was purely gratuitous, I did not scruple to apply to Mr. Thompson for most extravagant advances, when gaming or other expenses had exhausted my ordinary allowance, and involved me in embarrassments. I had not a spark of that foolish self-denying pride, which, for a vain punctilio, rejects the benefits that court its acceptance. The world spoke loudly in commendation of Mr. Thompson's munificence to the poor foundling, and I knew he was not insensible to its applause. I reckoned largely, too, on the pride which he took in my improvement, and I was not deceived. He straitened his

own family, that he might supply my demands, and, such was their attachment to me, that they cheerfully submitted to the necessary privations. Thus assured of ample resources, I became conspicuous at college for every species of profligacy. I was the leader in all plots and conspiracies, an actor in every scene of riot, and prompt, by my courage and address, to extricate my associates and myself from any difficulties in which we chanced to be entangled. Notwithstanding these irregularities, I was sufficiently diligent in my studies to maintain my reputation for scholarship and capacity. William and Mary, like other literary institutions, was under the superintendence of the priesthood; a class of men, who would confine human opinion within the magic circle of their own narrow systems, and who view, with holy horror, all manly thinking and independent action. It could not be expected, therefore, that one, of my dissolute habits, should long remain unnoticed and unpunished. Indeed before the completion of my course, I was detected at a gaming table with several others, and expelled with my companions; a punishment which gave me very little concern. In revenge, I sent a severe lampoon to the faculty, and thereby established with my associates a high character for spirit, as well as talent. The applauses of my youthful acquaintances greatly overbalanced, in my estimation, the angry censures fulminated by the faculty.

So terminated my connexion with the seminaries of learning; which, I must say, are conducted upon principles insupportable to a young man of spirit, and always will be so as long as they are subjected to the arbitrary control of an intolerant priesthood. I see no reason why our natural liberty should be more abridged at these institutions than in civil society; and even in civil society, constituted on the most liberal basis, restraints are multiplied to an oppressive and tyrannical extent. Study should be voluntary, not compulsive. To constrain a young man to learn when it is repugnant to his inclination, is as flagrant an invasion of his rights, as to force him to eat when he is not hungry. A man who is "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd," by a formal routine of study on one side, and hedged in on the other by vexatious restrictions on his moral conduct, is incapable of liberal opinions, or of that daring enterprize and enlightened choice of means, which always command success, in spite of the mutability of fortune. Distinguished as we are in this country by a passion for liberty, and a hatred of oppression, it is surprising that the spirit of reformation has not assailed these abuses, and expelled the monsters of superstition and tyranny that still haunt the abodes of learning.

Mr. Thompson was of a benignant temper, and rarely used severity towards any one over whom he claimed authority. His reception of me, on my return from college, was kind and cordial, though qualified by a tone of mild expostulation. His deportment had been uniformly affectionate and paternal except in one instance. When I was about fifteen, I had, in a moment of irritation, been extremely insolent to Mrs. Thompson, and my patron, who had a sincere affection for his wife, and considered rudeness to a female a most flagrant offence, inflicted on me, in the first ebullition of his wrath, a very severe chastisement. Zanga was not more impatient under such an injury than I was, and this indignity continued long to rankle in my mind. My nature always revolted against any restraint, and, from early infancy, corporal punishment exasperated, but could never subdue me. In the maturity of my strength, I was only deterred from taking revenge on Mr. Thompson for this outrage, by the apprehension that he might withdraw his aid and countenance, the value of which, young as I was, I fully appreciated. I, therefore, prudently dissembled my resentment, and treated him with every external mark of reverence and respect. The misguided prejudices of mankind would, I know, have condemned such resistance to what the advocates of domestic tyranny deem an act of ne-

cessary discipline, and especially when the supposed obligations of gratitude might be thought to impose the duty of submission. But upon what principle does any man demand my gratitude as a right, and arrogate, on the ground of this pretended obligation, a claim to trample on my feelings and control my actions? When he renders me a service, does he not consult his own gratification? What man ever conferred a benefit, but from the influence of some selfish motive, from the prospect of some advantage to himself, either real or imaginary? Do I owe him any thing, because, in the pursuit of his own happiness, he has incidentally promoted mine? or am I therefore to endure pain and discomfort because he requires it? Because, at one time, it is his pleasure or his interest that I should be happy, must I submit, because, at another, it is his pleasure or his interest that I should be miserable? If so, he is my oppressor, not my benefactor, and his delusive kindness subjects me to a galling and intolerable bondage. I acknowledge no such fantastic principle, and hold myself no further bound to consult the good of other men, than is consistent with my own interest and happiness.

But though under the exterior of affection, which I thought it politic to exhibit to Mr. Thompson, lurked these vindictive reminiscences, my sentiments were very different towards his daughters. The personal attractions of Alice, the youngest, struck me particularly on my return from college. Her infant charms had now ripened into the maturity of loveliness, and the warm, confiding affection with which she received me, excited the most tumultuous emotions. My habits of life, acquired during the last three or four years in scenes of the grossest sensuality, had increased my susceptibility to the impressions of female beauty; but my mind was imbued with too strong an infusion of common sense to be the dupe of that romantic enthusiasm which dreamers have dignified with the name of love. I had resolved, therefore, as soon as I was capable of reflection, never to encumber myself with the yoke of matrimony, but for some substantial, tangible advantage. Nevertheless, maugre the denunciations of prudes and hypocrites, I believed that the propensities which drew me so strongly to the other sex, were implanted by nature in order to be gratified; nor could I be persuaded, that the guilt or innocence of that gratification depended upon arbitrary forms and ceremonies. The fraternal intimacy in which I lived with Alice and her sisters, authorized familiarities, that, from any other man, would have offended and alarmed them. From me, they excited neither suspicion nor resentment. Availing myself of the privileges thus innocently conceded, I read and romped, walked and toyed with Alice, becoming every day more impassioned in my approaches, as I discovered in her the symptoms of a corresponding ardor. These voluptuous endearments stole imperceptibly on her senses, and unconscious of their tendency, she soon sought them with as much eagerness as myself.

While the maiden coyness of Alice was thus gradually yielding to the intoxicating influences of passion, her mother was attacked by a severe illness. In the paroxysms of her disease, Alice's affectionate heart would sink with apprehension, and, on such occasions, the fond, unsuspecting girl always fled to me for consolation. Soothed by my caresses, the violence of her grief would subside into a voluptuous calm, which, to a person of my enterprising temper, suggested the boldest attempts. A situation, such as this, was perilous in the extreme, to a young, unwary, impassioned creature, and nothing but a miracle could have saved her from my "unmastered importunity," and the insidious impulses of her own passion. Before the recovery of her mother, she was robbed of that jewel, upon which women, in the present artificial, unnatural state of society, are accustomed to put an inordinate value. Though "all unused to the melting mood," I confess, I could not behold,



without emotion, the shame, the anguish, the remorse of this beautiful girl, when she awakened from the delirium of passion, and became sensible of her lapse from virtue. Stunned by the shock, she sat the picture of despair, the big tears silently coursing down her cheeks, and her limbs hanging lifeless, as if struck by a paralysis. Distress, so deep and overwhelming, was incapable of utterance, and threatened to overthrow the powers of her understanding.

The grief, that will not speak,  
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

I was deeply affected. I implored her to be composed, and, professing the deepest compunction for what had passed, declared that I would make every atonement she might require.

I reproach you not, said she, I have far more reason to reproach myself. Leave me, for God's sake, leave me. I am no longer worthy of the love or sympathy of any one.

Say not so, dear Alice; I love you more than ever. My life shall be devoted to your happiness. But let me entreat you to compose yourself, and repair to the bedside of your mother, before your absence is observed.

Oh! name not my mother! cried she, passionately wringing her hands. I cannot bear it. My poor mother, who loves me so much, has done so much for me! While she is languishing on a bed of sickness, I, vile, unfeeling wretch, have thought only of myself; and what has come of it? No! I can never look her in the face again. She will renounce and cast me from her as an unclean thing. My sisters, my innocent sisters! will despise me, and my father, good, kind, and affectionate as he is, will curse me. I am unworthy to live. Oh that I could die, and bury my dishonor in the cold grave, where no eye could ever see me more!

But why should any one know what distresses you? I pledge my honor never to breathe aught that may sully your reputation.

Oh! she cried in a tone of bitter anguish, torture me no more with these vain consolations. Why talk of concealment? Shame is written on this brow in burning characters, that all the world can read. Oh, if you love me, rid me of a life too miserable to be borne.

I repeated my assurances of concealment, of unshaken constancy and attachment, and, seeing her somewhat calmer, ventured upon some marks of tenderness and endearment. She shuddered at my approach. Touch me not again, or I shall go mad, she exclaimed, and retired hastily to her chamber.

For several months afterwards, she studiously shunned me. If I attempted to approach her when alone, she fled from me with the strongest marks of dismay and distress. She confined herself almost exclusively to her mother's bedside and her own chamber. I saw her, therefore, but seldom, and never, though I anxiously sought them, enjoyed any opportunities of private conversation. I was concerned to observe, that she had sunk into a settled melancholy. In her better days, she had been full of life and vivacity, the very soul of frolic and glee. Now not a gleam of gaiety ever illumined the deep gloom of her countenance. From my soul I pitied her; but, on cooler reflection, was not disposed to redeem all the pledges I had made in the first burst of her distress. The portion, which Mr. Thompson could give her, was inconsiderable, and I had absolutely nothing. To marry her, would mar all my plans of future advancement. At my age and in my circumstances, the incumbrance of a wife and family would fasten the wings of my ambition to the earth, and consign me to hopeless poverty and insignificance. I could not consent to forego all my schemes for the sake of a lovesick girl, who, if she would hearken to my counsels, would be never the worse for this trivial *fleur-pas*. I revolved the best means of man-

aging this affair, so as to benefit her without compromising my own interest.

There was a young man in the neighborhood, of the name of Jones, who had evinced a marked predilection for Alice, and, though he had never addressed her, would evidently do so on the slightest encouragement. His connections were highly respectable, and his circumstances easy and independent. Her marrying him would, in vulgar phrase, make her an honest woman, and effectually close the door against discovery. I set every engine at work to bring about this connexion. I hinted to Jones, that Alice was disposed to favor him, and that I would exert all my influence to ensure his success. I took occasion to speak in the most flattering terms of his character and understanding in the presence of Mr. Thompson's family. He became a frequent visiter at the house, and, whenever an opportunity occurred, paid the most marked attentions to Alice. Every thing seemed auspicious to the accomplishment of my plot, when, one evening, the following note from Alice was put into my hands:

"I am in a state bordering on distraction. Circumstances, the nature of which you can easily guess, are about to reveal the dreadful secret of my shame. Meet me in the garden after night-fall, and suggest, if you can, some means of rescuing me from the abyss of infamy and despair."

Here was an unexpected difficulty; but still I could think of no better expedient in this pressing emergency, than my original project of a marriage with Jones. No time was now to be lost, and I determined to urge this scheme upon Alice by every argument I could devise, not doubting but that she would have sense and prudence enough to adopt it. I repaired to the place of appointment after dark, and found her waiting for me in a state of the most violent agitation. I anticipated her reluctance to open the conversation, and, conjuring her to be calm, told her, that I fully comprehended, from her note, the difficulties of her situation. I declared, that I desired nothing so much as to preserve her reputation unsullied, and her peace of mind from all disturbance; that, if it were not for my poverty, I would marry her without hesitation; but that I had another plan to propose, which would obviate every embarrassment, and to which I could see no reasonable objection. I then unfolded my scheme, to which she seemed to listen with attention, but without uttering a syllable. When I concluded, she paused for a few moments, and then, in accents that thrilled through my very heart, exclaimed:

Is this possible? I would not have believed it, had I not heard it from your own lips. Can you be so base as to make such an infamous proposal? And do you think me so base as to accede to it? Begone! unworthy as I am, I hold myself degraded by further converse with a wretch so unprincipled.

With these words, never to be erased from my memory, she turned from me with disdain; and I retired to my chamber, still hoping, that, when her anger had subsided, she would see the necessity of adopting my contrivance. In the morning I discovered the following letter, thrust under my door, which I have carefully preserved as the last memorial of poor Alice:

"When you robbed me of my innocence, I did not reproach you. I thought it an unpremeditated act of impetuous passion. I blamed my own imprudence. My own inconsiderate folly stirred up your passions; wakened those sleeping serpents that have stung me into madness. I did not suspect you of design, of contrivance. I confided implicitly in the sincerity of your declarations. I trusted wholly to your honor. I never doubted but that you would fulfil all your promises. I think so no longer. After the scene of to-night, my opinion of your character is totally changed. I now believe, that you set out with the deliberate design of

ruining me; that, with unwavering baseness, you pursued that design; and that you perfidiously availed yourself of your intimacy in the family, and of my thoughtless confidence, to accomplish your detestable purpose. Your last atrocious proposition lays bare, at once, the rottenness of your heart. The injury you did me, I have borne, though nature almost sunk under the effort; but to be requited by him to whom I had given all, with perfidy, with insult! my brain burns at the recollection. That I should have fallen by the arts of such a miscreant, adds double bitterness to my disgrace. Had I yielded to one endowed with such virtues as I ascribed to you, I might have found some apology for my weakness and my guilt in the character of my seducer. But to be the victim of a cold-blooded, selfish villain, incapable of one generous affection, who could calmly propose to me, when every fibre of my heart was trembling with agony, to solder my own fame and cover his baseness by a fraud! Oh it is too infamous! What! did you think me sunk so low, that I would practise on the honest affections of Mr. Jones, and, dishonored, polluted as I am by your foul touch, impose myself upon him as a pure, virtuous woman? You do not know me. Oh Anthony! how could you have the heart to wound me with such a proposal? I had always loved you. I loved you still. I had sacrificed for you all that rendered life valuable. I would have sacrificed more, even life itself, to make you happy. How could you coldly cast away the affections of a heart, whose every pulse throbbed with tenderness for you? You once said, you would make me every atonement. Atonement! how? By marrying me? Would that have restored my self-respect? Would it have extracted the sting of remorse? No! To a woman, injured as I have been, there can be no reparation. Were I to live, however sincerely you might urge it, I would not marry you, knowing what I now do, for all the wealth that avarice ever dreamed of. But I will not live to be a disgrace to my family, to be a mark for scorn to point at. Far rather would I embrace death, than deceive a good man, or link my destiny with yours. When this reaches you, the heart you have wrung with anguish, will have ceased to beat; the hand, now writing to you, will be cold and lifeless. If you are capable of remorse, what pangs must you feel, when you know that I have been driven by your act to despair, to suicide? Oh! may they expel the fiend of selfishness from your bosom! And now let me implore you by the memory of my wrongs, if you have one spark of honor left, to bury forever the fatal secret of our intercourse, so that no blight of dishonor may fall on my kindred through me, and my parents may descend to the grave unconscious of my disgrace. Farewell, forever! You will never see me more. Standing on the threshold of another world, I pray God, that you may repent, and your sins be pardoned as freely as I now forgive you.

ALICE."

I must confess, that this letter stung me deeply, and, so much has prejudice the ascendancy over reason, that, in transcribing it even at this distant period, I cannot repress some twinges of regret at my agency in the fate of the writer. The tremulousness of the hand-writing betrayed the tumult of her passions, and the desperate language of the letter justified the most horrible forebodings. Interrogating the servants, I learnt that Alice was no where to be found, and I communicated my alarm at these tidings to the family, as far as I could, without imparting the real ground of my apprehensions. A diligent search was instantly set on foot in every direction, and messengers were despatched to the houses of all the neighbors; but no trace could be found of the unfortunate girl. After a week of fruitless inquiry, it was concluded, that she had wandered forth in the night, and fallen into the Rappahannock, whose banks approached within fifty paces of Mr. Thompson's house. Her body

was never found, and, to this day, her death is supposed by her friends to have been accidental. I, who could have furnished a clue to their conjectures, was silent; but no one took a more active part in the investigation. My distress and anxiety endeared me more than ever to Mr. Thompson's family; and that, which, had the truth been known, would have made me an object of execration, actually elevated my character in public esteem, and strengthened the regard of those whom I had so deeply injured. Such is the value of that "bubble reputation." I kept my own secret, thinking it by no means incumbent on me to destroy the credit I had acquired. In the mean time, I brooded over the fate of poor Alice. She was a high-souled woman, and had I supposed her so foolish or insane as to prefer suicide to my healing overture, I should have certainly married her at all hazards. But this I could not foresee, and surely, therefore, in the eye of reason, I am in no wise responsible for the consequences. The tragic termination of this amour has given me more uneasiness than any other transaction of my life. I am not conscious of having violated, in the whole affair, any principle of prudence or worldly wisdom, and yet my sensations were very uncomfortable.

To relieve myself from these disagreeable feelings, I determined to make a short campaign in the army. I was a stranger to fear, and not destitute of that love of adventure, which is nourished by the dangers and vicissitudes of war. Our revolutionary struggle was then approaching its close. I joined the southern army under General Greene, as a volunteer, in the year 1781. I can throw no new light on the events of that period, and, as the details of my military experience furnish nothing peculiarly interesting, I shall merely say, that I took my share in the actions of Guilford, Camden, and Eutaw, and returned home, after the capture of Cornwallis, with a reputation for zeal and gallantry, which, in the partial opinion of my friends, atoned for the excesses of my youth. The strict subordination enforced in the army, was intolerable to a person of my temper, and I was heartily rejoiced, when the termination of my military career released me from a discipline so galling. In my judgment, the fame of the most brilliant exploit is a poor compensation for the hardships and privations, the wounds and bloodshed, to which the warrior is exposed. In the pursuit of pleasure or profit, no man of spirit would be repulsed by danger or difficulty; but to hazard comfort, health, and life itself, for an empty sound, "the mere whistling of a name," is an infatuation, scarcely surpassed by that of the savage, who receives beads and gewgaws in exchange for ivory and gold. "The pride, pomp, and circumstance of war," at a distance, are dazzling to the imagination; but their lustre vanishes on a nearer inspection. There is one point of view, however, in which, perhaps, a short tour in the army might be advantageous. The eclat of having served is, in this country, the surest recommendation to civil popularity and preferment. Nothing is so fascinating to my countrymen as the phantom of military renown. To have stood fire is conclusive evidence of courage and capacity, and qualifies a man, whose warlike achievements would scarcely raise him above the rank of a corporal, for the highest offices of the state. What recompense then can be too extravagant for the wounded soldier, "who can turn diseases to commodity?" In such cases, an ounce of lead, as was once wittily observed, is of more value than a pound of brains. When, in the sequel, I became a candidate for popular favor, my short campaign, I found, did me "yeoman's service" in the contest; and had my body been so fortunate as to intercept the bullets or sabres of the enemy, those honorable scars would have been irresistible arguments in behalf of my promotion.

Shortly after my return from the South, Mr. Thompson died, and bequeathed me, by his will, a small legacy, and a world of good advice. I set very little value on the advice



of a man whose life evinced such an egregious ignorance of the maxims of worldly prudence, but the legacy I pocketed with great satisfaction. The heir, however gladdened by the prospect of a good inheritance, is bound, according to immemorial usage, to display the outward insignia of woe; and, doubtless, many well-meaning people thought it incumbent on me to bewail, with an unusual expenditure of rheum, the loss of my kind benefactor. But I was never much addicted to weeping, and was more of a philosopher than to have my equanimity disturbed by unavoidable evils. I have said that I retained a vindictive memory of the chastisement once inflicted on me by Mr. Thompson. Added to this, my genius was rebuked in his presence, and, in deference to his opinion, I was constrained to resist the natural bent of my inclination. My spirit was always chafed by the exercise of authority, and, but for the galling chain of dependence which bound me, I should long since have rebelled against his intrusive interference. His death, therefore, removed the only curb on my passions, and relieved me from the mortifying sense of subjection: I deemed it expedient, however, to assume the external semblance of mourning, in compliance with the prejudices of the world; but, for the reasons I have mentioned, my distress was neither deep nor lasting.

"The world was now mine oyster," and I was not slow to regale myself with its delicious contents. With a handsome person, a teeming brain, a stout heart, and a purse well replenished, I had no doubt of securing a capital prize in the lottery of life. Not having yet embraced any steady occupation, I plunged, "nothing loath," into a round of fashionable dissipation. Constant at the gaming table, the cockpit, and the race-course, I was indoctrinated in the mysteries of those liberal pursuits; but not till the loss of the greater part of my legacy had paid for my tuition. I saw human nature in a variety of aspects; but, multifarious as it appeared, I discerned, beneath the surface, the same principles and passions. The gentleman, the blackguard, the bully, the spendthrift and the sharper frequented, promiscuously, these scenes of dissipation. The savage lust of gain levelled all distinctions. In the conflict of interest, and the eagerness of competition, the rules of fair-dealing were violated by all, while finesse and deception were considered proofs of sagacity and skill. I saw there the knowing one and the green-horn, the sharper and his dupe, the cheater and the cheated, a classification that runs through every order of society. Men are the same every where, actuated by the same motives, chasing the same objects, though by means as various and as shifting as their complexions. It is not that these amusements, as your pseudo-moralists imagine, are the hot-beds of depravity. They only unmask the hypocrite by the agency of his own passions, and expose, in high relief, those traits of cunning and selfishness which he disguises elsewhere under a sanctimonious visage. I might fill a large volume by depicting the singular scenes and characters which I encountered at this period; but the details have too much sameness to be interesting. I must, however, record one scene in which I participated, because it is intimately connected with the most important transactions of my life.

It was in the fall of 1786, that I repaired to one of the principal race-tracks in lower Virginia, hoping to redress the injuries of fortune, and resolved not to be scrupulous in the means of effecting my object. In the fluctuations of my luck, though my losses had not heretofore been large, yet they had seriously encroached on my slender resources. I was well known to Mr. Bolton, the owner of the most celebrated race-horse on the turf, and, having formerly rendered him an important service, I had some expectation of obtaining his advice and assistance. He was a shrewd, unlettered man, of a hard, weather-beaten physiognomy, whose rigid muscles gave no token of the movements of his mind.

His conversation was broken and abrupt, and would have been often unintelligible, but that the connexion was eked out with significant winks and gestures. This obscurity, I believe, was, in a great measure, affected, because he had found, in the diplomacy of the race-track, the advantage of this oracular style of speech. On the first day of the races, his horse (to speak *technically*) was to run a match, four miles out, with a young horse of great promise, four thousand dollars a side. He had but a small share in this bet; for such was the reputation of his horse, that hundreds eagerly sought to participate in it, and it was for that very purpose that I now sought an interview with him. He received me with a hearty shake of the hand.

Glad to see you, said he. Hav'n't forgot old favors; would like to serve you in any thing reasonable.

I am come, Mr. Bolton, to beg you will let me take a part in your bet tomorrow, said I.

Paltry business, not worth your attention; but can put you in a way of winning something worth counting.

You will greatly oblige me by telling me how, as my finances, I confess, are running somewhat low.

Know young Lightfoot, eh? just come to a fine estate; mints of money, and doesn't know what to do with it.

I have a slight acquaintance with him, I answered.

He'll be here tomorrow; bet any thing on my horse; thinks nothing can beat him. He's the man to make your fortune.

But I should think it hazardous to bet against your horse, I rejoined.

Ah! Jerry (the name of his horse) has the heels of him. But (with a knowing wink) he might stumble, fly the track, lose the race by some accident.

This could hardly happen to a man of your experience, I observed, and I should be afraid to bet on such a calculation, unless you had an interest.

Ah, ha! a wink's as good as a nod to a blind horse. See you're no green-horn. You've hit the very thing. Take up all his bets, and I'll go halves with you.

But I hav'n't the money to stake, said I.

Never mind. I'll shell out the cash. We'll see the bottom of Lightfoot's purse. But take care of one thing; don't be too eager, or the knowing ones will take the hint. Let him have line, and close only when he's given you great odds. Meanwhile don't let us be seen together. I'll be sure to send you the shiners.

Having made this judicious arrangement, I departed in quest of young Lightfoot. This young fellow, a rattling, thoughtless, improvident spendthrift, was the very sort of game for a man who knows how to profit by the follies of mankind. My plan was to throw myself in his way, artfully turn the conversation on the race of tomorrow, and provoke him to some extravagant and unequal bet by doubting Jerry's speed, and extolling his competitor. To play on such a shallow dupe was "as easy as lying." The gudgeon caught the bait immediately, and "backed his judgment" by offering to stake ten thousand against one thousand dollars on the issue of the race. With assumed reluctance I closed with his proposition, and we selected a certain Dr. O'Leary as our stakeholder. This doctor, who attended the races as an amateur, was an Irishman, and, from the pedantry of his language, was supposed to have been a schoolmaster before he left the Emerald isle. This report derogated, as he conceived, from his character as a gentleman, a character he was very ambitious to sustain, and, as he was choleric and fearless, such insinuations were attended with some danger. However the habit was acquired, certain it is, that he "drew the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument," and interlarded his conversation with words of "learned length," and perpetual allusions to the classics. The appearance of this "learned Theban" was outré in the extreme. He was of small stature, of a dusky ferrugi-

rous complexion, with fiery red hair, a nose of portentous longitude, and pale blue eyes, the rawness of whose lids made them resemble, for all the world, two shilling pieces bound with red flannel. This disease of his optics was ascribed, by some of his maligners, to the depth of his potations, though he himself imputed it to the severity of his midnight studies in the extraction of Hebrew roots and the solution of Greek dialects and contractions. By his own account he was a walking polyglott, and understood all languages, dead and living. With a visage and figure so ungainly, the doctor had, nevertheless, a high opinion of his personal attractions. He had once resided in Jamaica, and affirmed that his emigration to this country was occasioned by the jealous fury of the governor of that island, who, perceiving the inclination of his wife for the doctor, had arrested him at midnight and sent him in chains to Virginia. Withal, he had an extravagant passion for cock-fighting and horse-racing, spectacles only surpassed, in his opinion, by the Grecian games and the exhibitions of the Roman amphitheatre. This eccentric scarecrow readily undertook the office of holding stakes for Lightfoot and myself, and, Bolton having supplied me with the necessary funds, the money was deposited in due form on the following morning.

The race-course, in those days, exhibited a brilliant and animated scene. It was the rendezvous of all the wealth, and beauty and fashion of the surrounding country. The farmer, the laborer, the artisan, abandoned their regular pursuits to enjoy this favorite amusement. Even many of the slaves were released from their toils, and permitted to share in the general festivity. At an early hour, on the present occasion, numberless showy equipages dashed into the field, while troops of young men, mounted on spirited horses, gaily accoutred, pranced and caracoled in the rear. An immense throng pressed into the numerous booths and arbors to partake of the liquors and refreshments which were there supplied in profusion, or to join in the various games that were on all sides publicly exhibited. Groups assembled round the different stables to examine the horses, to criticise their points and pedigree, and to speculate on their probable performance in speed and bottom. The owners of horses, the trainers and riders, in their jockey caps, were seen hurrying about in active preparation for the impending contest, or occasionally engaged in earnest conversation. During this pause in the business of the day, the ladies nodded to each other from their carriages, discussed with animation the incidents of the last ball or wedding, regaled themselves with fruits and confections, chatted and flirted with their attendant beaux, or laughed in thoughtless merriment at the uncouth figures in this motley throng. Among the crowd of admirers who fluttered round this assemblage of beauty, Doctor O'Leary was conspicuously busy, and, as the fair creatures were fully apprized of his foibles, the grave banter and flattering glances with which they received him, together with his absurd grimaces and obvious faith in the sincerity of these insidious favors, would have provoked a risibility only to be subdued by a visit to the cave of Trophonius. At length it was proclaimed that the race was about to commence. The ladies and many gentlemen hurried to the stand, an elevated platform commanding a view of the whole course. The entire space within the paths was covered with persons on horseback or on foot, who eagerly awaited the approach of the rival horses. The judges having assumed their posts, and the usual arrangements being completed, Jerry and his competitor appeared, and after some manœuvring between their riders, set out on their career. Instantly every one was in motion, and the whole field re-echoed with the cries and vociferations of the spectators. Those on horseback rushed from point to point on the course with reckless speed, cheering the riders of the contending horses, and struggling to gain the most favorable position for observing the progress and

result of the race. Bets, sometimes even, sometimes with odds, according to the fluctuating aspect of the race, were incessantly offered and accepted. Jerry took the track for the first three miles, and continued the universal favorite. Lightfoot, in ecstasies, vociferated continually,

Go it, my fine fellow, keep moving. What forfeit will you pay me, Newman, to let you off?

Will you double your bet? I replied.

With the greatest pleasure in life, said Lightfoot. You must have a great desire to lose your money. Here, doctor, hold stakes.

The doctor was himself in a state of high excitement.

What a noble amusement, he said to me, worthy of the most polished epochs of antiquity, and scarcely exceeded by the vehicular competitions of the Isthmian and Olympic games!

*Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.*

Can you conceive a more magnificent and imposing spectacle, than a vehicle drawn by four such quadrupeds as these, and guided by a Grecian charioteer?

The doctor was evidently getting into his altitudes, and, as it was unsafe to laugh at him, I moved hastily out of ear-shot, lest I might suddenly lose the command of my risible muscles. At this moment the horses were locked for the first time, and ran nearly abreast for three quarters of a mile. The interest and anxiety of the crowd became intense, and it was filled with universal astonishment, when, in the quarter stretch, Jerry's opponent took the lead, and passed through the poles more than two lengths ahead of him. It was evident that Jerry had met his match, and Bolton had no occasion for stratagem to ensure his defeat. Lightfoot surrendered his money with a good grace, declaring that he would have his revenge another time. Jerry had been so long acknowledged lord of the ascendant, that the majority of the spectators rejoiced in his discomfiture. Continued success offends the innate envy of mankind, and we are gratified by the failure of the fortunate from the same feeling that banished Aristides because he was called the just.

The racing for that day being now over, the crowd rapidly dispersed. The owner of the race-track had provided an entertainment that evening, to which I was pressingly invited; for the fame of my winnings, I perceived, had greatly augmented my consequence. When I repaired to the banquet, I found a large company assembled, and regaling themselves on a mixture called lamb's-wool, compounded of rum toddy and roasted apples, which was set out in large bowls for their refreshment. Copious libations of this pleasant beverage inspired mirth and hilarity, and whetted our appetites for more substantial fare. The race of the day was freely discussed, and some surprise expressed at its issue. I felt some uneasiness, till I ascertained that the understanding between Bolton and myself was wholly unsuspected. All concurred that the race had been fairly contested and fairly won.

Well, said the doctor to me, you should, like Sylla, erect an altar, and sacrifice to fortune. But beware that Nemesis does not hereafter avenge your good luck. Have you ever perused, in the original language, the descriptions of the Grecian games, and particularly of their chariot races?

I confess, I have not, said I, but I should doubtless do so with pleasure and profit, had I the advantage of so able an instructor as yourself. The doctor winced under this allusion, undesigning on my part, to his supposed experience in the art of teaching; but the compliment with which it was seasoned allayed his wrath.

Those races, resumed the doctor, were far more interesting than ours, because to speed and velocity of motion was superadded the dexterity of the charioteer. Their horses, I have no doubt, far surpassed ours in fleetness.



I don't know a word of Greek, said a voice behind me, and I'll undertake with my horse, Sir Launcelot, to beat the best horse ever foaled in Greece. Did any of those same charioteers ever time their horses? I warrant they were all garrans compared to Flying Childers.

This was spoken in a tremendous tone, and broke on my ear like a clap of thunder. I thought it proceeded from a giant, and was astonished, on looking round, to discover that it issued from the lungs of a little meagre creature not more than five feet high. This was Mr. Stovall, a name well known in the annals of sporting. He was a great boaster, and his stentorian accents might be readily distinguished in every part of the race-field. He had a real passion for horses, and thought his Sir Launcelot the most perfect specimen of the species. Bolton used them merely as instruments of profit; but Stovall's care of them was a labor of love, and he would have resented an imputation on his horse with more vehemence than one on his own character. The doctor received his interruption with a smile of disdain, and we should have had an amusing discussion between these two originals, but for the announcement of dinner, which terminated the debate.

At dinner, the doctor descanted largely on the culinary skill of the ancients, and insisted that their improvements in the luxuries of the table were among the most valuable of the *artes perditæ*.

Did you ever read Peregrine Pickle? said a Mr. Sneed, who appeared to be the Momus of the company.

No! said the doctor, I do not waste my time on such frivolous productions.

If you had, resumed Sneed, you would be cured of your admiration for ancient cookery, unless you had a very strong stomach. But, doctor, a truce with learning, and let me help you to some of this fowl, which is good enough for us degenerate moderns.

What is it? said the doctor. A chicken, or a pullet?

A chicken, I believe, answered Sneed.

Then I shall eat none of it. Is it not a shame, continued the doctor, that such a gallant animal as the game cock should be sacrificed to feed our gluttony?

'Tis certainly a *foul* deed, said the wag. I should as soon think of eating Julius Cæsar or the Duke of Marlborough. But, doctor, to change the subject, I thought I saw Miss Lee ogling you to-day. Any overtures in that quarter?

It does not become me to betray the secrets of the ladies, said the doctor, with an air of reserve.

Close and cautious, I see; but your blushes betray you, rejoined Sneed.

Jesting on this subject tickled the doctor's vanity. The pretended coyness and affected simper with which he received the raillery of his tormentor, was irresistible, and set the whole table in a roar.

This it is, doctor, to be a likely fellow, and a favorite of the ladies. You will be nibbling at the forbidden fruit. "In the days of innocency, Adam fell," when only tempted by one woman, and how should Dr. O'Leary remain steadfast in such a multitude? Ah! doctor, you'll get into some scrape yet about the women. You have not profited by the lesson of the Governor of Jamaica.

This allusion to his West India adventure completed the doctor's self-complacency, and rendered the mirth of the company still more boisterous. Having discharged this volley at the doctor, Sneed turned his batteries in another direction.

Lightfoot, said he, you should change your name. The lightness is transferred from your feet to your pocket.

I should have no objection to a change of name, said Lightfoot, if I could, at the same time, become a *new man*.

Well punned, said Sneed. You're still light-hearted, I see.

The gentleman, said the doctor, with an awkward effort to be jocular, should not willingly part with an honorable

cognomen. It is the very title bestowed by Homer on Achilles; *Πόδας ὀχρὺς*, light-footed.

To be light-footed, said Sneed, is an advantage, particularly if one is light-fingered. But, doctor, you have Greek and Latin at your fingers' ends. Why don't you get a professorship of languages? It would be worth more than pills, or cock-fighting or horse-racing to boot.

If you mean any injurious insinuation, said the doctor, in great wrath, I'll soon show you that I am qualified to teach you good manners.

I beg pardon, doctor, no offence meant; only a harmless jest.

I do not like such jesting, said the doctor.

Well, doctor, I'll not transgress again.

Having with some difficulty appeased the doctor, Sneed now tried his talent for teasing on Bolton.

I think your Jerry, said he, is now a Jerry-come-tumble. He has "fallen from his high estate," and, I suppose, you'll now take him from the turf.

One swallow don't make a summer, said Bolton; Jerry'll cut and come again.

I am glad to see, continued Sneed, these old winners giving way. There will be some chance then for us youngsters. There's Sir Launcelot, too, nearly done. If he's put to his mettle this time, he'll surely let down.

He's game to the back bone, said Stovall, in great indignation.

His back bone will soon be made game of, said Sneed, with a sneer; for it evidently begins to swag.

This vile insinuation put Stovall in a towering wrath, and he had commenced an obstreperous reply, when the fiend of politics excited an uproar in another part of the table. The wine had begun to make innovation, and the doctor, though a seasoned vessel, had already confessed, to use his own phrase, that he was *vino ciboque gravatus*. Even the most reserved and modest acknowledged the genial influence, and mingled freely in the conversation.

Think you, said a spruce young fellow just returned from college, that the states can hold together under the articles of confederation?

Really, I replied, I have never thought much on the subject.

The old general, continued the young man, is, I understand, using all his influence to effect a revision of the articles, in order to prevent a separation.

I should not be surprised, said a Mr. C——, if the confederacy fell to pieces, and then the states will have no remedy against civil war, but in the protection of France or Great Britain.

I had frequently met this Mr. C—— before, and had conceived a great dislike for him. He was one of the old aristocracy of Virginia, exceedingly haughty and supercilious, and towards me particularly had assumed a dictatorial and patronizing air, that I could not brook. He was the owner of a fine stud of horses, and passionately devoted to the pleasures of the turf. In the revolutionary war, he had stood aloof, and was generally thought to be tainted with toryism. The doctor, who, like all his countrymen, was a staunch whig, no sooner heard the topic of politics broached, than he plunged, with the constitutional ardor of an Irishman, into the discussion.

The only danger, said he, is from the tories. We were guilty of the same blunder, which Brutus and his associates committed, when, after slaying Cæsar, they spared Antony and Octavius. We should have expelled every tory from the United States. They only serve to hatch treason and nourish confusion.

And their place would be well supplied, said Mr. C—— sarcastically, by Irish pedagogues and rapparees!

An American tory, like you, Mr. C——, would be well replaced by an Irish whig, retorted the doctor.

I will not dirty my fingers with such a miserable blot on human nature, said Mr. C——, pale with rage, or I would chastise your insolence.

Insolence! exclaimed the doctor: I'd have you to know that I'm a gentleman born, and I demand satisfaction.

This altercation put an end to our repast. The company interfered, and, with difficulty, prevailed on the parties to postpone the settlement of their quarrel to a more suitable season. As we retired, the doctor said to me—

I will get the favor of you to bear a cartel to that overweening aristocrat. I'll teach him, how he dares to reflect on the honor of an Irish gentleman.

I'll carry it with pleasure, said I, if you will defer it until after the races.

The doctor, who, with all his absurdities, was as brave as a lion, reluctantly agreed to this postponement, and then we separated.

I went to divide my winnings with Bolton, and consult with him how to lay my bets for the morrow. I was now master of ten thousand dollars, but I found my cupidity increased with my possessions. A sweepstake was to be run the next day, in which ten persons had entered, among whom were Mr. C—— and Mr. Stovall. In Bolton's opinion, Sir Launcelot was the best horse entered, and he advised me to bet freely on him. As experience had made me distrustful of the good faith of racers, I thought it safest to confer with Stovall, before I ventured to hazard any thing considerable. He was very sanguine of success, and encouraged me to "dip in" to the extent of my funds.

Never fear, my dear fellow, said he. Launce shall show them a clean pair of heels, and to convince you that I mean fairly, I'll go your halves in all the bets you can make.

But people, said I, will be chary, I fear, about betting, on account of your horse's known reputation.

Oh! I'll manage that, he replied. Launce shall run the first heat under a pull, and just save his distance. Then bet him against the field, and I'll warrant you'll find gudgeons ready to bite. I remember, however, playing the same game with my famous old horse Sir Richard without success. It was Sir Richard's first race. I and a few friends had ascertained his speed and bottom, but we kept it close. Two days before the races, he was run on the paths for exercise, and some spy observed his action. The thing took wind without our knowing it. I, and a few knowing ones, that I had let into the secret, had come prepared to bet enormous sums. I suffered the first heat to be won, just saving distance. In the second, I set out from the starting post, exclaiming ten thousand dollars on Sir Richard, against the field; five thousand; ten thousand to five thousand; ten thousand to one, but not a rascal would take me up. But Dick was a wonderful horse; beat every thing; never was put to his mettle. People at last wouldn't run against him. We'll do better tomorrow.

It was amusing to hear him give this history with the most vehement tones and gestures. Had we not been half a mile from the track, our conversation would have been a secret to nobody.

The crowd was prodigious on the following day, and the excitement more intense than ever. The first heat was won by Mr. C——'s horse, Sir Launcelot only saving his distance, as Stovall had predicted. At the commencement of the second course, I cried aloud, five thousand dollars on Sir Launcelot, against the field. Done, said Mr. C——, and the bet was ratified with the usual formalities. Launcelot took the second heat, distancing all his competitors, except Mr. C——'s horse, and two others. Four only could, therefore, enter for the last course. At first, Launce permitted the others to take the lead; but, as they neared the quarter stretch, he passed the two hindmost, as the racers say, in fine style, and was in the act of passing Mr. C——'s horse, when, at a sign from C——, his rider rushed

against Launce, and completely disabled him. Stovall and myself both saw the act and the signal. Foul riding, foul riding, exclaimed Stovall, with the voice of a speaking trumpet. You villain, I'll have your ears. By this manoeuvre, Mr. C——'s horse won the race, but the judges were to decide whether it was fairly done. Stovall was clamorous for justice, and, in broad terms, charged the foul riding to C——'s instigation, appealing to me and others to substantiate the fact. His assertion was sustained before the judges by the testimony of several bystanders, and the dispute was finally determined in favor of Stovall. While the affair was under deliberation, Mr. C—— approached Stovall and myself with a menacing aspect, and demanded how we dared to throw such an imputation on the character of a gentleman?

Why really, sir, said I, I have too much at stake to let your little *ruse* pass unnoticed, and, as to daring, it requires a small share of audacity, I opine, to dare speak the truth, in order to save five thousand dollars.

I'll teach you, that a nameless bastard shall not insult a gentleman with impunity, exclaimed Mr. C——, trembling with passion.

I may be a bastard, I coolly replied; but judging from your conduct to-day, I am far from admitting you to be a gentleman.

Irritated by the calm scorn with which I encountered his violence, he was so inconsiderate as to strike me with a horsewhip. I am by no means "sudden and quick in quarrel," yet, when stricken, there is always in me "something dangerous," which my assailant may well fear. I usually carried a dagger for such emergencies, and, smarting under the present indignity, I plunged it, with my whole force, in the body of my adversary. Mr. C—— fell instantly, and was removed into an adjacent building, while the bystanders, without much resistance, disarmed me of the deadly weapon. Dr. O'Leary, being the only physician present, was hastily summoned to see the wounded man, and, in about half an hour, returned to report his situation.

You have done his business for him, I think, said he, and by your irregular practice, saved me the necessity of killing him *secundum artem*, which I was bound to do according to all the laws of honor. It is a question, whether you have not infringed the obligations of friendship by killing my adversary before our quarrel was decided, and whether, in fact, you are not bound to take his place, and, in case you escape the vengeance of the law, give me the satisfaction which your interference has prevented me from obtaining. But I will postpone the discussion of these questions for the present. Meanwhile, I am sorry to inform you, that this gentleman's days are numbered, though possibly he may survive twenty-four hours. A consultation was then held in the crowd to determine whether I should not be confined, or carried before a justice; but, upon my solemn assurances, and the pledge of several of my friends, that I would surrender myself to the officers of justice, I was suffered to go at large until the fate of Mr. C—— should be ascertained.

If homicide were tolerated, society could not exist. In the most imperfectly organized communities, therefore, it has been found indispensable to prohibit and punish it. We pursue the murderer, not so much on account of the inherent depravity of his offence, but, on the same principle that we repel the assaults of violence on our persons or property, namely: because our own safety would be jeopardized were his act to pass unpunished. The same reason, therefore, that authorises the punishment of the robber and murderer, justifies us in taking the life of any man, when it becomes essential to the protection of person, property, or reputation; nor can I conceive, why we should feel compunction for a deed so clearly defensible on every ground of justice and expediency. On the present occasion, my conscience, to use the cant of moralists, was entirely tran-



quill; and satisfied, that if the law were fairly administered, I would be subject to no penalty, I partook with my accustomed relish, in the social conversation and amusements, to which the succeeding night was dedicated by the company. If I did not vie with Socrates in the philosophical character of my occupations, I rivalled him, at least, in insensibility to danger. The general sentiment, I had learned, was in my favor, particularly among the middling and lower classes, though the opulent and influential connections of Mr. C—— were employing every engine to exasperate and inflame popular prejudice.

In the morning, I was informed that Mr. C—— was still living, and desired to see me. Accompanied by several of my friends, I repaired to the chamber of the dying man. Life was gradually ebbing, but his mind was still clear and vigorous. Fixing his ghastly eyes on me, while his lips trembled with weakness or emotion, he desired earnestly that our interview should be private, as he had a secret to impart of the deepest consequence, which could be confided to no ears but mine. My companions withdrew into an adjoining apartment, and I announced my readiness to receive his communication.

Come near, young man, he said; my voice is feeble, and the little remains of life your dagger has left me are fast waning.

I took a seat by his bedside; and gazing at me fixedly for some moments, while his enfeebled frame shook with strong emotion, he thus continued:

I feel the force of that bitter truth, that our vices are used by Providence as the means to scourge us. Our guilt recoils on our own heads. When you pierced me with your dagger, you sluiced the fountain of your own blood. Yes! this blood, that now stains my pillow, is the same with yours. I am your father! I gave you life, and you take away mine. But the retribution is just. The act, which brought you into existence, was horrible, incestuous, unnatural. I, your father, cast you forth on the current of events, careless whether you sunk or swum. I deserted you in the weakness of infancy, to perish, or to be rescued by the charity of strangers. The poor boon of existence has been cancelled by my subsequent neglect. I left you to struggle with poverty and temptation, unaided and unacknowledged. I met you as a stranger, and treated you with contempt and scorn. What wonder, then, that you struck the proud overbearing patrician, when you were ignorant of the tie that should have bound your hands? I do not blame you. The blow you gave avenged the guilt of your parents, the infamy of your birth and my unfeeling, cruel abandonment. I would now make some atonement; but alas! no expiation can wash from your hands the stain of parental blood, shed by you unconsciously, through my guilt.

I could not but be moved at the bitterness of self-condemnation, which agitated this unhappy man. I expressed in strong terms, my sorrow for what had passed, and begged him to be comforted. I desired to know how he recognized me as his son, and suggested, that he might, possibly, be mistaken.

No! he replied, I am not mistaken. You shall hear my history, and then judge whether there is room for doubt. Would, for your sake, that there was! I am sprung from one of the first families in Virginia for wealth and character. My progenitors, for many generations, were distinguished for their public and private virtues. No taint of reproach ever touched their honor. My father had not degenerated from his ancestors, and my elder brother, long since dead, was, in talents and worth, an honor to his name. He died in my childhood, leaving an only daughter, who was reared in my father's house. My father sent me, his only surviving son, to be educated in the University of Edinburgh. I spent ten years in that city, where I became a convert, in my opinions, to the systems of infidel philoso-

phy which prevailed there, and, in my moral habits, to the dissolute practices of the debauched and abandoned youth with whom I associated. I learned by metaphysical subtleties, to sap the foundation of every moral duty, to palliate or to justify every vicious indulgence. I came back to Virginia with a mind perverted by sophistical reasonings, with sentiments debased by the vilest associations, and passions nurtured to preternatural vigor by a long career of gross and reckless dissipation. My mother had died in my absence, and my brother's daughter, now grown up to womanhood, presided over my father's establishment. She was a lovely creature. My philosophy and my practice both inculcated the utmost latitude of principle in relation to the other sex. Struck with her personal attractions, I determined to seduce her. Her youth, her innocence, her confidence in me, our familiarity as near relations, all facilitated the execution of my design. It is needless to detail the arts by which I accomplished this nefarious purpose. Suffice it, that I succeeded, and our intimacy remained unsuspected for two years, when she found herself in a situation, which, unless timely precautions were taken, must inevitably betray the secret of our intercourse. On pretence of visiting a relation in a distant part of the state, I took her from my father's several months beforehand, and placed her in an obscure neighborhood, where we were both utterly unknown. After your birth, I carried you with my own hands, and left you at Mr. Thompson's door, whose character for benevolence I well knew. In a fortnight, your mother was sufficiently recovered to return to my father's. My breath fails me, and I must be brief. Your mother now resides in the southern part of Virginia. About a year after your birth, she was married to a Mr. Lewis, who, at his death, bequeathed her an ample fortune. For myself, I have since led a life of continued profligacy and extravagance. My estate wasted, my health impaired, my reputation tarnished, and my mind embittered by remorse, I should have been well content to meet my death from any other hand than yours. Do you want further evidences of your birth? Here are your mother's letters, which I sent for this morning; peruse them, and every shadow of doubt will be removed.

But, said I, why was it, that neither you nor my mother contributed afterwards to my support and education?

We feared to take the slightest step in relation to you from an apprehension of discovery. Such was our sensibility to disgrace, that we would have risked your destruction and our own, rather than cast the slightest blemish on our family scutcheon. We loved the sin, but not the infamy that follows it. Time, new ties and pursuits diverted our attention from you, and gradually effaced the traces of parental affection. Do you ask, why, at last, I have revealed the secret? Why, after having sacrificed so much to reputation, I should now put it in your power to blast my fame and that of your mother? I could not resist the impulse which prompted this disclosure. As life, with its busy passions and interests, recedes from my view, I see the emptiness of that vain philosophy which has been the bane of my life, and I feel, with redoubled keenness, the envenomed stings of remorse. I wished to disburthen my mind, to confess my guilt and penitence to some one, and none seemed so fit as the son I had so deeply injured. I do not believe that you will be so unmindful of your own character, or that of your parents, as to unveil this horrible mystery. You cannot be insensible to the double infamy of your birth, nor can you wish to be stained, in the opinion of the world, with the guilt of parricide. I commit this secret to you, therefore, with a full confidence, that the honor of my family will remain unsullied, since you have the strongest motives to conceal it. I have now relieved my tortured conscience, and would fain hope that the warning of my example may deter you from the crimes and errors which

have rendered my existence miserable. I would fain too perform, though late, the duty of a parent, by providing for your future support; but alas! I have wasted my inheritance, and have nothing to bestow. I freely forgive you my death. Will you forgive me the seduction of your mother, the ignominy of your birth, the abandonment of your infancy, the neglect of every parental duty, the pride and contumely of my late conduct?

I told him, that, so far as my forgiveness and my sympathy could avail in healing the wounds and soothing the anguish of his mind, I bestowed them in all sincerity, and that, whatever else I could do for his ease and comfort, I was ready and willing to perform.

I thank you, he replied. My mind is now much calmer. I have yet a duty to fulfil, while my breath lasts. I would save you from the legal consequences of this rash act, that has so prematurely terminated my existence. Summon a justice without delay, to receive my dying declaration of the circumstances of our rencontre.

I left the room, in order to comply with his request. Mr. Garnett, a justice of the peace, happening casually to be on the race-ground, readily undertook to officiate on the occasion. Mr. C——'s declaration was to this effect:

"I, Beverly C——, being on the verge of dissolution, in view of that solemn event, and with a lively sense of the demands of justice, do, on my oath make the following declaration of the circumstances which occasioned my death. I declare that the mortal wound was inflicted on me by Anthony Newman; that, irritated by a controversy about a horse-race, produced by my own improper conduct, and by the just complaints of Mr. Newman, I sought to fix a quarrel upon him, attempted to bully him, loaded him with the most contumelious abuse, and finally struck him with a horsewhip; that Mr. Newman bore my insulting treatment with calmness and forbearance, and neither used, nor attempted to use, any act of violence, till I had offered him the grossest indignities, and had actually proceeded to inflict upon him a most degrading chastisement. I declare, that the said Newman gave me the fatal blow in self-defence, and, that, so far as my wishes can have any influence, I desire that he be exonerated from all blame or punishment. Sworn to before me W. Garnett, J. P., this 20th of September, 1786."

Mr. C—— desired Mr. Garnett carefully to preserve this paper, to be produced in the event that a prosecution should be instituted against me. Exhausted by such long continued and excessive agitation, his pulse now sunk rapidly, and his countenance assumed that hideous and indescribable expression, which indicates the near approach of death. Though perfectly sensible to the last, he spoke little after making his declaration; but he seemed anxious to show, by his conduct to me, that he cherished no animosity, and that we were entirely reconciled. He would receive assistance from no other person, and finally expired in the evening, with his hand clasped in mine, in token of mutual forgiveness.

I must acknowledge that his affecting disclosures, his bitter penitence, and his generous exculpation of me in his last moments, touched me deeply. I sincerely regretted my agency in this tragic catastrophe, and the consciousness that I had destroyed my own father, (a fact which I took care to bury in my own bosom,) gave additional pungency to my self reproaches. But in truth, when viewed in the calm light of reason, the apparent horror of this transaction manifestly arises from the artificial systems by which our feelings and opinions are controlled. Nature has implanted certain instincts, which irresistibly impel the parent to provide for the nurture and education of his offspring. This is necessary for the propagation of the species and the interests of society. With the fulfilment of these purposes, the relation of parent and child naturally ceases, and

all the mutual obligations imposed by that relation, should then be cancelled and annulled. Our ideas of filial duty are arbitrary; they have no root in human nature, no foundation in reason. Some nations deem it an act of filial gratitude to destroy their aged parents, and thus rid them of the cares and infirmities that beset the evening of life. What right have we to pronounce their notions of duty more absurd than our own? We are the creatures of education, the slaves of prejudice, the sport of fortuitous circumstances. We believe, we think, we act, not according to any fixed and invariable principles, but from the impulse of casual impressions. Hence the diversity of opinions, customs and systems, moral and religious, that prevail upon the earth. The supremacy of reason can never be established till we renounce the dominion of arbitrary and accidental distinctions. Why should I reproach myself for the death of Mr. C——? Had he been a stranger, were not the circumstances sufficient to palliate, if not to justify the deed? Could the subsequent disclosure of our relationship change the quality of the offence, and convert an act, innocent or excusable in its inception, into a heinous and unnatural crime? Was there such a thing as retrospective guilt? And what, after all, is this tie of blood, when endeared by no kindness, hallowed by no grateful recollection of past benefits? Is it not a mere phantasm, a chimera, existing only in the imagination? Are not the duties springing from that tie mutual, and does not the failure of one party to fulfil those duties absolve the other from all reciprocal obligation? My reason responded in the affirmative to these questions; and the more I reflected on the subject, the more was I strengthened in the conviction, that I had no just ground, in this affair, for self-condemnation.

After Mr. C——'s death, I surrendered myself to the civil authorities, and, having submitted to the usual preliminary investigation, was removed to Williamsburg for final trial. At that time, persons charged with the higher offences, were tried in what was called the general court, composed of five judges. I engaged the ablest advocates in my defence, and gave them the most liberal compensation. My principal counsel advised me, that my acquittal depended more on the character of the jury, and the disposition of the witnesses, than upon the skill and ability of my lawyers. I took the hint, and, by the lavish distribution of money, through the agency of Stoval, Bolton, and the Doctor, who interested themselves warmly in my behalf, contrived to procure the attendance of numerous friendly bystanders, ready to be summoned as jurors, and of witnesses prepared to give the most favorable account of my conduct in the transaction. Though satisfied that a knowledge of Mr. C——'s dying declaration must ultimately silence the current misrepresentations of this affair, and aware, that, in this conflict between a plebeian and an aristocrat, popular sentiment was enlisted on my behalf, I thought it expedient to guard against every contingency, and to omit no precaution necessary to ensure my acquittal. In all criminal prosecutions, twelve men, who constitute what is called the venire, are previously summoned by the sheriff to act as a jury in the trial of the accused. The leanings and impressions of each individual of this inquest, and of a vast multitude of other persons, who were in the habit of attending the court, were diligently ascertained, which enabled me, in the exercise of my right of peremptory challenge, to prevent the selection of any juror that might be prejudiced against my cause. Thus fortified against every casualty, I awaited the issue with tranquil resolution.

The day of trial at length arrived. The notoriety of this affair, the disparity in the condition of the parties, and the multiplied versions of it that had been circulated, had produced much eager discussion, and excited unusual interest in the surrounding country. The concourse of spec-



tators was, therefore, prodigious. The family connexions and friends of Mr. C——, embracing all the wealth and influence of that part of Virginia, were assembled, anxiously hoping to witness my conviction. The ancient oligarchy of the state had already felt the heavings of the democratic principle beneath the incumbent pressure of hereditary power, which, like the throes of the fabulous giants in Mount Ætna, foretold the impending eruption. They regarded this prosecution, therefore, not so much the trial of an obscure individual, as a struggle between the rival orders of society. Fearful of the overthrow of their ascendancy, they came, with anxious misgivings, to watch the progress of this investigation. The middling and lower classes, concerned for the fate of a man who was bold enough to resist the overweening arrogance of wealth, thronged every avenue of the court-house. The popular feeling, originating in the revolution, and since so predominant, had already ripened into a suspicious distrust of the educated and opulent. The judges, elected before this feeling had been fully developed, sympathized with the apprehensions of the higher classes, and were disposed to conduct the prosecution against me with the utmost rigor. Thus, even at this early period, in the most palmy state of the republic, party spirit had intruded into the sanctuary of justice. The jurist assumes impartiality in the administration of the law as the basis of his theories, just as the diagrams of the mechanic suppose the absence of all friction or resistance. In both cases, the hypothesis is, and ever will be, alike visionary and impracticable.

About ten o'clock in the morning, the court was formed, and, with much noise and confusion, I was conducted to the bar. After the usual formalities of arraignment, the court proceeded to the selection of a jury. It was essential to the plan of an impartial trial, that the jurors should be uninformed of the circumstances, and unbiassed by preconceived opinions; and, in consequence of the publicity of this transaction, and the general excitement in relation to it, there was great difficulty in finding persons possessed of these qualifications. The judges restricted the ground of exception to jurors for cause, as it was technically called, to the narrowest possible limits, and frequently drove me to the exercise of my right of peremptory challenge. Nearly the whole inquest was, in this way, rejected, and the sheriff was ordered to summon the bystanders. The friendly jurymen I had enlisted had taken care to station themselves in the most conspicuous situations. When summoned and interrogated, they disclaimed any knowledge of the case, and were reluctantly admitted by the prosecutor to serve on the jury. By this ingenious management, the jury, when finally impanelled, was composed of eight, whose previous determination to acquit I had distinctly ascertained, and four, whose rank in society argued strong prepossessions in my favor. My mind was, therefore, relieved from all anxiety about the result.

In Virginia, it is the practice, in both civil and criminal cases, for the counsel on both sides to suspend their remarks till the whole evidence has been offered, and then to embrace, in the discussion, every point of fact or of law connected with the merits of the cause. The judges never sum up the testimony, and express no opinion on the questions of law involved in the controversy, unless specially asked to instruct the jury. The prosecutor now proceeded to introduce his testimony. Contrary to my expectation, he commenced by reading Mr. C——'s dying declaration, and then examined several persons, who deposed, that I had used threatening language, and actually drawn my dirk, before I was stricken. Whether this discolored account was the effect of mistake, or was the fruit of their own invention, or was prompted by persons active in procuring my conviction, I am unable to conjecture; but the fact that these witnesses had so palpably contradicted Mr.

C——'s dying declaration, was certainly calculated to impeach their credit. Doctor O'Leary, having been the attending physician, was produced by the prosecutor, and gave a very learned and verbose, but accurate description of the affray.

Doctor, said the prosecuting attorney, you saw Mr. C—— after he received the mortal wound. Will you state in what part of the body and in what direction it was given?

Sir, said the Doctor, the weapon entered the abdomen, perforated the peritoneum, severed several of the convolutions of the intestinal canal, and penetrated to the spine; but I do not think, that any of the larger vessels of the arterial system were wounded or impinged.

Doctor, said the attorney, you are rather too learned for my comprehension. Will you say, whether the wound you have so technically described was the cause of Mr. C——'s death?

I defy, replied the Doctor, either Galen or Hippocrates, were they living, to resolve that question. How can I distinguish the occult causes of a man's dissolution, and say on my oath, that there was not some preëxisting aneurism of the heart, apoplexia, or other disease, which might have been the efficient and proximate cause of this melancholy catastrophe?

But surely you can tell, urged the lawyer, whether such a wound as this would not, of itself, have been fatal?

Sir, said the doctor, I can tell no such thing. Such are the miracles performed by the healing art, of which I am an humble professor, that I have known persons, in circumstances apparently far more desperate, rescued from the jaws of death.

But is not the fact, resumed the prosecutor, that Mr. C—— was wounded when obviously in good health, and that he died soon after, conclusive evidence, that the one event was caused by the other?

In my study of the philosophers, both ancient and modern, answered the doctor with a pompous air, in the learned tongues and the vernacular, I have been taught, that the sequence of events is no proof of causation, and that there is no necessary connexion between two transactions, because the one precedes the other.

You are getting now, doctor, from physis to metaphysics, said the attorney, and are, I must say, not more intelligible in the one than in the other.

Are you sure, said the presiding judge, that this is a witness for the commonwealth?

Quite sure, answered the prosecutor.

Then, said the judge, he seems so much disposed to evade and equivocate, that I must think he has been tampered with.

The doctor, who was entirely unacquainted with the proceedings of courts, and was far more conversant with the code of honor than systems of jurisprudence, conceived himself justified in resenting an insult, wherever and by whomsoever given.

Sir, said he, taking fire at the remark of the judge, I would have you to know, that I am *nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*. If you mean to impeach my honor, I demand satisfaction.

You will be committed to prison, said the judge, if you don't behave yourself.

And what sort of satisfaction will incarceration be? said the offended doctor. Is this the boasted freedom of your country? to insult a gentleman and then threaten to imprison him? In old Ireland, every man, from a judge to a cobbler, if he has insulted you, thinks himself bound to give satisfaction, in a quiet way, with sword or pistol.

Stand aside, doctor, while the play is good, said the prosecutor; and the enraged physician was removed from the witness stand.

This scene closed the evidence for the prosecution. Sto-

vall, Bolton, and several others were then examined in the defence, and gave most decisive testimony in my favor. Among my witnesses, was a rough, athletic figure, who, from his scarred and mutilated aspect, had stood the brunt of a thousand pugilistic encounters. His name was Brooks, and the oddness of his jargon occasioned infinite merriment. I am persuaded that his view of the affair made a greater impression on the jury than the argument of my counsel.

Mr. Brooks, said the prosecutor, on his cross-examination, do you say that the prisoner acted in self-defence when he stabbed Mr. C.?

I'll tell you what I think, mister, said Brooks in his blunt way; if he had taken a raal Virginy scrimmage, I shouldnt have blamed him. I dont hold with this way of gentlefolks bully-ragging and horse-whipping us common people. We fout in the war for the right of licking any man, gentle or simple, that abuses us, and this young man I'm told, fout with the rest on us. But I dont like this way of sticking people with knives. 'Taint like old Virginy. I like a fair fight; a raal rough-roll-and-tumble. As to gouging, and biting, and all them sort of things, that's fair play, and what I've done myself; but foul holt and cold steel I do despise. Yet I can't say but its some excuse for the young man, that he was belittled and bullied, and struck with a horsewhip before he lugged out his bread sticker. When a man's blood's hot, there's no knowing what he'll do.

Then you think, Mr. Brooks, said the attorney, that the prisoner was not justifiable in using his dirk.

Why, if he'd been offered a fair fight, answered Brooks, fist and skull, 'twould have been right dominicker to have taken to cold steel. But when a man takes the advantage of you, and knocks you with a horsewhip, and tries to whip you like a nigger, you've a right to keep him off with anything. That's my notion, if you want it. I wouldnt do it myself, 'case I'm able to whip any man of my inches, horsewhip or no horsewhip. I don't value a fine coat no more nor a Virginy cloth one. Now, mister, maybe you think, with your Lunnun coat and powdered head, you could treat me after that manner. I only wish you'd try it. If I didn't lick you till your face would scare the crows, my name's not Brooks; and if you'd like to go out, and try it now, I'm your man.

This effusion was cheered with universal laughter, and Mr. Brooks was permitted to retire. The argument then commenced, and was conducted, on both sides, with ability and acuteness; but all the counsel, I observed, addressed themselves rather to the prejudices than the understandings of the jury. At a late hour of the night, the inquest withdrew to their chamber, and, after a few minutes consultation, returned with a verdict of acquittal, which was hailed with joyful acclamations by an immense multitude. After a dull and long-winded admonition from the presiding judge, I was discharged from custody, and the first man who congratulated me on my release was Doctor O'Leary. In the joyousness of his heart, he hugged and kissed me, to the great diversion of the spectators. As we went out he said to me:

I must get you to-morrow to bear a challenge to this judge. If he's a judge of law, he's no judge of a gentleman, I can see.

But, said I, he'll not accept it, and will be certain to have you arrested.

Not accept it! exclaimed the doctor in utter astonishment; a gentleman not accept a challenge! I never heard of such a thing.

Judges, in this state, I replied, are not thought amenable to the laws of honor acknowledged by other men.

Then I'd not give a farthing for your constitution, said the doctor. I'll not stay in such a country; but I'll go back to old Ireland, where all men are allowed to fight. Such were the doctor's notions of liberty.

But stop, my friend, continued he; there is a little affair to be settled between us. You remember the insult Mr. C—— offered me, and that you undertook to deliver him a challenge on my behalf. In taking his life before he gave me satisfaction, you did me an irreparable injury, and left the stain on my honor unavenged. As my friend, you were bound to postpone your personal quarrel, till mine had been adjusted. Are you not bound to meet me in his place? And how can I otherwise efface the stigma that he put upon me? I ask you, as one knowing what is due to the character of a gentleman.

Really, my dear sir, answered I, I think it sufficient that my life has been once put in jeopardy by that affair. In my view, one gentleman can complain of another only for an intentional injury; and, in this instance, you cannot suppose that I had any design to injure or affront you. As to postponing my quarrel till yours was settled, I had no time to think of that, and you wouldn't have had me submit to a horsewhipping without resistance, that you might have an opportunity of obtaining satisfaction. However, if you are not satisfied, we will refer the matter to a board of honor on my return from a short excursion.

Agreed, said the doctor; I should prefer to adjust this matter amicably; for I like you Newman, and would not have pressed the subject, but that I thought it touched my reputation. But what hinders us, while this matter is in dependance, from being as good friends as ever? I propose, that, as the night is so nearly spent, we adjourn to the tavern, and devote the remainder of it to a social can of hot punch. Nil contulerim jucundo sanus amico. What say you?

I promptly embraced his proposal, and before morning, succeeded, while the doctor's heart was opened by his favorite beverage, in appeasing his jealous sense of honor, and in inducing him to discard his belligerent designs. Thus did I contrive to rid myself of this warlike Hibernian, who, with the kindest feelings in the world, would have cut my throat for a mere punctilio.

From this specimen of the administration of justice, I discovered that its decisions are generally the effect of prejudice or management, and that lawyers frequently get the credit of success, when a little money and contrivance have accomplished the whole business. In the defence of this prosecution, I had expended the greater part of my winnings, and was, now, nearly as destitute as after the death of Mr. Thompson. This consumptive state of my finances recalled to my recollection a scheme, which I had meditated for some time, namely, to repair my losses by appealing to the fears of my mother, who, I conceived, was in duty bound to make some provision for her first-born. The letters given me by Mr. C——, I had carefully secured, to substantiate my rights to her maternal bounty, should she be inclined to disclaim them; nor could I deem it any offence to obtain by subtlety, or extort by fear, what should have been long since supplied as an act of voluntary duty. Having ascertained by inquiry in what part of the state she resided, I set out on my mission of filial respect, determined to exact to the uttermost the arrears of maternal tenderness, which had been so long unjustly withheld.

In those days, the spirit of conviviality and social enjoyment was much more predominant than at present. The hospitality of the people was unbounded, and it was the practice of the youth of both sexes to collect in parties, provide musicians, and rove from house to house without the formality of an invitation, spending their time for weeks together in a constant round of diversions. Every person whose house was invaded by these bands of "free companions," readily furnished them with a feast and a dancing-room, and nothing was thought of but gaiety and junketing. In such a state of society, there was little need of introductions; for any stranger of decent appearance easily found admission into the most respectable families. On approach-



ing the neighborhood where my mother resided, I encountered a party who were making a circuit of amusement, and who proposed to hold a jollification that evening at the house of a Mr. Mason. Pleased with my exterior, they forthwith demanded my name, and enrolled me in their ranks without ceremony, the girls declaring, with shouts of laughter, that they were rejoiced to get a *new man*, as they were heartily tired of the old ones. I was admitted, I found, into mirth's peculiar crew, where "quips, and cranks, and wreathed smiles," and all manner of diversion, engaged the hearts and minds of every individual. I was soon on a footing of the most intimate familiarity with the whole party, and learned from my merry associates, that this Mr. Mason was next door neighbor to my mother. The house where we designed to establish our quarters for the night, was a large, old-fashioned, wooden building, whose capacious apartments afforded "ample room and verge enough" for our intended operations. We were greeted on our arrival with a hearty welcome, and invited to regale ourselves with sundry liquors that sparkled on the sideboard, while a repast should be prepared on the spur of the occasion; for it seemed that our visit was entirely unexpected. We were not the less hospitably entertained on that account, and our jovial old host appeared to imbibe new life from the prospect of partaking in such a scene of festivity. He bustled about, recounting his youthful reminiscences, his feats of activity and gallantry; sometimes launching a passing jibe at the girls, sometimes laughing and drinking with the young men, and anon footing it to the lively notes of the violin, which began to sound from an adjacent apartment. Old coachmen, he said, loved the crack of the whip, and he challenged the whole party to try their hands with him at an old-fashioned jig. Meanwhile, the notes of preparation in the next room, the moving of chairs, and the tuning of the fiddle, announced that the dancing was about to commence. The girls, having retired to adjust their apparel, and "add a perfume to the violet," the door of the ball-room was soon thrown open, and in rushed the throng of gallants, hastening with eagerness to obtain the choice of partners. Then,

Hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels,  
Put life and mettle in their heels.

That the whole household might participate in the exuberant hilarity of the occasion, our landlord had proclaimed a saturnalia among his slaves, whose glossy visages and brilliant teeth were displayed at every door and window of the apartment. Nor were they destitute of their own peculiar amusements; for we could hear, at intervals, the thrumming of the bandjo, and see, under the spreading oaks that encompassed the house, groups of young negroes dancing with animation to its soft and monotonous music. In this general jubilee, I was no obscure or inconsiderable actor. Being in the prime of life, and endowed by nature with a well-formed and comely visage, (I speak it with becoming modesty,) my attentions were not unacceptable to the sprightly belles of this gay assembly. Our diversions were continued to a late hour of the night, and sustained to the last with unflagging glee and vivacity.

In the course of the evening, several pretty girls from the neighborhood entered the room, accompanied by a lady, whose striking presence fixed my attention. Her age, judging from appearances, was between forty-five and fifty, though she still retained the traces of great beauty. Her person, bordering on *embonpoint*, was tall and commanding, her carriage stately and graceful, and her deportment grave and dignified. She had evidently been accustomed to the best society; for she possessed that easy, yet unobtrusive confidence, which can only be acquired in the most polished circles. These, I was informed, were Mrs. Lewis and her daughters; that mother, "yet no mother," who had so cruelly abandoned me. Who, that gazed upon that tranquil brow,

that smooth and courteous demeanor, could have guessed that this fair form had been the shrine of unhallowed, impure passions; had been sullied by guilt the most foul and unnatural; guilt, the slightest intimation of which would have expelled her from all reputable society? Upon further inquiry, I heard that she was a zealous and conspicuous member of the Episcopal church, regular and exemplary in her devotions, the institutor and patroness of several charitable societies, particularly of one for the support and education of orphans, and a liberal contributor to all schemes for the advancement of religion and benevolence. And this was the woman who had exposed her own offspring to the tender mercies of chance, without care or inquiry as to its fate, and who was now striving to purchase the forgiveness of Heaven by an ostentatious display of charity and devotion! This was not a fitting occasion for us to meet, and, therefore, I sought no introduction; but I resolved to discover, the next day, whether she could be as generous to me as she had been to those who were aliens to her blood.

In the morning I rode over to her house and was conducted into a splendid drawing-room. I took care to withhold my name, lest she should suspect the object of my visit, and avoid an interview. The room into which I was introduced was embellished with numerous and elegant specimens of the taste and industry of her daughters. In one corner stood a spinet, and in another, on a small table, a gilt bible and a prayer-book splendidly illuminated. The floor was covered with the richest carpets, and the walls adorned with the most magnificent mirrors. Mahogany chairs handsomely carved and with the finest polish, and sofas beautifully embroidered, occupied the sides of this magnificent apartment. Every thing exhibited the vestiges of opulence and luxury. And she could thus lead the life of a Sybarite, while I, her first-born child, was left to bear the "whips and scorns of time" and all the ills of penury and disgrace! What I saw confirmed my purpose to force this proud, unfeeling woman to acknowledge me openly as her son, or to disgorge a liberal portion of her estate as the price of concealment. While I was buried in these reflections, the door opened, and Mrs. Lewis advanced slowly into the room. I made her a profound reverence, which she confessed by a stately courtesy. Seating herself, she inquired, with the most frigid politeness, to what fortunate circumstance she was indebted for the honor of my visit.

Were you acquainted, madam, with Mr. C——? said I.

Surely, sir, she replied, for he was my uncle; and who may you be, sir, that make this inquiry?

My name, madam, is Anthony Newman.

Anthony Newman! then you are his murderer; and do you come here, with his blood on your hands, to intrude yourself, unbidden and unwelcome, into the society of his niece? As a christian, I may forgive you the death of my nearest relation, and pray for your repentance; but religion and nature alike revolt at the approach of the homicide. I pray you, sir, to leave my house instantly.

I was nettled at the haughtiness of her bearing, and the abrupt dismissal she had given me from her presence; but, curbing my indignation, I replied calmly and courteously:

The laws of my country have acquitted me of any offence in that affair, and my own conscience tells me that I acted in self-defence. No one regretted more than I did, the stern necessity which constrained me to take the life of a fellow-creature. Mr. C——, in his last moments, confessed that I was justifiable, and made a written declaration to that effect. Indeed, so much was he impressed with that belief, that he voluntarily sought a reconciliation, and when he expired, I am happy to say, we were in perfect peace with each other. Thus much have I said in my own vindication, and to repel your severe and injurious imputations. The business, madam, which brought me hither, has

reference to some important and interesting disclosures made to me by Mr. C.—on the day of his death.

I fixed my eye keenly upon her. Her deportment had been hitherto lofty and austere; but when I alluded to Mr. C.'s disclosures, she evidently shrunk and trembled. With an effort, she recovered her composure, and said with a steady voice—What, may I ask, are these disclosures? And how do they concern me?

They reveal, madam, a horrid mystery, and one in which you are deeply involved. Do you remember leaving your grandfather's with Mr. C., in the summer of the year 1761?

She became much agitated. Do you come here, said she, to insult me? Know, young man, that, though a female and a widow, I am capable of protecting myself. John, she cried, going to the door, come here instantly with the other servants, and turn out this ruffian.

I saw that this was a mere pretext, and that she designed to get rid of me by feigning that I had been guilty of rudeness and disrespect; but I was resolved to maintain my ground warily, but with firmness, and to abide the utmost efforts of her resentment.

Be not rash, madam, I continued. The facts which Mr. C. stated in relation to you are confirmed by your own letters, which I have in my possession, and which I now hold in my hand.

Letters of mine! said she faintly, what do they import?

They import, madam, that Mr. C. was too bold, and you too tender; that you forgot the nearness of your blood, and the consequence was the birth of a son, who now stands before you.

Her emotions now became so violent, that she could not support herself, and sunk on a sofa, almost in a state of insensibility. The servant she had called came into the room, but she waived him to depart. After a powerful struggle, habitual self-command triumphed over her inward perturbation. She was deadly pale; the muscles of her face still trembled, and her bosom continued to heave; but her eye resumed its haughty fire in despite of the tempest within.

Sir, she said, but her voice quavered as she spoke, you must be an impostor. Mr. C., my uncle and nearest relation, could never have authorized such an infamous slander. You must have picked up some idle rumor, some vague scandal, and come here, thinking to extort money by alarming my fears. If you really need charity, you shall have it.

This I understood as an indirect hint, that she was willing to bestow some slight gratuity as a compensation for my silence; but I did not intend to be put off with a paltry donation.

Madam, said I, I am no impostor, nor is it my object to solicit charity. I came here to claim rights too long denied me. Know you this hand-writing?

For God's sake, said she with an expression of terror, do not speak so loud. Let me see it, and I will tell you.

Here, madam, look at it; scrutinize it closely. It never passes from my hands till you admit that I am your son. If you deny my filial rights, here are the proofs of my birth, and I will use them.

And suppose I admit what you affirm, said she, what then?

Then, madam, I shall expect, that, out of your ample fortune, you will make a liberal provision for the son whose infancy you deserted, whose nurture and education you left to the charity of strangers.

You speak bitterly, said she, in a tone of anguish; and I suppose, were I to confess what you charge, you would proclaim it to the world.

Why, madam, I am not particular. If you do the duty of a mother in other respects, I shall not quarrel with you for wishing to hide this little error of your youth.

Your object then, said she vehemently, is money, base

self. For this, you would rend the veil that covers this abhorred mystery; for this, you would drag to light the guilt, the infamy of your parents, which time had buried in oblivion; for this you wring, without remorse, the heart of your mother; for this, you would rob her of life, if thereby you could secure her inheritance. And are you not already a parricide? Oh God! Merciful and Just! pardon me for having given birth to such a monster. Yes, young man, I am your mother, your ill-fated, guilty mother. Have you the same dagger for me which slew your father?

Let me beg you, madam, to mitigate the severity of your upbraidings. They recoil upon yourself. You say I am a parricide. Whose fault was that? Did you teach me to lisp a father's name? Did you or he ever show me one mark of tenderness or kindness; ever perform one parental duty? How could I recognize my parents, when they disowned me? What do I owe them? Life—which, for aught that they have done, would be a burthen too heavy to be borne. You call me mercenary. And is not that the natural consequence of the want and misery to which you consigned me, while you were wallowing in ease and luxury? Take care how you reproach me. If I am criminal, it is the necessary effect of your own guilt, and its deepest aggravation.

Too true! said she; but it is dreadful to be taunted with it by you. Young man, I am in your power. For the sake of my daughters, I would wish to preserve my fame untarnished. But for them, you might do your worst. Give me those letters, and solemnly promise never to divulge this fatal secret, and I here engage to bestow on you a portion of my estate equal to my other children.

Be it so, I replied; but it must be done instantly. These letters I never surrender till the consideration is paid. Moreover, I had rather have my portion in cash. What money have you?

I have twenty thousand dollars in the hands of a merchant in Norfolk, answered she.

Let me have that, madam, and I give up the rest.

If that will satisfy you, said she, you shall have it. Here is my draft for the money. Now give me the letters.

There they are, madam, and I give you my promise never to mention this affair. But if you will take my advice, the next time you have a *liaison*, you will be cautious never to write. Black and white are bad counsel-keepers.

In mercy cease, I pray you, that tone of unfeeling levity, said she, in a tone of supplication. Truly do you verify the text, and "mock when my fear cometh."

What! madam, said I with a sneer, have you no maternal caresses, no tears, no blessings for your son, after so long a separation? Really you have most extraordinary fortitude.

Leave me, said she. I am unwell. Do not add the sting of your insulting raillery to the anguish of my own conscience. I wish you no ill. I desire most earnestly your reformation and repentance; that repentance which needeth not to be repented of. It would be some relief to my mind to hear that you were pursuing an upright, godly, and honorable course. But I fervently pray God that I may never again be afflicted with your presence.

Well, madam, I take my leave; and I shall never trouble you more, unless, perchance, this bill should be protested. So, adieu, my dear mother, for another twenty-five years. And with these words I took my departure.

In this brief interview, I had fathomed the inmost depths of my mother's character. The tumult of passion had thrust aside the veil of decorum, under which her infirmities were hid from the eyes of the world, and she stood revealed before me in all her strength and her weakness. The opinion of society was to her the breath of life, and she sedulously labored to build up a reputation by puritanical strictness and formal observances. With a great affec-



tation of humility, pride was, in reality, the ruling passion of her mind, and that passion was deeply wounded by the remembrance of her early lapse from virtue. It was not the moral turpitude of the act, but the disgrace—not the sin, but the fear of discovery—that planted the sharpest thorns in her pillow. In the outset, the instincts of maternal tenderness had been suppressed by the necessity of concealment, and every revolving year weakened the force of those instincts by augmenting the desire and the hope of obliterating the evidences of her frailty. Separation from her offspring had produced indifference, and the habit of regarding me as the fruit and the witness of her guilt made me the object of her aversion. When, therefore, after so many years of fancied security, my sudden appearance threatened to defeat all her precautions, to lay bare that “ulcerous place” which hypocrisy had “skinned” over, to annihilate her claims to the character of a pure and spotless matron, she loathed me as her evil genius, the bane of her existence. She was callous to the parental obligation of providing for her child, but she would willingly have purchased the suppression of the foul scandal with the moiety of her fortune. Nor did she feel safe, even when she had obtained possession of those damning letters, (which, like the ghost of the murdered, had “burst their cerements” to proclaim the secret of her guilt,) and had exacted my solemn promise to bury the whole affair in oblivion. She still feared, that imprudence, or vanity, or revenge, might tempt me to violate my pledge of secrecy. The ground she trod on was rotten, and quaked beneath her feet; and the slightest indiscretion of a young man, whom she held only by the slender tie of honor, might precipitate her, at any moment, into the mire of infamy and disgrace. Could we explore the secrets of the heart, how often should we detect crime and misery, disguised under the fairest appearances of virtue, and the most flattering tokens of prosperity. Life is, at best, a continued masquerade, and he is most admired and applauded who sustains his fictitious character with the greatest spirit and success.

I travelled to Norfolk with the utmost expedition, fearing that my mother might repent her bounty and countermand the draft. I met with no difficulty, however, in the negotiation of this affair, and, having fingered the cash, sought a wider sphere for the exercise of my genius. Baltimore had then begun to unfold the buds of that prosperity which have since expanded with such astonishing luxuriance. Lured by the facilities of speculation this thriving seaport was said to offer, I took passage in a vessel for that city, feeding my fancy, during the voyage, with the most glittering dreams of wealth and successful adventure. Arriving in Baltimore, I took the lease of an extensive building, and set up as a merchant. For several years, I pursued this business with diligence and energy; but my want of experience, and ignorance of commercial affairs clogged my exertions and retarded my progress. The slow accumulations of profit, in this calling, did not satisfy the eager cravings of my cupidity. I nourished the most ambitious hopes, and flattered myself, that, by some bold stroke, I might at once attain the summit of my wishes. I was impatient of the toil, and drudgery, and penny-wise economy of regular traffic. I sickened over the eternal routine of ledgers, and journals, and balance sheets, and disdained the paltry acquisitions of cautious prudence. Weary of this monotonous and unprofitable system, I boldly launched into the most daring and hazardous adventures, which, from my want of accurate information, proved disastrous, and speedily terminated in my total bankruptcy. My whole capital was sunk, and left me loaded with debts which I had no means of extinguishing.

There resided in Baltimore a gentleman named Wilson, who, by indefatigable industry and judicious management, had contrived, from small and obscure beginnings, to amass

a large fortune. Profoundly versed in the operations of trade, corresponding with the most eminent merchants in every part of the world, with immense resources, and a sagacious mind, he engaged in speculations apparently the most desperate, with scarcely a risk of failure. The condition of the commercial world at that period, opened a wide field of profitable enterprize, which enabled Mr. Wilson, with his advantages, to reap a golden harvest. But while he gathered riches in every direction, he did not hoard them with the spirit of a miser. His splendid establishment was embellished by hospitality and good taste, and, mindful of the difficulties of his early life, he was profuse in his liberalities to the humbler members of the mercantile body. This gentleman was my principal creditor. Instead of partaking in the scramble for my effects, he released me from his claim, and supplied me with funds to compound my other debts and furnish a small shop in an obscure quarter of the city.

When we unravel the intricate web of human motives, we uniformly discern that this boasted benevolence, so loudly extolled by the credulous and interested, is, in truth, but a more imposing form of that Protean selfishness, which, under various disguises, is the ruling principle of all men. A superficial observer might have been deluded into the belief, that, on this occasion, Mr. Wilson was prompted solely by feelings of compassion; but he was not insensible to the value of fame, or the vanity of self-applause, and he well knew, that, in the struggle for power or fortune, a band of dependents on his bounty would always be useful auxiliaries. The money expended by him in the relief of the unfortunate, had been usually refunded, and, as I possessed youth, activity and intelligence, he had no doubt, in my case, of ultimate reimbursement. Satisfied that these were the real, though unavowed incentives of his generosity, I did not feel myself fettered by the trammels of gratitude; that chimera to which weak men oft-times sacrifice inconsiderately their own interest and happiness.

The paltry establishment which I had set up with the aid of Mr. Wilson, was frequented, mostly, by the laboring classes, and enabled me to acquire a prodigious influence with that motley multitude which constitutes what is called the mob of a city. I should have deemed it too narrow a theatre for my aspiring views, had I not been awakened to the value of political power. Perceiving the ascendancy which I possessed over my customers, I resolved to devote myself to politics, or rather to that selfish scuffle for place and preferment, which is honored with that sounding title. I became an agitator at elections and ward-meetings; a noisy disputant and brawler at street-corners and coffee-houses. I had seen and felt the progress of the democratic spirit, the monitory symptoms of the coming conflict between labor and property, and I had the prudence to espouse the stronger side. I was the avowed friend of the poor, the clamorous advocate of their rights, their fearless protector against the oppressions and encroachments of wealth. All who lived in affluence I branded with the odious name of aristocrat. If they stood aloof from the people, I exclaimed against their pride; if they were affable and courteous, I warned the multitude to beware of their deceitful smiles and caresses. In this country, the people are the sovereigns, and, like all other sovereigns, must be flattered and cajoled by the candidates for their favor and their bounty. The practical utility of this maxim to those who are running the race of popularity, has been fully verified by my own observation and experience. Whether it were intuition or instinct, I was fully impressed with its truth from the outset of my political career. Those who become the satellites of conspicuous men, with a view to their advancement, sink into insignificance when they have secured the object of their pursuit, because their services are no longer wanted; but he who can command the huzzas of the mul-

titude, has no need of subserviency or solicitation, because ambitious leaders will shower favors and rewards upon him without his asking, in order to buy the aid of his political influence. In the barter of power and preferment, the magnitude of the reward is always measured by the value of the equivalent. Upon the solid and enduring basis of popular favor, therefore, I resolved to erect the fabric of my fortune. This people (by which is always meant the multitude more powerful in numbers than property) was, I asserted, the freest and most enlightened under the sun. They understood, I maintained, their rights and interests far better than those arrogant politicians who assumed the management of their affairs, as if all political knowledge and forecast were centred in a junto of office-holders. The idea that there was any peculiar mystery in government, that a long and laborious course of training and study were requisite to the performance of its duties, was, I affirmed, a humbug, contrived by designing men to establish for themselves a monopoly of public offices. The collective wisdom of thousands was a more certain and unerring standard of justice or expediency, than the sagacity of any one man or set of men, whatever might be their learning or experience. All had rights and interests, and to say that all had not capacity to discern the measures by which those rights and interests were to be protected and secured, was to assert a doctrine at war with republican equality, and savoring strongly of the detested principles of aristocracy. By advocating such sentiments as these, I made myself extremely popular and influential with the most numerous class of voters, and found my consequence thereby prodigiously enhanced. My self-love was gratified by the obsequious and fawning sycophancy with which the aspirants to political distinction, who, in my fallen fortunes, would have passed me with contemptuous scorn, solicited the notice of the obscure shop-keeper, whose address had made him the arbiter of elections. Interest is the master-spring of human actions—the potent enchanter at whose bidding “wit will creep, and pride will lick the dust.”

If success in political pursuits was awarded to merit alone, the competition would be reduced within a narrow compass; but, luckily for those to whom nature has been less bountiful, cunning, address, flexibility, endowments by no means peculiar or remarkable, work their way, in the long run, to the highest stations. Among brute animals, the craft of the weak often effects more than the strength and courage of the powerful. Those who rely on honesty of purpose and adherence to principle as the instruments of promotion, are scouted and distrusted as hypocritical pretenders, or, at best, are thrust aside as wrong-headed and impracticable enthusiasts. That inflexible integrity, which refuses to concede a single inch to interest or convenience, is by no means as acceptable to the people, as the supple, superserviceable ductility, which veers and shifts with every fluctuation of their prejudices and passions. “Principles, not men,” is a sentiment that sounds well enough in a school-boy declamation, but which has long been discarded in practice as a vague, unmeaning generality. Parties are the great engines for the government of men, and fidelity to his party is the only safe, unerring guide of a politician. But even this general maxim is subject to exceptions. The tie of party association is the principle of mutual advantage; that is the end, and party organization the means, by which it is to be effectuated. To hold, therefore, that we are under an obligation to adhere to our party at the expense of our own prospects, is to make the end subservient to the means. “He that does not provide for his own family is worse than an infidel;” and, to parody the text, he that does not withdraw from a political party when his interest requires it, is a rebel to the first principles of worldly prudence. But a discreet regard to appearances forbids an abrupt dissolution of the connexion. Some plausible pre-

text should be devised to justify the breach, and, when none other can be found, the universal catholic principle of submitting to the will of the majority is always at hand to excuse the most glaring tergiversation. By conforming to these rules, a man of very moderate qualifications may secure a comfortable share of emolument, and grasp, perhaps, some of the most brilliant prizes of human ambition.

My political activity introduced me to the notice of Mr. Riley, a distinguished newspaper editor in Baltimore, who was the mouth-piece, or, more frequently, the prompter of the party I had embraced. He was a shrewd man, keen to observe every variation of the popular current, and dextrous in so trimming his sails as to float with the prevailing tide. By this seasonable pliancy, he acquired the reputation of directing popular sentiment, and this very belief frequently enabled him to control it. He had a ready flow of language in composition and discourse, but was shallow and superficial. His rhetoric was a tissue of shreds and patches, of swelling words and familiar quotations, and his argument a farrago of common-places and truisms. Yet, by adroit appeals to popular prejudice, incessant abuse of his opponents, and indiscriminate praise of his political friends, he had established the character of an able and useful editor. He had tact enough to discover, that the appearance of candor and fair-dealing would enable him to impose more effectually on public credulity, and, for that reason, he seldom ventured on direct misrepresentation. Yet when others, less scrupulous, or, rather, more daring, supplied him with ready-made falsehood, he did not hesitate to give it circulation, and convert the temporary delusion to the benefit of his cause. Without an absolute violation of truth, he could, by hints and innuendoes, by revealing some points and suppressing others, by an artful disposition of lights and shadows, exhibit political characters and events in the colors most favorable to his purposes. When the standing and reputation of an opponent, whose influence it was expedient to destroy, made it imprudent for Mr. Riley to commence the assault in his own person, he could summon to his aid a countless host of anonymous correspondents, for whose invectives and misstatements he did not hold himself responsible. And if these invisible allies should fail to obey his invocation, he could, for the nonce, assume the garb of a nameless scribbler in his own paper, and launch from that concealment those poisoned arrows that he dare not discharge in the light of day. The congeniality of our views and dispositions, soon cemented the intercourse between Mr. Riley and myself into an alliance offensive and defensive. With such an accomplished master of party tactics as my instructor, I soon acquired a thorough knowledge of all the stratagems, ambuscades and manœuvres, which constitute the strategy of political warfare. The Catholic priesthood are charged with misinterpreting the Scriptures, and controlling the opinions of the laity by artifice and fraud. From like causes, editors, who are the priests of our political temple, are constrained to employ the same pious practices, that the stubborn hearts of the people may be conformed to the true standard of orthodox belief.

The government was then in possession of the party to which we were opposed; but we felt confidently assured of their speedy discomfiture. Our numbers constantly increased, and every successive year gave new evidences of our approaching triumph. Meanwhile, it was thought advisable to blacken and render odious every individual of the predominant party whose personal popularity might sustain their sinking cause. Mr. Wilson, to whom I was indebted for such seasonable relief in my embarrassments, was a conspicuous member of that party, and, from his munificent benefactions, was universally beloved by the poor. It was, of course, expedient to fasten upon him as a victim to the genius of defamation, or rather to the interests



of our party. Riley, "willing to wound and yet afraid to strike," proposed that I should assail Mr. Wilson in his journal under a fictitious signature. My hopes and prospects were now so closely interwoven with the fate of my party, that I felt bound by my allegiance to the common cause, to coöperate in every scheme for its advantage. But, in truth, I had never allowed any fantastic scruples to restrain me from pursuing what I had clearly ascertained to be the path of interest. In the present instance, "my coat of darkness" would shield me from the possibility of censure, even had the fear of reproach been a motive sufficiently powerful to deter me from the attempt. Riley, therefore, found me a willing instrument of his designs, and published a libel of my composition, in which I alleged that Mr. Wilson was an aristocrat, an avowed monarchist, and the open advocate of various other doctrines peculiarly obnoxious to the populace. Enraged by calumnies which he deemed so groundless and unprovoked, Mr. Wilson demanded peremptorily of Riley the name of the author. This was a contingency wholly unexpected by us, and greatly disconcerted our plan of operations. We had relied that Mr. Wilson, deeming his good name invulnerable, would have treated our little pasquinade with silent scorn, and left us the benefits of the slander unimpaired by the odium of detection. Riley strove to elude his inquiries by every subterfuge, but was, at length, compelled to surrender our secret. Content with exposing to public view the author of this libel, and with a simple denial of its imputations, Mr. Wilson disdained to recriminate, believing the disgrace of attempting to injure my benefactor a sufficient punishment for my offence. And indeed my supposed ingratitude became a constant theme of denunciation to his party, inasmuch that it threatened to undermine my political influence. I was reviled as a monster, who, in the wantonness of slander, had not only impeached a character hitherto spotless and irreproachable, but had wounded a man to whose benevolence I was under the highest obligations. These invectives, incessantly repeated, evidently produced an impression, and I saw, with chagrin, a manifest abatement in the zeal and attachment of my friends. The genius of a great captain rises with the occasion, and, in circumstances apparently the most desperate, displays the fertility of its resources. The present crisis demanded the utmost efforts of my ingenuity, and the course by which I contrived to regain my popularity, I hold to be a chef-d'œuvre in political manœuvring. Such, I insisted, was my devotion to the interests of the people, that, for the advancement of the public cause, I had done violence to my own feelings, and unwillingly exposed the political delinquencies of a man whose private worth I acknowledged, and whose munificence to me I should never forget. What stronger proof of patriotism could I furnish? And for this I was made the victim of persecution. Was a sense of private obligation, I urged, to restrain me from unmasking the enemies of popular rights? Should the people abandon me, because in my devotion to their interests, I had been unmindful of my own? For had I hearkened to selfish views, was it not manifest that I had more to gain from the liberality of the opulent, than from the favor of the poor? *Divide et impera* was the maxim of tyrants, and hence the conspirators against liberty employ every device to alienate the people from their true friends. If, however, I must suffer for my boldness in opposing the designs of the aristocracy, I should still be sustained by the purity of my motives, and, like Aristides, be prepared, on a fit occasion, to peril every thing for the public cause. By such language as this, I succeeded in regaining the confidence of the multitude, and was soon regarded as a second Brutus, who had sacrificed his friend for the salvation of freedom.

I have said that my memory of injuries was tenacious, and, as Mr. Wilson was the proximate cause of the clamor

which had so nearly demolished my schemes of aggrandizement, I cherished against him a secret animosity, and eagerly sought for an opportunity of revenge. Somewhat more than a century since, there existed in the city of London a society of ingenious philosophers, who, having no visible employment, were supposed by the Spectator, from the mystery of their proceedings, to have discovered the grand arcanum. A sect of this school was established in Baltimore, and prosecuted their philosophical researches with the most profound secrecy, in certain subterranean apartments. In these laboratories, they held nocturnal meetings for the matriculation of youthful disciples, and for the repetition of their experiments. In short, to drop the allegory, they were a flourishing colony of the venerable association of gamblers. And, truly, if they were ignorant of the philosopher's stone, they practised, notwithstanding, a species of alchemy far less visionary, and which readily transmuted into gold the folly and weakness of mankind. My previous habits, and greedy desire of sudden acquisition, had induced me, from my first settlement in Baltimore, to cultivate the acquaintance of these learned professors, and, as my skill in their art made me formidable as an opponent, they found it more profitable to engage me as an ally. This connexion furnished me the means of wreaking a safe revenge on Mr. Wilson, and of making that revenge, at the same time, a source of emolument.

Mr. Wilson had a son, to whom he was tenderly attached, and whose natural endowments, he flattered himself, would one day qualify him to fill an useful and distinguished place in society. He had spared no expense in the education of this son, and the precocious aptitude of his genius seemed to justify the most sanguine anticipations of parental vanity. The young man was by no means deficient in understanding; but he had strong passions, and his natural fondness for dissipation had been stimulated to fatal activity by paternal indulgence and the vicious enticements of a city life. Whether it was a natural defect, or caused by injudicious management in childhood, he was wholly incapable of self-denial, and was hurried by every impulse to the greatest excesses. His appetite for pleasure was insatiable, and he sought it in every form of mental and sensual gratification. But, though he lavished with improvident profusion the generous allowance of his father, and plunged, with reckless vehemence, into every species of licentiousness, either his own reflections, or the admonitions of his friends, had hitherto preserved him from the seductive blandishments of the gaming table. He had a strong sense of the ridiculous, and one of his most harmless amusements consisted in the pursuit of oddities and humorists. He had a passion for the conversation of such persons, and delighted in the display of their ludicrous eccentricities.

I had known this young man sufficiently to discern the imperfections of his character, and was convinced, that, if he once acquired a fondness for the intoxicating excitement of gaming, he would rush into the most ruinous extremes. With the aid of the worthy society I have mentioned, he might easily be imbued with this fascinating propensity. I proposed, therefore, to that pains-taking and provident association, that we should unite in a conspiracy to pluck this unfledged pigeon, and divide equally the spoils of the enterprise. To facilitate the execution of our design, I invoked the assistance of a member of their order, distinguished by the grotesque singularity of his appearance and the drollery of his manners. This man, whose name was Bobbet, was to be our decoy duck; and truly he was eminently fitted to act the part assigned him. Deriving his descent from a respectable family, and born to the inheritance of a good estate, he had received a liberal education, and had good natural parts. In the course of an eventful life, he had met with many reverses, and been familiar with every variety of human character, from the most re-

finely and polished to the most vulgar and dissolute. He was a shrewd observer of men, and could adopt with facility the tone of any society, into which the accidents of his adventurous career might chance to throw him. His person, originally athletic, was swelled into gigantic proportions by excessive corpulency; and yet, though his flesh quivered at every step, the alertness of his motions evinced unimpaired activity. He had a broad rubicund visage, large goggle eyes which leered with an expression irresistibly comic, and a prominent nose embossed with two huge tumors, whose portentous growth threatened shortly to obscure the light of his countenance. This enormous proboscis was not less luminous, than that famous "lantern in the poop," which erst embellished the face of Bardolph, and, compared to that which so terrified poor Sancho, was "Ossa to a wart." "These meteors, rightly interpreted, betoken hot livers and cold purses," and, in the case of Mr. Bobbet, the exposition was fully verified; for his thirst was insatiable, and his purse labored under an inveterate atrophy. To recruit his exhausted finances, he was compelled to draw on his ingenuity, and congenial pursuits soon brought him into close alliance with the honorable association of gamblers. On festive occasions, the company was enlivened by his waggery and odd conceits, and his narratives, ludicrously extravagant, and told with imperturbable gravity, always set the table in a roar. Under the semblance of a jovial bon-vivant, he concealed the most consummate craft, and seldom failed to overreach his victim in the unguarded hours of hilarity. While others reeled under intoxication, his seasoned brain remained unclouded, and, thus, the end of a debauch was always the season of his most abundant harvests.

Notwithstanding the breach between his father and myself, young Wilson, who was a man of pleasure, and careless about political disputes, continued on good terms with me, and my plan was to bring him in contact with Bobbet, of whose character and pursuits he was entirely ignorant. So passionate an admirer of humor and eccentricity, would surely be fascinated with a man gifted like Bobbet, and might easily be seduced by the charms of his conversation into the extremes of intemperance. In those moments of dangerous excitement, a man skilled in playing on the infirmities of human nature, could readily introduce gaming without alarming the prudence of his victim. An intimacy between Wilson and Bobbet would be the certain consequence of an introduction, and I might safely confide to that wily veteran the task of inveigling the young man into the toils we had prepared for him. While I insisted on my share of the game, I did not design to take an active or ostensible part in hunting it down. I had smarted already from the consequences of a collision with the father of this young man, and was not disposed, if it could be avoided, to incur the chance of further animadversion. With whatever contempt a man of sense may regard the prejudices of the world, an outward conformity to them is frequently the dictate of prudence; and to make men subservient to our purposes, it is essential to obtain a certain share of their confidence.

But though I meant to remain in the back ground during the heat of the action, it was necessary to bring our forces into a convenient position for the attack. For this purpose, I, one day, invited Wilson and Bobbet to dinner. This was the first act of the drama, and I took care to provide every thing that could contribute to its successful performance. I had an abundant assortment of the finest wines, and Bobbet was instructed to display his richest stores of entertainment. I had never seen him "in more admirable fooling," and indeed (to vary the quotation) he soon "fool-ed our tyro to the top of his bent," so that he would have startled at nothing that could have been proposed.

Come, Wilson, said I, prepare yourself for a feast, not

of reason, but of drollery and humor. I know how such things delight you, and I have brought Bobbet here, who is unrivalled in that way, for your special amusement.

I need no assurance of Mr. Bobbet's qualifications, said Wilson; the first view of his phiz satisfied me that he belonged to the society of odd-fellows.

And you, I should think from your face, said Bobbet, must belong to the society of good fellows. So push the bottle, for 'tis your vocation, Hal." But, Newman, you are like an English landlord; you produce your bill of fare beforehand, and I question whether that will suit Mr. Wilson's American taste.

That will make no difference, if the dishes answer the description, said Wilson.

There now, said Bobbet: who can tell what you expect? But let's have another glass, and here goes! I remember being invited to dine with a gentleman, who calculated as largely on my powers of entertainment as you do. By Jove, my mind was a perfect blank, and I drank fifteen bottles of Madeira and six of Champagne, before I could get my fancy above zero.

I hope you won't make such an onslaught on my cellar, said I. Why you must be a perfect sponge. Polyphemus was a milk-sop to you.

Indeed, he replied, that was but moderate drinking. In the year '70, six of us drank a hogshead of claret and a quarter cask of Madeira at one sitting, and then rode ten miles to a ball, where we danced all night. By the same token, I made love to a pretty girl, who was desperately smitten with my handsome face. Her father was immensely rich, but the old hunx didn't fancy me as a son-in-law. The girl, however, was determined to have me, and jumped into my arms one night, from a three-pair-of-stairs window; but the old fellow raised an alarm, and, as the devil would have it, I run in the dark souse into a mill-pond at the back of the house, where I stood three hours stuck in the mud. When I got out, the girl was gone, and I was cured of my caterwauling. Cold water is a marvellous remedy for the tender passion, and I never think of woman since, without being thrown into an ague by the recollection of that cursed bath. I was so swelled by the quantity of water I drank, that I have never yet got back to my natural dimensions. So lest the cold fit should return, let's take another glass.

With all my heart, said I. But you hav'nt told us how you got out of the mill-pond at last.

Why I was so fast anchored in the mud, said he, that a tornado could scarcely have driven me from my moorings; and I should have remained there till doomsday, or till I had become food for the fishes, if two charitable negroes with a jack-screw had not come to my assistance, and uprooted me from my deep foundations.

And what became of the girl? said Wilson.

Oh! she was safe enough, answered he. When I first plunged into the mill-pond, the little creature kept crying, that her head was swimming. If your head swims, you'll never drown, said I, and you can shift better than I can with my dead weight of flesh. So I gave her a push, and, by my soul, the light-headed little creature floated to land with as much safety, as if she had on a cork jacket. What became of her afterwards, I never inquired. As my fever-fit of love was off, I never sought to renew the acquaintance.

But, Bobbet, said I, I never supposed you were so popular with the ladies.

I was always accounted a likely fellow, replied he, with a grin. When I served in the army, I was thought a perfect Adonis. I remember, when General Washington introduced the French Commissioners to his officers, they were so struck with my appearance, that one of them could not help saying, looking at me—General, your *officier ver handsome, tres grand et joli*. I took the compliment to myself,



and very gravely helped myself out of his snuff-box. I have no doubt we were indebted to my good looks for the French alliance. So you see I have done the state some service.

Were you wounded, Bobbet, during the war? said I.

Not exactly. But I lost fifty pounds avordupois in the battle of Monmouth from sheer perspiration; and, at York, as I was sleeping on my back behind the works, my nose being somewhat of the longest, encountered a spent ball, and the concussion produced these two protuberances. I expected to be noseless, but, instead of that, I have now a double allowance of gristle. If a man's olfactories were in proportion to the size of the organ, I should have scented, as Burke says, "the danger at a distance;" but the first notice I had of it was a jerk, that turned my head entirely to the right about, and gave me a bird's eye view of my back and shoulders. Since that lesson, I have determined never to poke my nose in the way of such another bump; for what would a man's face be without a nose? a dial plate without the hands. It's an ill wind, however, that blows nobody good; and the wind of this same ball, to my great relief, took the wind out of a little drummer, whose eternal racket had so broken my rest, that I was sleeping, at the time of this accident, from mere exhaustion.

You seem, said Wilson, to have had a taste of both love and war, Mr. Bobbet. Did you ever try politics?

Yes! I tried it once, but devil take me, if ever I try it again. I have no idea of working for nothing and finding myself. And hard work it is, besides having all your little peccadilloes raked up, and many charged on you that you never dreamt of. I found that humbug carried it. So I drank, and bowed, and shook hands, and palavered with the men, dandled the children, and kissed the women; talked of patriotism, of the war, and of my wounds, and made myself out a perfect hero; but all to no purpose. When they told lies about me, I thanked 'em for their good intentions, and told 'em, they had made a small mistake; that I was a candidate for the House of Delegates, and not the House of Correction. My opponent was a little whiffing creature, "a mere anatomy," whose tongue was the biggest part about him. I could have swallowed him whole without gulping. This apology for a man, "with his no face out-facing me," made the sovereigns believe, that I was a rank tory; and that my nose had been swelled to this magnitude by drinking healths to king George. According to this pigmy, who would have been annihilated by the wind of a ball at forty yards distance, he himself had been a hero in the war; had performed prodigies; and the credulous knaves believed him. I was fain to beat a retreat, having expended all my ammunition. I learned afterwards the cause of my defeat. He carried two bottles of rum, and I carried only one, and, therefore, he found just twice as much favor as I did.

Why you've taken a wide circuit, Mr. Bobbet, said Wilson, laughing; and if you had added religion to the catalogue, you might be said to have travelled through the entire zodiac of human pursuits.

As to religion, said Bobbet, I've never had much to do with it. It did not suit my constitution; but I have had something to do with its professors. I shall never forget a jovial Episcopal clergyman with whom I was once very intimate. He was very witty and very eloquent, and, notwithstanding his cloth, ready to engage in any sort of sport. Many are the frolics that we have had together, and, if I were to tell you all the wild pranks that he played, you would be mightily entertained. I remember his laying a wager with me, once, that he would preach to a congregation, and one half of them should be laughing, and the other half weeping. I thought myself sure of winning, but I was mistaken. And how do you think the wicked wag managed to effect it? Why, sir, he occupied an open platform in the middle of the church, and being, as I said, exceedingly elo-

quent, he soon brought that part of the congregation, which he addressed in front of him, to tears. But the cunning villain had put on a pair of pantaloons with an enormous rent behind, through which his linen was conspicuously visible. Of course, when he leant forward in the earnestness of his discourse, this chasm in his inexpressibles was fully exposed to the view of those who sat behind him. The men laughed outright at this strange exhibition; the women tittered behind their fans. There was the most singular medley of sounds ever heard in a church; Momus and Melpomene in conjunction. It reminded me forcibly of the old song, consisting of a sentimental dialogue between a tear and a smile on the cheek of a lady, though there the incongruity would have been nothing like so great. This Foote in canonicals maintained his gravity, however, throughout this singular scene, and the trick was never suspected. I paid the forfeit willingly as a reward to his ingenuity.

Thus did he run on for hours to the unspeakable gratification of Wilson, who hailed every fresh sally with convulsions of laughter. This continued exhilaration, joined to repeated draughts of wine, disposed him to embrace with eagerness a proposal to conclude our orgies with a social game of cards; the very point to which we desired to conduct him. We did not think it advisable to frighten our quarry, before he was thoroughly entangled, by exacting very heavy contributions. We were content to win moderately, trusting that an intimacy with Bobbet would soon complete his infatuation. Our prognostics were speedily fulfilled. He was unable to resist the fascination of the gaming table, and the coffers of his father paid the penalty of his folly. After his first interview with Bobbet, I took no active part in the devices by which he was pillaged; but I punctually received my share of the spoil, which enabled me to discharge my old debt to his father. The subsequent fate of this young man was melancholy, and I cannot help feeling some regret at my agency in producing it. Touched at the affectionate remonstrances of his father, and stung by remorse at his own improvidence, he finally became desperate, and abandoned himself to the most brutal intemperance; the usual concomitant of gaming in men of his excitable temperament. After many impotent efforts to reclaim him, his father found his habits incorrigible, and mourned, in the midst of luxury, over his blighted hopes and ruined constitution. "Thus did the whirligig of time bring round my revenges." It is the law of our nature to requite injury with injury, and, in the punishment of our enemies, I can see no difference, in point of principle, between policy and violence. Yet I should have been better satisfied, I must own, had the consequences of my revenge been confined, in this instance, to those who had provoked my resentment. But such is the intertexture of human relations, that the punishment of the guilty necessarily involves the innocent, and even the pious tell us, that the sins of the father are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generations.

The period was now at hand, when the issue of the contest between the two great political parties into which this country was divided, was to be no longer dubious. The approach of a general election threw the whole country into commotion, and infused unusual venom and activity into the public press. The corps of politicians, from the master spirits who moved the wires, down to their scavengers and underlings, scoured each corner of the land with indefatigable diligence, and awakened everywhere the pestilent spirit of wrangling and debate. The fierce passions and malignant prejudices of men embittered the conflict, and threatened to dissolve the very elements of society. The growing strength of our party filled us with the most sanguine hopes, and we exulted in the certain assurance of victory. In this emergency, Mr. Riley seemed endued with superhuman powers, and was in himself a host. His jour-

nal was an immense repository of facts, and fictions, and arguments—the grand arsenal, from which the subalterns of the party borrowed their weapons of defence and attack. From the multitude of anonymous squibs, lampoons, and essays, which deluged his columns, one might have inferred a wide diffusion of literary talent among his subscribers; but, in truth, this prodigious brood of ephemera was hatched in the teeming brains of Riley and his confidential coadjutors. He was a political Briareus, and wielded an hundred pens. His junto of associates were like a company of strolling players, where Hamlet and Fortinbras, Polonius and the grave digger, are enacted by the same persons in different disguises.

In politics, as in war, confidence begets courage, and the fear of defeat will damp the ardor of the boldest. Riley understood the value of this principle in political warfare, and inspirited his followers with the most confident predictions of success. He secured the support of that numerous class who always swim with the current, by exaggerated reports of reaction, of revolutions in popular sentiment. Every ripple on the surface of public opinion, he magnified into a breaking up of the fountains of the great deep. Every petty triumph was glorious news; every failure arose from the supineness of his own party or the activity of their opponents; from any thing rather than a want of numerical strength. If his adversaries complained of these manœuvres as disingenuous, he repelled the accusation by charging them with falsehood and corruption. He raised the cry of stop thief, to cover his own delinquencies. Like a skilful juggler, he threw dust in the eyes of the multitude, while he executed his own feats of legerdemain. In short, there was no form or complexion of the human mind, which could not be suited from his abundant stores of delusion.

In my own little orbit, I was not idle, and, besides occasional contributions to the press, labored to render the opposite party obnoxious to the people, by the imputation of the most odious acts and opinions. I described them as haughty aristocrats, aiming at the establishment of monarchy, and corruptly subservient to British influence. *Spargere voces ambiguas*, to wound by corroding whispers, is never so successfully practised as in the strife of elections; because the people, at that time, are peculiarly awake to suspicion and distrust. I had my emissaries to propagate dark rumors and insinuations, which, though their origin was lost in obscurity, were not the less certain to corrupt the foundations of public opinion. "Stirred up to mutiny and rage" by such devices as these, the populace were ripe for the perpetration of any outrage.

The eventful day of election at length arrived. The whole population of the city was astir at an early hour, and the streets thronged with a countless multitude, rushing in a continuous stream to the hustings, where the candidates were expected to harangue the people. "What a candied deal of courtesy" did these gentlemen display! What friendly vehemence in their salutations! What anxious concern in the welfare of every individual! What eloquent professions of patriotism! What devotion to principle and the public weal did they express! Never before had such a galaxy of pure and guileless patriots adorned the political firmament. And then they were so modest, so distrustful of their own capacity! Nothing but the pressing importunity of their friends could have induced them to obtrude their humble pretensions on the public. What a pity, that such bashful, timorous, blushing creatures, so innocent and unassuming withal, should have been forced from the congenial shades of retirement, and exposed to the contamination of the world! The rehearsal of this unmeaning formulary deceived nobody, and served merely as a handsome introduction to the real subjects of dispute. The staple of their speeches was a tissue of abstractions, which their audience

neither cared for nor understood, mingled with the most fulsome flattery of the sovereign people, and seasoned with sarcasms, personalities, and invectives, sufficiently striking to tickle the fancies of their respective followers. After all, their adhesion to a party was the only essential point, and, for every practical purpose, was worth all their elaborate rhetoric. Names, not reasoning, control the decisions of the bulk of mankind. The vaunted magic of eloquence is but the echo of the popular voice. The miracles achieved by orators in ancient and modern times may be traced to their flattery of established prejudices, to the skill and artifice with which they soothed or inflamed the ruling passions of their contemporaries. In things that intimately touch our feelings and interests, we are "deaf to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely," unless he strike a chord that vibrates in unison with our preëxisting opinions. In this country every man is born an orator, or rather with a certain degree of confidence and volubility, that pass for eloquence. Frothy superficial declamation, when it sustains the views and coincides with the wishes of men, is here admired and extolled, while the most consummate ingenuity, and the most brilliant rhetoric, in an unpopular cause, are powerless to produce an impression. The prodigious expenditure of words among us is, I believe, beginning to pall upon the public taste, and is only useful as a part of the system of delusion, by which the sagacious few direct the opinions of the many.

When the candidates had concluded their speeches, a scene of hubbub and confusion ensued which beggars all description. The rage of party dissention was inflamed and irritated by the liberal distribution of intoxicating liquors. The infuriated multitude rolled, and fluctuated, and clamored, and huzza'd, till wrought into frenzy by the effervescence of their own passions. The war of words soon begat more serious conflicts. A strong detachment of laborers, sailors from Fell's point, and Irish refugees, rushed into the building where the polls were taken, and, by their menaces, drove off the timid and orderly, or compelled them to vote for their favorite candidates. Undismayed by this exhibition of tumultuous violence, Mr. Wilson, seconded by fifty gentlemen, forced his way to the polls, for the purpose of recording his own suffrage, and protecting others in the exercise of their rights. The resolute countenance of this party, coupled with the belief that they were well prepared to repel force, overawed the rioters, and restored, in some degree, the reign of order. The election was protracted to a late hour of the evening, and terminated in the signal triumph of our party. The acts of outrage and disorder, which marked its progress, I had neither instigated nor approved. On the contrary, I was persuaded, that such measures were unnecessary to ensure our success, and I feared that these violent proceedings might impeach the validity of the election, and furnish our adversaries with a pretext to wrest from us the fruits of victory. But he who excites the blind fury of the populace, evokes a spirit which will not be quelled at his bidding. On the present occasion, those who, in the preliminary arrangements, had been my obedient emissaries, when touched by the electric sympathy that flashes through the hearts of a multitude, became utterly refractory and ungovernable. The announcement of our success was greeted with an universal shout; but, though their object was attained, the crowd manifested no disposition to disperse. It was evident, that some enterprize of mischief was in preparation. The people, who had pressed in a compact mass to the election room while the polls were open, were now broken into small squads engaged in eager discussion. The most conspicuous agitators glided from group to group, imparting unity of purpose and of action, while bludgeons and other offensive weapons were actively distributed. The whole open space before the building was occupied by scattered detachments, so



posted, as to cut off persons, leaving the house, from the opportunity of advance or retreat. The mutterings of the storm were distinctly audible, and it was not difficult to conjecture where it would burst.

The determined interference of Mr. Wilson and his friends, in suppressing the tumult which disturbed the election, could not fail to exasperate the most turbulent and ferocious part of the populace. I knew that an outbreak of popular violence would be condemned by the respectable portion of both parties, and that the odium of so flagrant a subversion of legal authority would not only reflect discredit on our common cause, but would attach particularly to me, from my known influence among the lower orders. Such disturbances were confined at that period to the most worthless and degraded of the rabble, nor was the value of a mob, as a political engine, then understood and appreciated. The great bulk of the population were prompt to maintain the supremacy of the laws, and viewed with abhorrence every infraction of the rights of person or property. The interests of our party demanded, therefore, my interposition, and I was not without hopes, that, if I succeeded in the protection of Mr. Wilson, my conduct would be ascribed to the most heroic and magnanimous motives. To secure the good opinion of mankind, while we are pursuing the dictates of sound policy, evinces the most consummate address. I hastened, therefore, to apprise Mr. Wilson of these suspicious movements, and to warn him of his danger. I told him, that, in their present excited state, the multitude were ripe for the most desperate attempts; that their resentment, I was convinced, was especially levelled against him and his associates; and that it was equally impracticable to restrain or resist them. I advised him and his friends to retire separately by a private entrance at the back of the building, and to take some obscure and circuitous route to their respective habitations.

Mr. Newman, said he, I cannot forget the wanton attack you made on my character, and I must, therefore, distrust your new-born solicitude for my safety. After inflaming these very people against me by every art of defamation, can I believe you sincerely desirous to avert the inevitable consequences of your own conduct? I am sorry, if I do you injustice; but, injured as I have been, you cannot complain if I suspect the purity of your motives. For myself, I am unconscious of having justly offended any one. I fear no interruption, nor can I think that these ruffians, however vindictive, will dare to commit an act for which the laws will exact a certain and severe retribution. I came here simply to vindicate the freedom of election, which a lawless mob had trampled under foot. In such a cause I am ready to peril my life; nor can I consent to skulk, like a poltroon or a criminal, from the consequences of an exploit which I glory in having performed. But if these pretended champions of liberty, who hold no rights sacred but their own, should dare to assail us, we are prepared, and will show them that honest men are neither to be browbeaten, or intimidated in the fulfilment of their duty.

Mr. Wilson, I replied, I am sorry you are so much blinded by your resentment. The act, with which you reproach me, was dictated by public and political motives; certainly by no feeling of personal animosity. But this is not a time to discuss or explain past grievances. I tell you, my influence with the mob is impotent to restrain it. If it were not, I should spare no exertion to suppress this disgraceful riot. I give you this pledge of my sincerity, that, if a hair of your head is touched, it will fix an eternal stigma on me and my party. From this motive, if you give me credit for no better, I am anxious to prevent any collision between you and these misguided men. I speak to you as a man of sense. A moment's delay may be fatal. The danger is imminent, and, if you attempt to brave it, you must be overpowered and crushed by the very momentum of the enraged multi-

tude. I implore you then as a man of humanity and prudence, to avoid a conflict in which no honor can be won, and which must inevitably result in the massacre of your friends, and a great effusion of blood. If you endeavor to pass openly through the crowd, it will be the signal of a general onset—the issue of which must be fatal to your party, however strenuous or gallant their resistance. Why should you hazard so many valuable lives for an idle punctilio? Is it inglorious to retreat from such a foe? I am sure you do not wish to shed the blood of these men, nor even to subject them to the rigor of the law by involving them in the commission of a crime. Why, therefore, should you not adopt my counsel?

I must acknowledge, said Mr. Wilson, the justice of your reasoning. I can conceive no motive you can have to deceive or entrap us in this matter. I will adopt your advice, and prevail on my friends to consult their own safety by immediate flight. If you recommend this course for any sinister purpose, I must say that such infamous and gratuitous treachery would be unparalleled in the annals of wickedness. I acquit you of a design so diabolical, and I will, therefore, trust you.

The event, said I, will demonstrate how anxiously I am laboring in your service. In the meantime, lose not a moment. The populace may become impatient, and burst on you here. When you are gone, I will strive to persuade the crowd to separate quietly.

Mr. Wilson and his friends soon disappeared from the house, and a few moments, I hoped, would place them in comparative security. When the mob discovered that they had been defrauded of their anticipated vengeance, they uttered a fierce yell of rage, like the growl of a tiger bereft of his prey. A cry was suddenly raised, and repeated by a thousand voices, "down with the Feds: let us smoke them from their dens, and give them a coat of tar and feathers." The rioters immediately formed into a solid phalanx, and advanced along the street with dreadful shouts and imprecations. The citizens, alarmed at the gathering of this storm, and ignorant where it might spend its fury, fled in consternation, and hastily closed their doors and windows. The suddenness of this movement in the crowd defeated my efforts to disperse them, and all I could now do was to instruct my emissaries to retard their march by every possible expedient. In the meantime, believing that Mr. Wilson and his property would be the first objects of attack, I repaired to his house to concert with him such hasty precautions to avert the danger as the shortness of the time permitted. It was now dark, and I easily reached Mr. Wilson's without attracting observation. He had been informed of the approach of the mob, and was busily preparing for defence; though, to tranquillize the fears of his family, he assumed a tone of indifference. He had barricaded his doors and windows, and, with a garrison of about twenty, consisting of his servants and a few friends, determined to abide the expected assault. At my sudden appearance, his countenance expressed surprise, mingled with doubt and suspicion. He could discern no adequate or intelligible motive for this excessive zeal, which seemed to him wholly incompatible with the whole tenor of my previous conduct. I was sensible of his want of confidence, yet persisted, nevertheless, in my efforts to assist him. I represented, that, though he might destroy a small portion of the mob, his defences would be utterly unavailing against such overwhelming numbers; that the slaughter of their comrades would only irritate the survivors, and stimulate them to the most sanguinary excesses; and that, in my judgment, the most judicious measure was to request the mayor to assemble the volunteer companies of the city, and to march without delay to his relief. The presence of a body of well-armed troops in military array might, I said, terrify and disperse the rioters without the effusion of blood; and the

means I had contrived to retard their movements would, I hoped, afford space for these arrangements. The advice appeared so reasonable, that Mr. Wilson immediately despatched a messenger to the mayor to report his situation, and to urge the immediate adoption of my plan.

Our main reliance now was, that its own fickle impulses, or the artifices of my agents, might detain the mob so long on their march, as to give the civil authorities time to provide an adequate force for our protection. The dwelling of Mr. Wilson was situated on the outskirts of the city, and wore an air of rural quiet, contrasting strongly with the dust and noise of the streets. After an hour of anxious suspense, the silence of this sequestered spot was suddenly broken by the shouts of a disorderly crew of boys and negroes, who preceded the main body of the mob, like the light troops of an army. The frequent tread of feet, the hum of many voices uttering threats of vengeance, proclaimed the approach of the rioters, and indicated their numbers and desperation. In their front, they bore, by way of banner, a transparency, inscribed with Liberty and Equality, whose discolored light was faintly reflected on the grim and truculent visages of the ring-leaders. This dense and motley throng halted before the front door of the house, and proceeded to reconnoitre the condition of our defences. Observing that our resolute posture had brought them to a pause, Mr. Wilson, from a neighboring window, demanded for what purpose they had thus beset his house. Come out here, old boy, said their spokesman, or we will burn your house, and kill every person in it. Mr. Wilson calmly remonstrated against this unprovoked attack on an unoffending citizen; but, finding that he made no impression, declared with a tone of firmness, that, if they attempted to injure him or his family, or to break into the house, he should fire upon them without scruple. This spirited reply provoked a volley of missiles, which shattered the windows and window-shutters, and threatened to demolish the front door. Avoiding this shower of projectiles by a precipitate retreat from the window, Mr. Wilson caused several guns to be discharged over the heads of the mob, by way of intimidation; but this experiment only produced a more vigorous and continued assault. At this moment a voice, near the door, was heard, demanding; who are you, sir? And what do you want here?

My name's Wilson, if you will have it, and I want to go to bed, was the reply. A fellow, with three bottles of wine under his belt, is rather apt to be sleepy. But what the devil have you got such a congregation here for? Is it a street preaching? Oh I remember; Dad is a bit of a politician, and means to harangue you. I am now in fine trim for speaking, and can beat the old fellow, hollow. So let me get on the steps, and I'll give you a flourish worth two of his homilies.

Stop, my young spark, said another voice, we want none of your palaver. You are old Wilson's son, and we'll hold you, till he gives up.

Good God! exclaimed Mr. Wilson in great agitation, they have seized on that unhappy boy, and, I fear, will abuse him grossly. I must rescue him, or perish in the attempt.

Without a moment's consultation, he threw open the door, and rushed impetuously in the street, while I followed more deliberately, to shield him, if possible, from the consequences of his rashness.

Release that unfortunate young man, said he, and you may wreak on me the utmost efforts of your malice.

No! said a gigantic Irishman, we've the young fox and the ould one in the same trap, and, by the powers, we'll hold you both.

At the same time he brandished a tremendous bludgeon over the head of Mr. Wilson. Seeing that there was no time for mild and temporizing expedients, I prostrated the Irishman by a severe blow, and planted my foot upon his

body. Not being recognized in that imperfect light, I should have been instantly overthrown, and, probably, butchered, had not the multitude been checked, for a moment, by the very eagerness of their own impetuosity. While they were struggling to reach me, I cried—

For shame! do you call yourselves men, freemen?—and will you misuse a father, a grey-headed man, for protecting his own son? Have I vindicated your rights, and maintained your interests, in defiance of the frowns of wealth and power, that you might sully your cause and your country by a brutality, that would disgrace savages? Would you destroy Mr. Wilson, because, from the generous impulse of parental affection, he has thrown himself on your mercy? Which of you, that are fathers, would not have done the same? If there be such a monster, let him strike the first blow. But if you have the feelings of humanity, stop this shameful tumult, and abstain from further outrage on these gentlemen. I warn you to do so, before worse comes of it.

A vehement altercation now took place among the rioters, and I saw there was a strong party among them disposed to embrace my proposition. I perceived, that the fierce passions which had hurried them into this career of violence, were beginning to falter, and, at the same moment, my ears were saluted with the welcome sound of the galloping of cavalry.

There come the volunteers and artillery of the city, I exclaimed in my loudest tones. If you remain here, you will be cut to pieces by their sabres and grapeshot. Separate instantly, and I promise, you shall not be molested for past transgressions.

These words, and the rapid advance of the city forces, struck terror into this tumultuary assemblage; and, finding the affair becoming serious, these doughty champions betook themselves to flight, and vanished with surprising celerity in the darkness. The Irishman, whom I had put *hors du combat*, had now recovered from the effects of my blow.

Pat, said I, you'd better be off.

And how can I be off, when you've kilt me, and have got your foot upon me, replied he.

There now I've let you go; and I fancy you'll be apt to come to life when you know the soldiers are coming.

Asy, my jewel. And if I'd known there were red-coats in this country, divil catch me, if I'd have been in this splore. But now you've let me go, I'll give you lave to eat me, if any of 'em catch John Whalen.

Saying this, he followed the example of his allies, and disappeared with prodigious speed. Nothing is more dastardly than a mob, when no longer buoyed up by animal excitement. Their apparent fearlessness arises from brutal insensibility, and from a confidence that their numbers are irresistible. Once impressed with an apprehension of defeat, their passions react, and, like a chidden dog, they crouch and shrink with dismay from the approach of danger. When the city troops arrived, they found Mr. Wilson, his son, and myself alone in the street. At his earnest solicitation, I remained at Mr. Wilson's, and, for greater security, a strong detachment of volunteers was quartered at his house during the night.

Whatever prejudices against me by-gone transactions had instilled into the mind of Mr. Wilson, were completely dissipated by the occurrences of this day. My character was greatly elevated in the esteem of the respectable portion of both parties, nor did I lose any ground with that class whose favor I had so assiduously courted. As my zeal and activity in the common cause were not slackened, they were far from suspecting me of political defection, and imputed my interference on this occasion, solely to a grateful recollection of Mr. Wilson's past benefits. Through his intercession, the civil authorities took no further cognizance of these disturbances. I had the entire credit of this lenity, and the belief that I had labored to screen them from punishment,



endeared me more than ever to the populace. By this stroke of policy, therefore, I thoroughly effaced the blemishes on my private reputation, without forfeiting a single chance of political preferment.

The general elections having eventuated in the total overthrow of the ruling party, the government and all its patronage fell, of course, into the hands of my political friends. My services, I thought, entitled me to a liberal recompense, and, as modesty, that great clog of ambition, was never my failing, I hastened to press my pretensions on the President, who is, practically, the great fountain of official honor and emolument in this country. My application was sustained by the leading members of my own party, and seconded even by some of the most distinguished of my political opponents. For this unsolicited support I was indebted to my conduct during the late riot. Power, acquired by the influence of party, is sure to be propitious to the suit of one so strongly recommended as I was, and whose devotion as a partizan was beyond suspicion. The President did not keep me long in suspense, and my provident ambition was ultimately rewarded with a profitable office in the town of Savannah. Intent only on my own advancement, I was restrained by no local attachments from wooing the smiles of fortune in climes the most remote and ungenial. At the period of my appointment, the advantages of office were not so well understood as at present, or, if they were, the people of that time were too timid and scrupulous to reduce their knowledge to practice. I was preferred, on this occasion, to five competitors, when, at the present day, I should, under like circumstances, have encountered the rivalry of an hundred; an indubitable evidence of the march of mind, or rather of the decay of absurd and antiquated prejudices.

To the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

MR. WHITE:—Some months ago, a friend recited to me and two others, just as we were on the eve of separation, the subjoined lines, with the beauty of which I was so much struck, that I extorted from him a promise to send me a copy. I received them some weeks since; and though my friend will be surprised to see himself in print, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of embellishing the pages of your Magazine with this offspring of his dalliance with the Muse.

T.

### LOVE AND CARE.

Love sat in his bower one summer day—  
And Care, with his train, came to drive him away:

"I will not depart," said Love!

And, seizing his lute,—with silvery words,  
He ran his bright fingers along the chords,  
And play'd so sweet, so entrancing an air,  
That a grim smile lit up the face of Care.

"Away—away"—said Love!

"Nay, nay! I have friends!" grim Care replied;

"Behold, here is one—and his name is *Pride*!"

"I care not for *Pride*," said Love!

Then touching the strings of his light guitar,  
Pride soon forgot his lofty air;  
And seizing the hand of a rustic quean,  
Laugh'd, gamboll'd, and tripp'd it o'er the green—

"Aha, aha!" said Love!

"Away with your jeers!" cried Care, "if you please;

"Here's another—lank, haggard and pale *Disease*!"

"I care not for him," said Love!

Then touch'd a strain so plaintive and weak,  
That a flush pass'd over his pallid cheek;  
And *Disease* leap'd up from his couch of pain,  
And smil'd, and reëchoed the healing strain—

"Well done for *Disease*!" said Love!

"Pshaw! pshaw!" cried Care—"this squalid one, see!

"How lik'st thou the gaunt look of *Poverty*?"

"I care not for him," said Love!

Then struck such a sound from his viol's string,

That *Poverty* shouted aloud, "*I am King*!"—

"The jewell'd wreaths round my temples shall twine,—

"For the sparkling gems of *Golconda* are mine!"

"Aye, aye—very true!" said Love!

"Nay, boast not," said Care—"There is fretful *Old Age*;

"Beware of his crutches, and tempt not his rage!"

"I care not for *Age*!" said Love!

Then swept the strings of his magic lyre,

Till the glaz'd eye sparkled with youthful fire;

And *Age* dropp'd his crutches, and, light as a fay,

Laugh'd, caper'd and danc'd, like a child at play!

"Bravo, *Sir Eld*!" said Love!

"A truce," cried wrinkled Care, "with thy glee!

"Now, look on this last one—'tis *Jealousy*!"

"Ah me! ah me!" said Love!

"Her green eye burns with a quenchless fire—

"I die! I die!" Then, dropping his lyre,

Love flew far away from his cherish'd bower,

And never return'd from that fatal hour!

Alas for thee, blighted Love!

C.

### BIOGRAPHY OF

COL. CHARLES MYNN THRUSTON,

OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY.

Nam sæpè audiui, Q. Maximum. P. Scipionem, preterea civitatis nostræ præclaros viros, solitos ita dicere, cum majorum imagines intuerentur, vehementissimè sibi animum ad virtutem accendi. Sallust.

The era of the Revolution is the heroic age of America. It abounds in illustrious names, signal actions, and noble sentiments. Every nation points to some period of its history with peculiar pride and veneration. Thence poetry draws its inspiration, and patriotism kindles its fire. At such times human nature seems to exalt itself, whether it be that superior talent and virtue produce great actions, or are called forth by important events. The enthusiasm with which renowned epochs are regarded by posterity, is not only honorable to our nature, but productive of eminent advantage. It maintains that elevation of sentiment which would otherwise sink to the level of ordinary men and events. It nourishes in the breast a latent germ of heroism, and preserves it for worthy emergencies. It keeps alive the sacred fire within the secret recesses of the heart. Nestor, that venerable *laudator temporis acti*, inflames the emulation of the Greeks before Troy, by perpetually recalling the achievements of their ancestors. It is the duty of a nation, as it should be its pride, to

cherish its heroic traditions and commemorate its illustrious names. These are blazoned by history. It is the business of tradition to hand down those examples of patriotic devotion which are exhibited by individuals rather than masses. The romance of the Revolution is to be found chiefly in the campaigns of the Carolinas and Georgia, where partisan warfare gave more scope and distinction to personal gallantry and adventure. Such traits and actions impress themselves more vividly and durably upon the mind and heart. The romantic enterprizes of a Marion and a Sumpter captivate the imagination and fire the spirit. The actors and spectators in the glorious drama of the war of Independence are rapidly passing away, and soon a man of the Revolution will be as much an object of curiosity as of reverence. Let us then catch the last accents of narrative old age. Let us seize with avidity upon every lofty trait, and cling with pride to every noble tradition. In proportion as it recedes, let the eye be more firmly fixed upon that heroic period which vindicates our people from the reproach of selfishness and apathy.

The little biographical sketch which follows, recounts a life of patriotic devotion and singular gallantry, if not of various adventure. It carries us back to colonial times—to the feelings and habits of the ante-revolutionary age. It places us, then, in the midst of that eventful contest, which, humble in its beginning, is now felt throughout the world. Intense must have been the enthusiasm for liberty which impelled the clergyman to throw aside the cassock, and grasp the sword instead of the cross. It is no ordinary conflict which could justify such a transition, or reconcile to it the honorable prejudices of mankind. It is only in defence of religion or freedom, of altar and hearth, that it is safe to emulate the example of a Maccabeus. But this was a sacred war, beyond many which have borne that title.

The subject of this brief memoir gave himself wholly up to the cause which drew him from the desk to the field. Tongue, pen and sword were enlisted in the service. Though his arm was early struck down, his spirit was in the conflict to the last. The only hardship at which he murmured, was that which condemned him to temporary inactivity. To employ his own forcible language, he could not bear to be thrown by like an old almanac. When triumph brought with it peace, his ardent spirit could not brook the stagnation of civic idleness. He went forth, like a patriarch of old, surrounded by his family and servants, and became one of the bold pioneers of that wilderness, which is now the teeming abode of millions. Finally, when full of years and honors, he calmly laid himself to rest upon the very spot which was destined to become the field of the glorious 8th of January. The battle of New Orleans was fought upon his grave! The ruthless invader perished upon

the tomb of the soldier-parson, who had perilled fortune and life under the banner of Washington. If the passions of earth are preserved above, there could not have been a more grateful offering to his manes.

I am sure that I need not apologize for offering this interesting memoir of a gallant son of Virginia, to the readers of the *Messenger*. It is from the pen of a "scholar, and a ripe one," whose character and station forbid the supposition, that even filial veneration would heighten the colors of truth. The narrative, however, speaks for itself, and requires from me neither apology nor recommendation. It remains but to add, that it was compiled by its author for the private use and gratification of the numerous descendants of the departed patriot, and not designed for the public eye, and that it was with some reluctance he consented, at my suggestion, to its publication.

J. L. M.

"The history of the world presents no period of time, in which a greater number of noble and daring men were found, to defend their liberties against the aggression of power, than at the commencement of our Revolutionary War—and, although history and biography have recorded, and transmitted to future times, the names of many of them, yet how many valorous and noble spirits have passed away unnoticed, and unhonored, either because their heroic actions were unadorned with the lustre of high rank, or of some important victory, diffusing the fame of their exploits far and wide, to be recorded in the public archives, and made known to the world through the annals of their country. It is true, there are instances of individual exploits, marked with some signal character of bravery, which have received due honors; a Jasper of humble rank, has his little niche in the temple of fame from one act of daring valor, which however proved the greatness of his soul. It is the purpose of the present memoir to make known, and to preserve from perishing, if possible, the name and the virtuous deeds of another individual, which, in the opinion of the writer, deserve to be remembered. If so much of the following narrative as relates to the revolutionary services of the person, of whose life and transactions a sketch is now proposed to be compiled, had no other evidence for its verification than the author's word, he would have feared to present it to the public; but fortunately every material fact connected with the public concerns in which the subject of this memoir had an humble share, is supported by unquestionable testimony, obtained for other purposes, after a lapse of nearly sixty years since the events herein recorded took place; the residue of the narrative has no other voucher for its truth than the author's word.

"CHARLES MYNN THRUSTON was born in the county of Gloucester, in the State of Virginia, in the month of August, 1738. His ancestors, for several



generations, had been wealthy and respectable merchants and planters of that county. The first known progenitor of the family was a Mr. Thruston, Chamberlain of the City of Bristol at the time of the restoration of Charles II. He was, what in the party language of that day was called, a cavalier; as is evident from an entry in a little book, now in possession of the family of the eldest son of the subject of this memoir, which has been handed down from the said progenitor from father to son to this day, and family memoranda continued to be made therein.\* The entry spoken of above is in the following words:—"On this day there were great rejoicings in our good City of Bristol, on account of the restoration of his blessed majesty, Charles II, to the throne of these realms; the very conduits ran with wine." It is a curious circumstance, that Sir Walter Scott, in his historical novel of Woodstock, has used the same remarkable expression, in describing Charles' progress to London, attended by immense crowds of his friends and adherents. He says—"the restored monarch trod slowly over roads strewn with flowers, and conduits running wine."

"Bristol, at this period, was perhaps the second city in England, in regard to population and commerce; and, with an eye to her prospective commercial interests, was, with London and other cities, active in planting the first colonies in Virginia. The earliest settlers in the county of Gloucester, in Virginia, were from Gloucestershire, in England; and from that attachment which is universally felt by every person to his native soil, they transferred the names of places and streams which were familiar to them, to their new abode. They have there their Severn, and other rivers and local denominations. The county was called Gloucester, and the first town erected therein is the now decayed village of Gloucester on York river, rendered memorable, however, by its having been one of the outposts of Lord Cornwallis, at the time of his surrender to our victorious arms, on the 19th of October, 1781.

"After the usual course at the grammar school, young Thruston was sent to finish his education at the college of William and Mary, in Williamsburg; being destined, either by his father or his own impulses, to the clerical profession, he there studied divinity in the best theological school then in the colonies. No one of the colonies was at that time more cherished and patronized by the royal government than Virginia. No college in the country was so well endowed, or possessed more able and learned professors than that of William and Mary.

"The church in Virginia had been modelled, as near as circumstances would permit, after that of

England, and was under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Bishop of London, who had a substitute in the colony, under the denomination of ecclesiastical commissary, invested with a kind of episcopal superintendence over the colonial clergy. The rectors had their glebes and salaries of 16000*lbs.* of tobacco per annum, paid by a tax on the titheable inhabitants of the parishes.

"In the year 1758, when Mr. Thruston was in his 20th year, General Forbes was sent over by the British government, to take command of the army of regulars and provincials raised for the purpose of an expedition against Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburg, and to rescue the wounded honor of the nation from the disgrace brought upon it by the shameful defeat and slaughter of the army under General Braddock three years before. Young Thruston, inspired with that ardor, which in a more noble cause, some twenty years afterwards, again prompted him to enter the tented field, obtained the appointment of lieutenant of provincials, and marched with the army to Pittsburg, which they entered without opposition, the French having abandoned it on the approach of the British troops. The enemy offered no opposition to the march of the troops, except some inconsiderable attacks of the piquets during the night, by the Indians probably, which the writer of this memoir remembers to have heard Mr. Thruston speak of as being particularly alarming to a young soldier, from being made in darkness. Here he had the honor of serving with and under the immediate command of General Washington. Whether this campaign was made by young Thruston previous to his entering college, or while he was a student there, is not known; but in the latter end of 1765, or spring of 1766, he embarked for London, for the purpose of examination and ordination by the bishop of that diocese. There was much strictness in the examination of candidates for the pulpit in those days. None but such as were qualified by education and character could receive ordination, particularly in Virginia, where the policy of the government required the church to be as respectable as possible—inasmuch as that establishment, both at home and in her favorite colony, was considered as intimately connected with, and essential towards, the maintenance and prosperity of the government itself. It is reasonable to suppose, that Mr. Thruston, having passed this ordeal of rigid examination, must have received a good classical as well as theological education. These facts would not have been mentioned with such minuteness, were it not that they afforded him the means of being more useful at a future crisis, when all the energies of the human mind were required to sustain us in the most arduous and fearful contest that any nation ever had to struggle with, to break the fetters of despotism. On his return from London, he was chosen by the vestry rector of the parish of ———, in his native county of

\* The family memoranda in the book mentioned in the text, commence in 1604, are in the old court hand, and are now with difficulty to be deciphered.

Gloucester, where he regularly officiated until the year 1769, when he removed to the county of Frederick, in Virginia, among a people at that time rude and unpolished. Here he continued his pastoral functions, preaching in such places as could be procured, there being few or no churches then erected in this comparatively new and thinly settled county. Shortly after his removal to Frederick, he was followed by other wealthy families from Gloucester, and other of the lower counties of Virginia, who, by their superior education and refinement, contributed to soften down and polish the rough manners which characterized those people before their introduction among them. The writer well remembers hearing Parson Thruston speak of a few great landed proprietors, who lorded it over the people when he first removed to Frederick with a most arbitrary sway, until they found a check in the more educated emigrants of the lower counties, whose wealth and influence furnished a counterpoise to the power of these petty tyrants.\*

"Parson Thruston continued in the practice of his profession, until the period of the commencement of hostilities, when, animated by the liveliest zeal, he gave himself up chiefly to public concerns. He had been among the most prominent in repelling the attempt to introduce the Stamp Act in Virginia—and, with the same spirit, entered warmly into the opposition to the mother country. At this period his wealth—for he was a man of large property—was freely dedicated to the cause. He exerted himself to procure arms and ammunition; he wrote to and addressed the people in public meetings and musters, and at the courts—inflaming the youth of the country with ardor and patriotism, exciting them to enter into the army, and confirming the weak and timid, not only by exposing the justice of resistance, but by the most spirited and stirring harangues.† In the winter of 1776-'7, Parson Thruston resolved to put in practice personally, the measures he had exhorted the youth of the country to pursue. In plain English, he resolved to fight. He raised a company of volunteers, composed of the *elite* of the young men of the county, and marched to join General Washington, then in New Jersey. He was cordially received by that great man, who was personally acquainted with him, not only as a fellow-soldier in Forbes' campaign, but from personal intercourse that took place between them after Parson Thruston removed to the county of Frederick. He was but a short time at head quarters, before he became impatient of inactivity and anxious to indulge his propensity for a fight. He accordingly solicited the means from the General, who gave him five hundred men, with discretionary authority, as it seems from the evidence, and without suggesting or ordering any particular enterprise; because we find the Captain immediately after, attacking a British redoubt of fifteen

hundred strong, with his small band of five hundred men, which, the commander-in-chief, it is reasonable to suppose, would hardly have permitted or directed with so small a force; be that as it may, however, the Captain marched to the attack, resolved if possible to carry the redoubt by storm, when, in the midst of his career, and advancing towards the enemy, he received a musket ball in the left arm, above the elbow, which shattered the bone. It was a curious circumstance, that the Captain, having on, at the time, a country linen shirt, its texture was so strong that the linen was forced by the ball through the arm. He fainted from the loss of blood and the pain of the wound, and was obliged to be carried from the field. At this time, his son Charles was standing by his side, a boy between eleven and twelve years old.\* When the leader of this brave band fell, the next in command ordered a retreat. There can be but little doubt, that but for this disabling wound, Captain Thruston would have effected his purpose of carrying the redoubt by storm, if his men would have followed him; or that himself, his son, and a great portion of his troops, would have fallen in the attempt.†

"This battle, though of no high importance in its practical effects had its results fulfilled even the hopes of the gallant commander, yet presents such a picture of patriotism, courage, and self-devotion, that it cannot but command the admiration of every lover of his country. What is it that confers true glory on the hero and patriot? Is it that he leads on to battle his thousands, or tens of thousands; and, if he gains a victory, that his claim to glory is to be measured by the number conquered, or the number slain? Victory may and often does depend on accidental circumstances. No—it is the warm blood and magnanimous soul which urge the brave man on to meet and to defy the king of terrors in a just cause—to prefer death to dishonor and slavery—which characterize the hero and the patriot. When Captain Thruston returned to head quarters, General Washington had him attended by his own surgeon, who, having advised amputation, the Captain courteously and playfully refused his assent in the following words: "Doctor, I am a bad *hand* to have an *arm* cut off;" declaring at the same time, that he would prefer death to mutilation. Notwithstanding the apprehensions of the surgeon, his arm healed in about twelve months—at which time, several pieces of bone having worked down through the muscles came out in his hand. Soon after this battle, General Washington recommended the Captain for the appointment of Colonel of one of the sixteen regiments then about to be raised in Virginia on continental establishment; which appointment he received, and held to the end of the war. It was found impossible to recruit such a number of regiments in Virginia, and the Colonel became

\* See Appendix No. I.

† See Appendix No. II.

\* See Appendix No. III.

† See Appendix No. IV.



what is called supernumerary, but was desirous of again entering into active service had an opportunity offered. This is made manifest, by a passage in one of his letters, addressed to his Lieutenant Colonel John Thornton, on regimental business, where he says—"What is to be done with us? Are we to be thrown by, like old almanacs, no longer useful?"

"After his return from the army, he never resumed his pastoral functions. There was not the same dearth of clergymen, as when he first removed to the upper country. Both Episcopalian, and Dissenting ministers of various denominations, had come into the county, sufficient for the wants of the people. He continued to reside on his beautiful farm, called Mount Sion, about fifteen miles below Winchester, and one mile above the charming Shenandoah, distinguished for the purity and transparency of its water. He had been, from the period of his first settlement in the county, one of its magistrates, and continued to discharge the duties of that office as long as he resided therein; having been the oldest magistrate of the county, and the presiding judge of the county court for many years before he left it. He was often elected a member of the General Assembly, where he had the pleasure of hearing and acting with the Henrys and the Lees, the great orators and patriots of those days.

"Having met with many heavy losses, with a numerous family of children and grand children—for whom he was anxious to make some provision—he resolved, for their sakes, to remove to the western country; and, accordingly, in the year 1809, having sold his farm, he went to South West Point in Tennessee—and, after residing there two years, he descended the river to the State of Mississippi, where he contracted a disease of the climate, which in a few months terminated his life, in June 1812, in his seventy-fourth year. Before his death, however, he had purchased a plantation below New Orleans, situated on the very battle ground on which the glorious victory of General Jackson over the British was achieved, on the 8th January, 1815. He had hardly taken possession of his farm, before his body was deposited within its bosom. He died, as he always declared he should do, with the most perfect composure and contempt of death, supported by that Christian faith which he professed, and which cheered his last moments with its consoling promises.

"The author cannot refrain from relating an occurrence that took place about the spring of 1780, which is much in unison with the character of the Colonel, affording another proof of his unbending spirit, and of his abhorrence of every thing which savored of lawless violence, as well as of his readiness to contribute to the wants of his country. A troop of cavalry, under the command of Major Nelson, was passing through the neighborhood, and encamped some five or six miles from the Colonel's

house; and, being in want of flour, their commander sent four soldiers to his mill to seize it. The Colonel, being informed of this, went down to the mill, and, finding that the men had no written authority to take the flour, he turned them out of his mill with very little ceremony. The next day, an officer, a Lieutenant Graves, appeared at the head of fifteen troopers, for the purpose of taking the flour by force. The Colonel went down again to the mill, and resenting very warmly this renewed attempt to take his flour by violence, which would have been readily yielded to a proper application, he loaded his gun, entered the mill, and barred the doors; and, having warned the officer not to use force, he assured him in the most solemn manner, that he would lose his life in defence of his property. "And I tell you, sir," addressing Graves, "that I am a very sure shot—and, if you attempt to force the doors of my mill, I will certainly kill you." The officer threatened destruction to the whole family, and after much vamping and menace, ordered his men to dismount. The author, then a lad, was present, and serious as the aspect of things appeared, could not help admiring the first movement of the soldiers—who, in obedience to a command given, with one uniform and simultaneous motion, threw their right legs over their saddles, and stood in their stirrups, awaiting the next order to descend. After a short pause, they were ordered to resume their seats. It appeared that this movement was intended for intimidation, rather than as the first step towards the execution of his threatened purpose. It happened that a friend of the Colonel was present, a Mr. Edmund Taylor, who had offered to go into the mill to assist in its defence, but the Colonel declared that he would not agree to have any life but his own exposed to the hazard of resistance to the officer; that he was determined to sacrifice his own life if necessary in defence of his property. Mr. Taylor then turned to Graves, remonstrating against his lawless proceedings, and assured him of the firmness and determined resolution of the Colonel, and of the imminent danger of losing his life if he attempted to force the mill. The officer began to waver, and his discretion getting the better of his valor, he relinquished the enterprize, and condescended to apologise for his conduct—assuring the Colonel, that the troops were in great want, and that in what he had done he had acted in pursuance of orders, and begged that the Colonel would let him have as much flour as he could spare. "Now, sir," said the Colonel, "as you ask for it like a gentleman, you shall have as much as you want, and be pleased to come to the house and dine with us." Old Major General Charles Lee, had been spending some time at the house, and accompanied the Colonel and Mr Taylor to the mill; hobbling down, with some difficulty, a very rugged road, he cried out to the Colonel, "Commit the

rascals to jail." This had like to have cost the General dear, for the officer threatened to throw him into the mill-race; but, inquiring who that old gentleman was, and being told it was General Lee, he refrained from offering any violence to him.

"Thus has the author of this memoir endeavored to record the principal traits in the life of a man unknown to fame, and who, were he living, would probably have forbidden their exposure to the public eye, as of too little importance to deserve notice; but they are entitled, in the opinion of the writer, to a very different estimate. When we see a minister of our holy religion, whose profession and principles would exempt him from participating in the strife of war, relinquishing his comfortable abode, his flock, and the peaceful offices of his station—laying aside his gown, and girding on his sword—to assist in the defence of his invaded country, and to vindicate her rights, we cannot but respect the motives which led to such sacrifices. The thirst neither of honor or renown could have been his inducement, because to seek the mortal combat and shed the blood of his fellow-men, would be utterly inconsistent with his character, his principles, and his faith; nothing but the purest patriotism could have called him forth—and nothing but the justice of the cause, and the legitimate right of self-defence, could excuse him for engaging in the contest. We find him mustering his gallant band of young soldiers, his little son amongst them, marching to head quarters, and offering them to the commander-in-chief; we find him seeking the earliest occasion of testing their courage; we next see him on the field of battle, with his young son by his side, in front of his small force, leading them on to victory or sudden death, when his progress was arrested by a musket-ball, which rendered him incapable of further action—until then, the march was onward. From all the evidence in the case it seems clear, that he was resolved to conquer, or sacrifice his own life, and that of his young son, and the lives of his men, if they would have followed him. It is equally clear, that from the disparity of his force with that of the enemy and their strong position, it was one of those desperate enterprizes, which would have been only undertaken by a man who was prepared to devote his own life, and that of his son, to his country's glory.

"The writer of this memoir knows that he has done but imperfect justice to the subject of it; that his patriotism and his valor deserved to be recorded by an abler pen. He has, however, the satisfaction to feel, that as he is the only person now living who possesses the necessary information, he has obeyed the impulse of his heart, if not of duty, in endeavoring to rescue from oblivion the virtuous deeds of a valiant spirit, which, though small as to any practical results, are great in principle, and furnish one more instance to be added to the many recorded in history, that a virtuous man

sets his life at nought, when it becomes necessary to sacrifice it in defence of liberty and honor."\*

"Non est vivere, sed valere, vita."

#### APPENDIX.—No. I.

Parson Thruston was among the first to put a curb in the mouths of these little oligarchs. They had carried a high hand among their more humble neighbors, and they had the magistracy of the county chiefly in their own hands, which gave them in the courts undue influence over the juries. Parson Thruston was, as has been observed, entitled to a glebe in the parish of Frederick, in which he had settled. Some of these little tyrants had gotten possession of it, and violence was threatened if he should attempt to divest them of it. He was not intimidated however, had a jury of inquest summoned on the ground, and attended the trial with a brace of pistols by his side, where, by showing a bold front and determined spirit, aided by his address to the jury, he obtained a verdict and possession of his glebe.

#### II.

Honorable Mr. Beale of Shenandoah County, Virginia, member of Congress in 1833-'34, states—"I have heard my father say, that the most eloquent discourse he ever heard, was an address by Parson Thruston, about the commencement of the Revolutionary War, at a meeting of the people, in which the arbitrary and oppressive acts of the British government were forcibly exposed, the people urged to resistance, and the young men encouraged and excited to take up arms in defence of the country. My father added, that the impression made by this speech on the assembly, was like an electric shock, causing an universal agitation of the audience."

#### III.

Extract of a letter from Mr. John Kercheval of Kentucky, to Col. Richard M. Johnson, then a member of Congress, with the certificate of the latter, that Mr. Kercheval is a man of character and truth.

"Charles Thruston is the only one who stood between the Colonel (meaning Captain Thruston) and myself, when the Colonel received his wound." Mr. Kercheval was then a boy, and a private in Captain Thruston's company.

#### IV.

From the various affidavits in the possession of the writer of this memoir, the following testimony is selected as short and to the point. It is from the deposition of Captain George Blackmore, an old revolutionary officer, who states—"I can say with propriety, that Parson Thruston was a consummate officer, a brave and zealous patriot, and one that would obey the calls of his country at a moment's warning, although as a clergyman he was not bound to do so. Bravery and patriotism appeared to be interwoven in his constitution. He raised a volunteer company in his neighborhood, chiefly of young men of the first families and standing in the county--after which, he set out for New Jersey, and, having understood that there was a strong Hessian picket between Baskerville and Amboy, he and this company pushed on to the place and found the enemy well fortified. He made a sudden and vigorous attack upon them, which lasted for a considerable time. The Parson received a musket-ball in his arm which shattered and broke it. I was a prisoner at this time, which prevents me from knowing as much as I should have done had I been at home."

#### V.

\* The writer of the preceding memoir, now in his 76th year, was senior by 18 months to the boy, Charles Thruston, who was in the battle of Piscataway with his father. The reason why he also did not accompany his father in his military tour, was that he happened to be at school some fifty or sixty miles from home. His elder brother, John, three years older than the writer, was an officer of cavalry in the western army, under the command of the gallant General George Rogers Clark, where he served several years. From privations in regard to clothing and provisions, and the continual exposure incident to Indian warfare, the service was more severe than any that occurred during the Revolutionary War. It caused or aggravated a disease--consumption or asthma--which cut him off at an early age, some forty years ago. His family, however, received the munificent provisions which had been promised by the liberal acts of Virginia to her state troops. Thus was every member of the family capable of bearing arms, except the writer hereof, engaged in the military service of the country.



## MR. LINDSAY'S MANUSCRIPT.

"And who was Mr. Lindsay?"

"I don't know what he was before he came hither, but he was a singular creature whilst he was with us."

"And where did you find these papers, sir?"

"They were left in his chamber."

"Very well—read on then."

Dr. Milman read on, and thus ran

## MR. LINDSAY'S MANUSCRIPT.

There are mysteries in the world in which we live, to whose development but few among the beings that people it have dared to devote their energies, and to which yet fewer have ventured to yield belief, in the face of vulgar ridicule. Rare has been the search into the secrets of existence, and when attempted, its result has generally been fatal. But Oh! ye sons of men, much which ye regard as falsehood is indeed truth—truth which sheds a tremulous reflection upon your own hearts, when, in the dead midnight which is solitude, or in the intense silence of lonely wilds, ye become suddenly conscious of dim terrors and indefinite influences, from which ye hasten to escape into the world. At such moments ye flee from yourselves, and from that knowledge upon which even then ye verge, with chance-directed steps.

Hear the history of one whose life has been a wild pursuit of that from which ye turn aside! Learn the fate of one who has looked into these mysteries as into a charmed mirror, and upon whose fortunes both the joy and the grief of their magic have been alternately exhausted.

I was gifted with a rich imagination and acute perceptions. To catch the influences of beauty, physical or abstract—to yield my nerves to its power, as strings to the fingers of a mighty master—to shun the cold and coarse realities of life, and throw my being into the haunts, the dreams, the joys of that separate and glorious world, which is known to such natures only as my own—these were the first impulses of which my soul was conscious, and to these it was delivered up with the enthusiasm of a worshipper before the shrine of Nature. Beautiful, but mysterious Nature! When we bend before thee, in deep and earnest adoration, how sublime are the revelations which open their endless vistas to our spirits, and yet how dark, how difficult and perplexed, are the mazes to which they allure our steps!

My childhood had little sympathy with other childhood. Lone and dreamy of heart, I shunned the sports and abhorred the mirth of my associates. I sat apart devouring the writings of other days, at an age when children are usually intent upon the sense of life alone, and diffusing its exuberance of gladness through a thousand forms of frolic. I inhabited the moonlight glades with Shakspeare's fairies, and recoiled with childish terror from the

"weird sisters," whom he alone could have created. Ghost and fiend, water-witch and indefinite phantom, were objects familiar with my fancy; and the long-indulged revel of my mind in the province of imagination, at length gave to the impressions it there received the force of reality. Pictures of the world and of life too had my authors, and on these I dwelt until it seemed as if I myself, became part and parcel of the illusion—so ardently did I enter into the spirit of their creations; and at a later period, when I stumbled upon a translated romance, the work of a German and a metaphysician, a new region opened before me, and, for a time, I was lost in contemplations which could not fail to leave their trace upon my heart and mind. I read in silence and unchecked, and in silence and without communion with other hearts, I wove into visionary association the results of my studies, or from my own rich and teeming imagination created scene and subject, population and interest, for many a dark and fearful history. Thus, as I wandered in the outward world, touched by the unutterable beauty of still life, imbued with the lore of Nature, penetrated by the light and glory of creation, my soul united with all it thus acquired, the deep and earnest romance which teaches us ourselves, and the exercise of that peculiar faculty whereby men, in their turn, become creators, and rise in the scale of intellect and fame. So grew my spirit with my years, and I became a man—my passions, mind, and energies, all blent and bound up in a poet's faith and worship.

As I advanced from early youth towards manhood, I became aware of mysterious visitings of the heart, which seemed to connect my being and my wishes with influences as yet unfollowed to their source. I had lain watchful but unwearied, through the long lapse of night and silence, and courted the experience of those dim terrors which others strive to dissipate. I had gazed with earnest eyes into the pale gloom of midnight, when clouds and darkness were abroad, and desired to know and to commune with the shadowy agents which pervade the universe, and brood in the hush and blackness of this hour. I had fixed looks, fearless and undazzled, upon the sheets of flame spread by the lightnings across the lurid sky, and followed home to its deadly destination the blue and forked flash that cut its keen path through the oppressed atmosphere. Then, when the stately thunders, voicing the heavens themselves, rolled through the dim vault above me, my soul rose in adjuration to the spirits that work unseen, to render themselves visible to me—even unto me—who, though of the race of man, was of a nature unlike his—and to teach me of that wild world of shadows which lay beyond my knowledge, but which my dreams continually approached, with a consciousness to what verge they were tending.

But not alone in seasons of gloom, or in the

sense of present sublimity, were such my aspirations. Even whilst I roamed beneath the summer heaven, with its blue expanse starred by the glories of unnumbered worlds, with the tall trees around me dark and spreading, and the soft winds sighing through their faintly-moving leaves—even then broke forth the desire of my heart, and I called to the spirits that nestle in the oak's deep heart of foliage, or to the serene existences that haunt the blue sky, and the shining star, and prayed to pierce the veil of Nature—to enter into the communion of universal being! A time came, and the thirst of my soul was slaked.

I had completed my twentieth year. The flush of youth and strength which animates other men at that bright and glowing period of life, was faint and feeble to the passionate power of mind and feeling that crowned this age to me. The poetry of my nature, mature and intense, and greatly polished by knowledge which it had been joy, not toil, to acquire, was now in its full vigor—its dewiest freshness. Men rarely communicate in written language that which they feel and perceive whilst feeling and perception are most acute; and exquisite poetry is therefore generally rather the transcript of memory, than the utterance of present sensations. I feel that I could now give form and expression to emotions which I then could only enjoy. But how could I then have paused to fashion and mould my thoughts? Then—when I stood in the world like a creature born to exercise the proud and glorying sway of conscious strength? Let it not be dreamed that I was obscure of station, or of unnoted promise! My position in the world was enviable. My lot was luxury—my success in the attainment of learning, and the proof which it was supposed to afford of a mighty intellect, were hailed with pride and hope by a strong and wealthy connection. I was envied and courted by my equals, and my destiny was foretold by those who were willing to reflect its lustre, but had no hope to companion its advance. Yet I, who looked with ardor to life, and fame, and fortune, though full of self-confidence, was distant from presumption. In the deep and secret speculations by which I thirsted to unite unseen agents with my visible fortunes, I spurned the faint and sickly adulation which was offered in my presence, as perpetual incense, and reached after higher and stronger claims upon human sympathies, and that good report which finite creatures have styled “Immortality.” I was wise by the experience of others—that is, I possessed, through the writings and observation of others, a knowledge of mankind, and of their motives, which at least *seemed* beyond the age to which I had attained; and if I hoped for a lofty station among my kind, it was because I was strong in the perception of their weakness and their wants, and resolute to support the one, and supply the other—even if I should push my researches after

broad principles, and instant instruction, into a world, and beyond limits, which they themselves had never approached. Beauty of person was one of the endowments with which it had pleased the Creator to enrich my fate. I was strong, manly and graceful. The power of my soul was glassed in a face, which added to handsome lineaments the higher attraction of mental expression, whilst the rich and sunny brown hair that curled thick and shining around a finely formed head, gave effect to a complexion of those soft and peculiar hues, which artists love to impart to their representations of early and beautiful manhood. It seemed that Nature had armed me at all points for the field of action, for which she had designed me; and, even now, when I recur to this portion of my life, I regard my state, at my entrance into the lists with other men, as enviable beyond that of any other aspirant after distinction whom I have ever known.

It was in the declining flush of a beautiful autumn evening, that I stood alone in the quiet solitude of a stately forest's edge. I had wandered long, in the spirit of deep and solemn meditation, through scenes which might well arouse the soul of the poet, or quicken the painter's eye. I was leaning against a spreading ash-tree, which overhung a wide and silent stream, every pebble of whose channel might have been counted through the clearness of its still-flowing waters. Around this tree the grass grew rich and green, and mosses of a thousand shades of verdure, and amidst them, here and there, a grey or scarlet tuft, or the purple or crimson bell of some moisture-loving flower, were spread in thick masses along the dewy brink of the brook, and over the dark surfaces of ponderous grey rocks, which lay, now in the breast of the stream, and now upon its banks. The forest was full of rich coloring and exuberant foliage. Scarlet, purple and gold—the different shades of brown, from its darkest and reddest duskiness, to the palest fawn hue—a soft and saddening intermixture of greyish tints, contrasting with the glossy green of the yet unchanged oak, the monarch of trees, and his many and strong wood relatives—and with the bluer verdure of the pines, the silver-lined laurel leaves, and the feathery cedar—all these were mingled to make a splendor gorgeous, yet harmonious, and as I gazed upward at the sun, which beamed, mild and red, through an atmosphere of blue and softening mist, I caught his ruby glance down the glossy green ash-leaves, and thought in my soul that there ought to be, if there were not, an inhabiting spirit for every leaf in the forest, and for every rich sun-gleam that colored and rayed the air, in this glowing and glorious Indian summer!

“Beautiful world!” I said, and I sighed, even from the sense of its unutterable loveliness, “beautiful world! If such be the glory of thine inanimate forms, how bright, passing all the faint visions of encumbered clay, must they be, who, of purer essence,



and natures uncontrolled, wander among thy hues, pervade the outlines that constitute grace, and reign throughout creation guardians and adorners! Would that I might commune with this invisible agency! Would that I, even I, might receive the teachings of power, through the spirit of beauty!"

It was thus, that in regarding Nature, I failed to worship the God of Nature—thus, that I sought to pass forbidden bounds, and to deal with the inferior powers that exercise the various offices of good and evil. Alas for the hour in which the desire was satisfied!

"The coveted waters are opened to thy thirst!"

With senses how startled—with hopes how rapacious, did I turn at the sound of this voice!—and though years have intervened, and led along with them a world of checkered fortunes since last I heard those tones, they will die away from my ear only, when all other sounds with which it is familiar shall be lost to my death-lulled consciousness! Did I still dream? Were my dreams filled with a self-created response? Had my aspirations bewildered my intellect!—or, was there indeed before me a spirit to answer my heart—an immortal agent in the solemn mystery of the universe—the being for whose communion my soul had sighed! It was indeed this spirit. Yet was nothing visible. A voice like that of unseen echo fell upon my ear—clear, soft and sweet—but to the sense of sight was neither hue nor shape vouchsafed.

"You have sought communion with powers alike beyond your sphere and association," said the existence who had yielded to my ardent adjuration and granted me the coveted conference. "It is a natural and not ignoble desire, and yet"—and a sigh supplied the place of further words.

"And yet?"—My thickening breath failed to finish the inquiry.

"And yet it seems vain that such a hope should animate a frail and delicate creature of clay, who would strive to work out results which his spiritual portion may indeed conceive, but which the span of his mortal and limited being could never comprehend. But yours is a lawless ambition. You would overleap the bounds assigned by the Eternal to human curiosity and human agency. You know not the natures with which you would ally your destiny, and Heaven permits you, rash and blind as you are, to take the step, and dare its consequences. We then, inferior and subject spirits, take up the fortunes you consign to us. But first we are compelled by power above our own to warn you, that in the world of knowledge, the splendid scenes of glory and success which we are ready to open to you, punishment and evil await the smallest disobedience to our behests."

My heart bounded at these words until my whole frame seemed conscious of one uneasy and pervading throb, but so collected were my senses that I received the full import of the spirit's declaration.

"Decide!" said the voice again. "I am sent to communicate the knowledge you have sought. Will you receive it? You know the annexed conditions—Implicit obedience to the spirits of our order, or submission to penalties whose veiled terrors exceed the pictures of conjecture!"

"Give me strength—teach me truth," said I, emboldened by the conviction that the object of so many aspirations was now within my grasp. "You have promised to take up my fortunes—to open to me a world of knowledge, and the scenes of splendid success! What more can I desire? I promise obedience, and I defy the peril with which you threaten me!"

"That peril is but the punishment of rebellion against our will," answered the unseen. "This then is your choice, whether for good or evil?"

"Oh! powerful spirit, knowledge can bring no evil. That voice by which alone I know you, can only tell of good! I hail its melody as the promise of high inspiration, and from its teachings I will receive light!"

Light! In the deep bosom of haunts, lonely but magnificent, where the embracing hills were covered with forests that glowed with the dyes of kings, and sighed to the evening winds as with the murmur of an encamped multitude,—with the broad arch of the far and hollow skies above us, radiant with the language of Power and Deity,—the everlasting stars, that, one by one, stole forth from the deep flushing of the sunset, amidst clouds, purple and faint-rose, and shone bright and dewy through their shadowy changes,—there, amidst the dying glory and pomp of nature, I bared the mental vision to her rays, and drank in the meaning of her mighty institutions. The spirit spake on, and I learned of those viewless but efficient agents, after whose existence and whose essence the metaphysician vainly gropes. Much was revealed of their numbers, their offices, their dwellings, and their powers;—the spells were communicated by which their presence may be compelled, and their assistance solicited. The names of other spirits were given to my knowledge. I asked to see at least the form, by which my instructor was known among the beings of his own immortal kind.

"You will never behold me," said the spirit, "in such shape as human nature is accustomed to assume—but when a chance strain of music—a softer coloring of earth or sky—the dewier glitter of a star—a faint but pleasant odor—that peculiar tint and influence of the atmosphere which looks as if the air itself were in bloom—when all, or either of these appeals to the enchanted sense, be thou aware of the presence of the spirits whose dwelling is thy world, and whose employment is beauty. Other aspects they sometimes assume, but when thou shalt behold them in other forms, dread thou their anger and submit with patience—for they then come invested with terror and with power!"

From this time, at my will the spirit came. To my hand the wand of might as yet was not entrusted, but it was given me to know. The difficulties of learning vanished—the paths of science grew smooth and alluring—my way through the world seemed spread with flowers. It was as if circumstances were arranged by unseen hands to further my interests, or to increase my pleasures. With the voice ever beside me, I plunged into the heart of nature. Attended by the same teacher and guardian, I mingled in the business and the pursuits of men. I found instruction every where, and every where I gained the esteem and confidence of my equals, and that indefinite sentiment of respect or admiration, which is the unfailing tribute of inferior minds to the wise or energetic. Years passed away—years which yielded to my eager ambition the fruit of labor and diligence. Within their lapse, I had been called to the bar, and had acquired a reputation for eloquence and legal ability which seemed, as it really was, remarkable for so young a man. A shade of mystery attended my pursuits, and enhanced the popular enthusiasm. I had avoided publication, and it was therefore impossible that my merits could be deliberately investigated. Moreover, on occasions sufficiently exciting, the natural luxuriance of my imagination was accustomed to overspread my oratory, and the fervent energy of my temperament to diffuse itself through arguments for which I possessed the medium of clear and perspicuous language. It was graciously taken for granted, therefore, that more was in my power than I cared to display, and this was a faith which I was not unwilling to cherish. I stood high in my profession, and it was anticipated that I should advance yet higher. I was regarded as first in promise in my native state, and the period of my entrance into political life was looked to with prophecies full of triumph and of fame. The apparent eccentricities of my conduct were regarded with that indulgence—almost with that respect, which their association with acknowledged genius is certain to command. How at this time did I enjoy the glow of my youth, and the high advantages already within my grasp! I pursued with steadfast ambition my shining career, and my intercourse with mankind was a series of pleasures and applause. Yet my converse with spirits, and my delight in their revelations, continued unabated. They seemed to make my fortunes their peculiar care, and the only condition as yet annexed to their communications, or to their benefits, was, that neither should ever be revealed to mortal ear.

Time passed, and I rose to fame with rapidity wholly unexampled, even in a country which matures energy, and rewards its exertions, within a shorter lapse of time than is required for the same result in any other. I was already a candidate to represent a district of my native state in the national assembly, and my success was almost certain,

when, on an electioneering visit to the house of a country gentleman, and amidst the mirth and frolic of a ball given at his mansion to further my interests, I first looked on the perfection of human loveliness in the person of Mary Howard.

She was standing in the dance when my attention was first attracted to her figure, which, in itself light and beautiful, was particularly distinguished by a gracefulness so lithe and gliding, that it could hardly fail to arrest the eye of the most commonplace observer. If once she caught and fixed the gaze, the heart moreover became her property, and the reason was, that every moment more and more assured every delicate and generous sentiment of human nature, that Mary Howard was exactly what "woman ought to be." There was nothing of command about her. Her mien and manners, were full of blushing confidence in the kindness and good-will of all around her. And well might she feel such confidence, for I verily believe the first and only feelings she ever inspired, were love and the impulse of protection. How lingers my lost heart upon that exquisite loveliness! It was not that her proportions might have furnished inspiration to a Phidias—it was not that her paly auburn hair divided its glossy waves upon a forehead beautifully moulded, and delicately fair, or that her soft and regular features were cut into lines the most gracefully attractive—not that her lips were full of ruby life, or that her cheek upon its smooth and transparent surface wore the purest blush of the wild crab's blossom—but that, mingling with all these, and a thousand other enchantments, a serene and clear and happy expression diffused over her countenance the loving and calm and beneficent feelings of a heart unsullied by the world, and hallowed by the best and kindest impulses of native generosity and feminine goodness. There was no distinguishing strength of intellect in Mary Howard, but the *truth* of her character, the integrity, the beauty of her mind, were without defect or blemish. Her natural tendencies were all to the lovely, the refined, the pure. Learning had not taught her propensities, or guided and restrained her tastes; but, through their innate delicacy, they sought whatever was good and graceful, or full of truth and beauty—and her clinging dependence upon the love of others, and the earnest faithfulness of her own affections, gave to her nature a control over those of her associates, which a stronger intellect, if less endowed with moral loveliness, had vainly sought to acquire. Ah! if she did but raise those snowy lids, and dark and drooping lashes from the large and blue and petitioning eyes they veiled, it was not in human nature to resist their gentleness.

Here then was the very creature formed to hold my existence in enchantment. Mary Howard! Mary Howard! Were life to be prolonged to immortality, or memory passed through the Lethe of



Death, I never could forget thee! Never can I experience a diminution of the deep, and hallowed, and quenchless love, which only thou of all created beings couldst inspire! I loved her then—why veil the depths of a worn and wearied heart? I loved her, and I verily believe my passion was in proportion to her utter want of most of my own prominent traits and accomplishments. She was as timid as a fawn. She could follow my bolder mind and admire my strong and fearless character, but she herself possessed neither rapid invention, nor active courage. She was dependent—I could never bear control; her tastes were simple and untaught—mine, of far deeper energy, and infinitely polished. Perhaps it was self-love that first taught me to love her. I might look upon her as the clear and faithful mirror, which would reflect only my own brilliant individuality. But whatever might be its source, my affection was holy, pure and undivided. And from the moment which assured me that it was returned, my confidence of happiness equalled it in strength. I followed Mary Howard whithersoever she went. I seemed to live but in her presence—to know no music but her voice, no motive but her approbation. The poetry of my heart found a home in her soft temper, and beautiful dispositions. Affection for her rose into worship, because its object was better than the other individuals with whom we associated; and I grew in my own esteem, from the consciousness that I was capable of feelings so high and so devoted. I was at this time the happiest and most fortunate of men, for my election to a seat in the House of Representatives opened to me the lists of political action, and, after a short and prosperous suit, I was engaged to Mary Howard. Her father's approbation came of course; for old Mr. Howard was a man of the world, and I was already wealthy and distinguished.

Yes, those were happy days indeed, that I passed with her!—and the pictures they have left upon the tablets of memory, clear, bright, unsullied, though preserved through years whose changes might well have dimmed them—these pictures are all that remain to give me comfort! Happy were the days that ended at length so fatally!

It was a favorite fancy of mine to instruct the mind of Mary, and to expand her tastes; and in our morning and evening rambles, I delighted to pour from the full treasury of my own knowledge, wealth that she was eager to receive. Always she listened with pleased attention, but when my warm imagination and fervid eloquence at times out-spiced the pace of sober sense, her quiet smile, or arch comment, generally restored me to the mood of real and every-day life. I know not how it was, but even this occasional contradiction of my humor had its fascination. Confidence was established between us, and by degrees I began to consider the reserve even of my own thoughts injurious to one who concealed from me neither thought nor deed.

And when, in the scenes of natural beauty which we sought together, I became aware of the presence of my spirit-friends, I longed to communicate to her the knowledge and the spells which they had imparted. I longed to display to her charmed consciousness, the spirit-circulation through the hues of heaven, the spirit-breathings in the music of earth, the spirit-mingling with all the brightest sources of enjoyment. Oh! that, even then, when I was rapt in the contemplation of such existences as blend with the sun's rays, and the lustre of the stars, I had rather raised my thoughts to the solemn revolutions of unnumbered worlds, and the wondrous order of the sublime universe, and given up my heart to the worship of the One Great Cause, Support, and Governor of all. Day by day, grew in my mind the wish to confide to Mary Howard all my own sources of knowledge and delight. Never did we dwell together upon the tincture of a flower, never pause upon the sigh of the night-wind that seemed to breathe only to hush the world to deeper repose, or upon the rustle of scarcely-waving leaves, but I felt the communication rise to my lips, and the almost irresistible desire to discuss with my own dear Mary the subjects first in interest to me. Yet did I long withstand the temptation.

At length, one evening in early summer, when we had been roaming together through the rich mazes of many a green woodland, we stood at sunset upon the sloping lawn which spread along the western front of Mr. Howard's dwelling. Full foliated groups of stately trees interposed their screen between the house and the spot on which we purposely delayed. There were none to break in upon our conference. Never had my feelings towards Mary Howard been more tender. Never had my sense of nature's loveliness been more rapt than at this moment, when we gazed together upon the shining clouds, and watched their capricious forms, and shifting hues. Mary's eyes were raised to a snowy pile that floated towards the sunset.

Suddenly it assumed first a faint, and then a deeper rose-tint.

"How suddenly the color increases," said Mary.

"The spirit mingles with the cloud," I replied, unconsciously.

"The spirit?" said Mary with surprise, as she encountered my serious and quiet expression. "Of what are you speaking?" Quickly something almost of alarm was glassed upon her countenance. I recollected myself at once; but it was now too late. Could I refuse to her confiding heart the knowledge which was so intimately connected with my destiny? Could I answer her with falsehood? A thousand such thoughts rushed swiftly as light through my brain, and under their influence I began, though in faltering tones, the history of my intercourse with unseen agents. The color left Mary's cheek—her affright was impressed upon her face. But at this instant, with the tale but just begun

hanging trembling upon my lips, I became aware of the regard of one invisible, except his stern and piercing eyes, which were fixed upon me full of wrath. I felt that I grew pale—the words I was uttering died upon my tongue. I could only point to the cause of my agitation, and call the attention of my companion to—

“Those terrible eyes!”

Her startled exclamation brought me a little to myself. In another moment, the spirit-gaze had vanished, and unmanned as I was, I drew the arm of Mary through my own, and hurried her homewards without an attempt at explanation. I felt that in the revelation I had begun I had offended the spirits with whom I dealt, and it was easy, even in the midst of the terror and confusion created by this conviction, to perceive from the altered manner of Miss Howard, that I had filled her mind with doubts of my sanity. Timid, almost distrustful, she walked beside me in silence. I could discern that she was alarmed and distressed, and every way I felt upon the verge of ruin. When we reached the house, Miss Howard immediately left me, and when, alone, I had time to collect my thoughts, I reflected upon the extraordinary nature of the communication I had begun, and upon that of its sudden interruption. I saw that the one, so far from commanding belief, could only appear to Mary a madman's dream, and that the other must confirm such a suspicion. Should this impression remain upon her mind, who could limit its consequences? I might lose her affections—I must excite the apprehensions of her father. Our engagement would end disastrously, and so would every hope that could light my way through the world. I cursed my own imprudence. I wondered I had not foreseen how it would be. I considered the possibilities of undoing all that folly so unutterable had done. At length I devised a plan to cover my error. It was far from truth, but, though I felt the shame of this, I resolved to abide by it.

When Mary returned to the drawing-room, the family circle was formed, with the addition of some visitors. I found, however, an opportunity to approach her, and to rally her on her want of courage.

“I did but apply the slightest test this evening,” I said, laughing, “and I frightened you so much, that really I was alarmed myself at the effect. Was it not excellent acting?”

“What! then you were jesting?” Mary's eyes grew bright, and she added unconsciously the words,

“Thank Heaven!”

“Jesting? You have not fancied me in earnest all this time?”

“I knew not what to think,” answered Mary, now fully reassured. “I really almost feared you had ‘tint your reason a’thegither.’”

“Exactly,” I answered gaily. “I guessed as much, and hastened to undeceive you—I thought I

could not misinterpret your solemnity when you came in.”

This paltry falsehood was sufficient for the occasion, for Miss Howard was now indeed deceived. I felt how much it imported me to keep up the illusion, and during the whole evening I remained upon my guard. Gaily did that evening pass in light, and song and feast! It was the last bright evening of my life. The image of Mary Howard, as I then saw her, is still fresh upon my heart, and its beauty, its grace, its hues, would put to scorn the efforts of human art. Rich flowers glowed in her hair. Life, and light, and love were in her smile. In gazing upon her, in following the spirit of the social hour, I forgot the peril of my own condition. When I laid my head that night upon my pillow, my heart, still flushed from the scene I had left, was filled with a thousand glad images. Whence then came the dreams that followed? Restless, gloomy, and wild, they presented to my struggling fancy now a lonely landscape, chilled by the sullen breath of winter and over-arched by the expanse of heavy and moisture-laden clouds; and now they pent me in a black cell, girt with serpents and pervaded by the presence of Death, and then, through the livid gloom, appeared the pale and tortured features of my own young Mary Howard, and the spirit laughed to scorn her agonies. I asked the cause of all this misery, and silence answered me. I stretched my arms to draw that beautiful sufferer to the shelter of no un pitying breast. Alas! further—further—receding into the depths of the surrounding darkness—my Mary, still writhing and tormented, and pursued by the scoffing spirit, gradually and finally faded from my sight! I awoke—the beaded drops thick on my cold brow and quivering limbs—the blackness of night was faintly diminished by a paly and unnatural light, and through it gazed, intent and stern, the hard eyes of the spirit.

Was not this enough of terror? Not enough for my miserable destiny!

“Speak not!”—said the spirit. “Remonstrance will be vain. Remember the terms of our compact. It is just that you endure the penalty it secures to your offence! The fool who dared to penetrate mysteries beyond his nature, without strength of purpose to preserve him fortunate, deserves to suffer in silence.”

“What is my sentence?” I trembled as I demanded it.

“I had hoped—and they who are of my order, hoped with me—to find in your will and intellect exemption from the weakness, the folly, of your kind; and in making you our instrument, we designed to protect and strengthen your fate. And I—I loved you—not as your perishing clay loves, but with the favor of a loftier being. I sought your companionship, I made your wishes mine, and, could you have sustained the high part assigned you, your life



should have left a shining trace upon the course of ages. But all—all is forfeited!—and for what?"

"For what, indeed? How have I offended?"

"You have broken faith with immortals. You have attempted to confide their secrets to a creature of earth, scarce wakened into thought, who has yet been powerful enough to control your fate. You—the future statesman, the future guardian and idol of your country—you have betrayed immortals—you have sacrificed high fortunes—you have laid aside the obligations of truth and gratitude;—and all for a boy's fondness for a being endowed with scarcely common comprehension!"

"Name her not!" I exclaimed, thrilling with anger. "She is above both your destiny and mine, as the child—the protected—of Heaven."

"Be it so," answered the spirit. "Heaven's she will be, but never yours. Your eyes shall behold her departure for that hallowed realm, where only, if ever, your being can be associated with her's. On earth shall your course be lonely—your fortunes desolate. The spirit-world forsakes you. Men shall shrink from you. I leave with you the curse of a spell that shall be shaken off only with the clay that covers you!"

The eyes gazed no longer, the voice was gone. There was silence.

Then grew the very walls vocal with scoffs and laughter. Darkness grew thick even to heaviness;—and then I felt the cold and crawling touch of reptiles, the hiss, yea, the breath of serpents, and saw the faces of grinning fiends, and the gliding and successive exhibitions of all aspects of human agony. Thus was the night filled up; whether my waking soul yielded itself to the rack of such impressions, or sleep for a moment surrendered my nerves to the influence of yet wilder terrors.

But day—thanks be to God!—day breaks again, and again, and always over the deadliest excess of nightly anguish, and brings action, and light, and beauty, to mingle with all of suffering that human existence can comprehend! Day stole upon my life once more, and I rose to the world, and strove to shake off the terrors that hung upon me, and unnerved a frame not naturally feeble. I drew around me, like a mantle to exclude the rigors of winter, the consolations which still seemed to belong to my changed and miserable lot. Mary, in spite of the spirit's threatenings, was still my own. Time and submission might abate the severity of my sentence. I resolved to hope. Much was still in my power; and life, even should I depend upon my own resources, still offered me enough to satisfy a reasonable heart. I looked into the mirror before I left my chamber. True I did look pale, and wretchedly ill, and shaken; but this would—it must—wear off. I descended to the drawing-room. To the natural inquiries excited by my looks, I replied by feigning indisposition, and after a short interview with Mary, filled with the usual protesta-

tions on my side, and assurances on her's, not less sincere, I left the house of her father, oppressed by indefinite apprehensions.

Business demanded my attention in the capital of my native state. I was, as I have before said, a member of the bar, and distinguished in my profession. At this time I was counsel for a criminal in a case which had attracted much of the public interest, and it was to prepare my defence that I was now compelled to leave Miss Howard. A few days only remained before the trial would come on, but these sufficed to complete my preparations. But when these were all made, my mind turned upon itself, and so miserable were my reflections, that, when the day arrived which was to decide the fate of my client, I felt so ill, and so unnerved, that I doubted my power to plead his cause.

The hour drew near. I hurried along the streets, in vain endeavoring to curb my own emotions. I represented to myself the need I had of perfect self-government, at a time when a league of the most potent spirits was strong to destroy me. Alas! my safety was not in myself. Had I, even then, after my presumptuous search into mysteries which the Almighty veils in mercy from mankind, appealed to his protection, perhaps my fate, and the allied fate of one better and holier than I, might have found even upon earth safety and shelter. But I, who seem blindly to have rushed into every peril that could beset my path, I had been used to rest upon myself, and the pride of my soul overlooked this certain refuge. I spent an hour in fruitless endeavors to master myself. Alas!—whatever argument or effort I could bring to strengthen my enfeebled mind and shattered nerves, was opposed by deadly realities, which could neither be argued down nor controlled by force of will. The court bell rang. The habitual associations, with its sound, did more to break the spell that was upon me, than all the powers of reason had achieved. I hastened to the court. I took my place. There was a crowd in the house. The case was far from a desperate one—at least there were extenuating circumstances which marked it strongly, and it was full of interest. Nevertheless, the general sentiment was against the prisoner, for the charge was a grave one—it was that of murder. The prosecution was ably conducted, the evidence had arrested universal attention, my own reputation was high—every thing contributed to awaken and excite the crowd—and when I rose to give the criminal his last chance, I could hear a suppressed murmur, I could perceive a sort of simultaneous thrill of painful interest, agitate the assembly. I became roused and warmed by the accustomed scene, and its requisitions. I felt my own adequacy to fulfil them, and my miserable thoughts being for the time excluded by the sense of responsibility and the glow of humanity, I continued self-poised and collected. I proceeded naturally, and as if without

effort. I touched upon all the portions of the evidence, direct and circumstantial, which were calculated to exculpate my unhappy client. I was in the midst of my argument, the jury were evidently interested in my view of the case, the judge's countenance spoke against his will, when, Oh! irresistible Fate!—the form—the face of Mary Howard, in the struggle and grasp of Death, glided before my sight, and a voice whispered at my ear—

“Behold and tremble!”

I did behold this horrible vision. Every instant exaggerated its terrors. The next sentence I uttered was half a scream, and mingled some wretched allusion to the predominant impression with the words which had the previous moment been formed in my mind. The effect was as startling as it was absurd, and I sat down quelled and overwhelmed and perfectly unable to command another syllable. My evident agitation, my excessive paleness and hastily alleged illness, were all that saved me. As it was, it became apparent that I could not proceed, and pity took the place of contempt. One person offered me water; another observed, that when I entered the court, he had “noticed that I was colorless and feeble”; a third—a physician—recommended some restorative; and a fourth, administered to human vanity its most effectual cordial—a compliment upon the extraordinary strength of my defence as far as it had gone, and a caution “not to sacrifice the body to the mind.” A friend advised me to leave the court, and seek repose. But though fully alive to all that was passing, I could not move away. I was physically unable to make so great an exertion, and declining assistance I sat still, whilst another member of the bar, who had previously been engaged on the same side, took up the argument where I had left it. Even in the midst of my distress, I foresaw that he must lose the cause. All my strong points were thrown away; my clear statements, my touching eloquence, were unsupplied, and I had the anguish to find that all was over for the criminal. I attempted to rise—to make one more effort in his behalf—but I was now really too ill to speak. I heard the verdict—I heard the sentence—and, as I left the court supported by a legal brother, I caught the despairing glance of the condemned. I had myself thought his guilt greatly extenuated by the circumstances under which it was incurred, and that stony gaze passed from my soul no more. It became a perpetual reproach, and I felt as if his blood were on my head. I staggered forward, more weak and helpless than a child. Often, often did scenes, of less importance to others, but of like issue to myself, occur. At length suspicions that I “was not myself,” began to find language among my legal friends and in society, and assuredly they were justified by the sudden, unaccountable, and sometimes violent agitation, and incoherent expressions, caused by my singular and always inopportune visitings. Yet

the general conduct of my affairs seemed hardly to warrant so harsh a conclusion, and I continued to be regarded as the representative of my district. The time drew near when I was to take my seat in the Congress of the United States, and I still possessed the unchallenged right to it, although even I often heard in society intimations, not intended for my ear, which assured me of a general doubt of my sanity. Here then was ruin—unless I could command sufficient strength of mind to guard, under all circumstances, my manner and deportment. This, however, seemed impossible. I could not wholly control my own emotions, though perfectly conscious of the tendency of my inexplicable conduct. In the torturings of my fate and enemies, I suffered inflictions worse than those of the malady under which I was supposed to labor. I could find no relief—neither could I foresee any—and I would have resigned my seat in Congress, and with it every hope of political distinction, but that I desperately clung to the chances afforded by change of place and occupation.

A fortnight before the day appointed for our marriage, I visited Miss Howard. Her father did not at first appear, and Mary received me alone. I perceived in her manner considerable perturbation, although she evidently attempted to conceal it. Instantly I took alarm, and question and entreaty soon elicited what alone was necessary to complete my misfortunes. Mr. Howard, influenced by the insinuations of others, and also by his own observation of my habits, had doubtless strongly suspected my increasing insanity, and with reason dreaded to connect his daughter's welfare with mine. So much I inferred from his expressed determination that the marriage should be delayed until my return from the seat of government, although he had assigned reasons very inadequate to account for his decision, and had kept back his real motives with a delicacy for which even then I was grateful. Mary had been obliged to acquiesce, but whatever conclusions she might fairly have drawn from my frequent and abrupt transitions from the calm mood of social intercourse to one approaching madness, yet was she unchanged in feeling, and open and confiding in conduct. Had my lot been indeed that of a maniac, I believe in my soul that her devotion would have embraced it. Nothing could have been more distant from her intentions, than the abandonment of my declining fortunes. From a principle of filial duty, however, she had now yielded a point with which I fancied my whole future welfare intimately connected, and worn out with the relentless persecutions of my tormentors, I became irritated and unjust. Never can I forget the keen sense of misery which possessed my whole being as I thought, and said,

“And you too desert me!”—I could add no more; but that reproach comprehended every thing. I threw from me the hand I had held, and left the room



and the house. I had arrived late—our conference had lasted several hours—and black was the night into which I plunged, when I crossed the threshold. The wind raged with a groaning violence which seemed to accord with my own stormy wretchedness, and a mingled fall of rain and snow showered upon me a chill and penetrating moisture. I had left Miss Howard in an apartment bright and cheerful, and carefully warmed to a temperature that excluded winter. The tempest into which I threw myself was as rigorous as the future to which I was now abandoned. Heedless of its fury, but alive to its piercing influence, I strode onward to the gate, and was about to dash it open, when the sound of a light step plashing through the pools of water which lay in the walk behind me, arrested my haste. Could it be Mary's? With the apprehensions for her safety suggested by the wildness of the night, mingled a strange pleasure at the proof thus afforded of my power over her affections, and when she caught my arm and leaned upon me, half to prevent my departure, half for support against the violence of the storm, there was an end of bitterness. I hurried her back to the house. Explanations followed which quieted Mary, though they did not convince me. I was, however, permitted to argue my own cause with her father. He heard me with patience, and apparently with sympathy, but no persuasion could alter his resolve. He seemed to acquiesce in the promise of Mary, that our engagement should be fulfilled in the course of the coming spring, but this was all that could be obtained from him. Doubtless he trusted that before that period, the sole obstacle would either be wholly removed or become invincible. I grew angry, and my manner was warm. Mr. Howard likewise was displeased, but his deportment assumed a shade of cold forbearance at which I was enraged. I left the house full of wrath and disappointment; but not without exacting a vow from Mary, that, at the appointed time, with, or without her father's approbation, she would fulfil the promises which he had once consented to sanction. If now I disliked Mr. Howard, my feelings were charity and love, compared with those which I was soon to entertain toward him.

Congress was now in session, but I had delayed my journey to the seat of government in order to make Miss Howard my companion. Now there was no longer a reason to defer it, and I set forward full of gloomy anticipations. But before I went, I took leave of Mary, and that, thank God! with kindness, and in trust.

I reached Washington, and established myself in lodgings which I had previously secured. What was my indignation, when, a week after my arrival, I found that Albert Howard, the nephew of Mary's father, was also an inmate of the house! "Despatched no doubt by his respected uncle, to play the spy upon my infirmities!" This thought was in-

supportable, and I repelled by reserve or rudeness every advance which the youth could make me. It was in vain that he assured me of his desire to cultivate my friendship. I now beheld his every act through a medium which rendered candid judgment impossible, and though I have since discovered the motives which guided his conduct to have been in the highest degree fair and humane, I then ascribed to him only the spirit of rivalry, and the hope to rise upon my ruin. With such suspicions I could unite only the coldest, or the roughest resentment. I tried the first. It did not repulse the real kindness of Albert Howard. Then I put forth rudeness, sarcasm, almost contempt. I was surprised and irritated at his forbearance, for it plainly expressed what I could not endure.

In the meantime, however, there seemed to be a cessation of my woes. The conversation of the *elite* of the different states upon subjects of vital importance to them all—the new species of excitement and exertion to which I was now introduced, and the eagerness with which I applied myself to my present duties, seemed for a time to exclude all painful reflections.

A question was now before the house which involved the interests of a large portion of the community. It was a subject which I had carefully studied, and I designed to take part in its discussion. I threw my thoughts into form. I gave to their language beauty, ornament, finish. It was known that I intended to lay my views before the house, and a large auditory assembled, attracted by my double reputation for talent and eccentricity. I had now been for some time in Washington. I had endeavored to become generally known. I had exerted all my powers, in proportion to the need I felt that they should now make upon society a favorable impression. In the private circle, and in the public debate, I had alike endeavored to conciliate and to strike. Golden opinions I had already won, in spite of the prevalence of a suspicion which I knew I had not been able to leave at home; and returning confidence in my ability, and a disposition to indulge what now began to be styled my "oddities," were marked in the manner of all who approached me. To show the temper of society respecting me, I will recall a little conference which I heard one night at a ball, between an old lady and her very pretty daughter.

"Catherine," said the old lady, "who is the gentleman I saw you dancing with just now?—look!—the gentleman talking to Madame De P——?"

"It is Mr. Lindsay, mamma."

"Lindsay? what—the gentleman Mr. Romney was telling us of the other day, the clever representative from —, that every body thought was crazy?"

"Hush! mamma, or speak lower, at least. He'll hear you! He is no more crazy than you or I, and he's very eloquent moreover."

"I did not say he was crazy, dear—but he is odd. All people of genius are odd."

"Fancy Miss Howard's rejecting him, mother, because he is so singular!"

"A very silly reason, child. You wouldn't do so, Kate, would you?" said the arch mamma.

"Oh! pshaw, mamma!"

Secure of this sort of indulgence, I looked forward to the day of my speech as the epoch of a crowning triumph, and of mastery alike over myself and my fate. I hoped the persecution was worn out—the spirit appeased. The long interval of peace which had been allowed me, seemed to warrant this hope, and I entered upon my intellectual enterprise with confidence and strength. I delivered my exordium with effect—that I gathered from the faces of the male portion of my auditory, which assumed a gratified and approving expression; and with grace—as I judged from the smiles exchanged by the ladies. I proceeded with interest and self-command. I threw off the slight nervous tremor which I at first experienced, and entered into the argument with ease and temper. I grasped the subject, and its intricacies grew clear, and its truths began to be developed. My hearers were seized by the eloquence and the energy of my expositions, and I evidently possessed the attention and sympathy of the whole audience. But, in the midst of a warm appeal to their patriotism, while I strove to excite their enthusiasm, to hurry along with me their feelings, suddenly I paused. Mists seemed to rise around me, the death knell to sound in my ear, and a chant clear, ringing, and pathetic, to bewail the fate of my own beautiful and beloved Mary. Then passed before my eyes the funeral procession, the black hearse, the mourning attendants. I saw the grave—her grave—and the coffin lowered into it. The clouds rattled upon its lid, and at the sound, as I stood in the assembly of the nation, I shrieked aloud! Until the moment when I uttered this yell, I had stood with my hands clasped—my face convulsed and pale—my eyes fixed upon vacancy, and my hair erect with terror. Recalled by my own voice to a half sense of my existence, I gazed around upon the multitude, with a stupid stare of deficient comprehension, and then, slowly, and with an air of utter imbecility, left my place, and walked out of the hall. A murmur reached my ear as I departed. It was full of surprise—pity—regret. From that moment my fate was sealed, and thenceforward no one ever doubted my incurable insanity. From the bar and the senate it followed of course, that I should be forever excluded.

I had dragged myself to my lodgings ere the full sense of my ridiculous and painful position forced itself upon me. Then with the conviction that I was irretrievably lost—the sport of fiends—the pity and contempt of mankind—came the reflection that I had yielded myself the victim to illusion. I be-

gan hastily to retrace my steps towards the capitol, with the purpose of apology, and the resumption of my interrupted speech, as soon as that might be permitted, alleging sudden illness in excuse for my conduct, and forcing myself to bear out the assertion by rational and quiet deportment. Scarcely had I walked a hundred paces when I met Albert Howard.

"How are you now, Mr. Lindsay?" he asked, in a voice the modulation of which implied pity and interest. I could not endure either from him at this moment, and I answered fiercely,

"How is it, sir, that I can never stir abroad without finding you at my elbow? Just now you were in the capitol, and now I have you dogging me to my lodgings. Mr. Howard, if your own affairs are too unimportant to absorb your attention, let me at least beseech you not to extend it to mine."

"I mean you no offence," replied Albert. "I saw that you were ill, and therefore followed you."

"To be a spy upon my *eccentricities*?" I cried, losing all self-command at this ill-timed intimation. "To report to your uncle the infirmities which you trust are sufficient to ruin me? Stand out of my way, sir!"

"You are not yourself at present, Lindsay. We can settle all this at another time," answered the young man, quietly.

"Not myself?" I thundered. "Do you dare to say that?" I seized his arm, and fixed upon him a threatening gaze. "Do you dare to think that I am mad," I added after an instant's pause, and I ground my teeth together. Then dreading to encounter a further temptation, I threw him forcibly from me. He had not anticipated violence, and the strength I put forth in the effort to free myself from him was greater than I had myself conceived. He fell. His head struck against the wall of a house, and he lay upon the pavement, bleeding and insensible.

I was shocked—startled—cooled. Two gentlemen who came up at this moment, lifted the luckless Albert from the ground, called a coach, and sent for a physician. One of them accompanied Howard to his lodgings, and the other without difficulty persuaded me to return to mine. That evening I learned that Mr. Howard was much better, that though bruised by the fall he had not been seriously injured—and early next morning he left the city. Whither he was going I could not doubt, but I could think of no measure likely to counteract his design. I passed some days in a state little short of distraction. At last the post brought me a letter. I divined its contents before I opened it. It was from the elder Howard. It began by alluding to the hopes he had once indulged of finding in me a son and a friend. It expressed the deepest regret at the overthrow of those anticipations—anticipations upon which he had dwelt as long as reason and duty could justify his entertainment of



them. His daughter, he added, had now been for months the prey to anxieties, which, in themselves fruitless, were also undermining her health. She had begged her cousin to seek my society—to watch over me—to wean me if possible from my “eccentricities.” How I had repaid the kindness of his nephew, must be fresh in my memory. He was himself resolved, by a timely, though severe stroke, to arrest the misfortunes that threatened him, and to restore his family to peace. He must, with whatever distress the measure might be accompanied, decline an alliance with me, and request that I would see Miss Howard no more. Time would, he trusted, efface the past from her heart, and, at all events, nothing which could befall her, could include more of evil than the marriage which, it was his duty to assure me, could never be permitted.

I raved—I tore my hair. I was now indeed the madman I had hitherto only been supposed to be. The inmates of the house where I lodged became alarmed. Assistance was summoned, my family received information of my condition, and within a brief space I was consigned to that horrible abode from which alone of all the dwellings of mankind, Hope seems to be excluded.

Here I submitted—no! I did not submit, but I underwent every form of privation, and the last infliction in the hand of degradation. I fed on bread and water. I was chained upon straw. If, even in the dead midnight, when the dog that is spurned by day may howl unmolested—when I remembered my beautiful hopes, and felt their wreck—if even then, in the weakness of human misery, I raised my voice in lamentation, the lash—aye, hear it, God and man! the lash answered my groanings, and the fierce contest between the oppressed and the oppressor aroused the wailings of those wretched inmates of the cells around me, to whose pangs sleep had vouchsafed a temporary oblivion. But could all this endure whilst I possessed the nerves, and sinews, and brain of a man? Oh! never believe it—never fancy that I could be restrained by human bonds. I escaped. I say, I escaped; and what was my aim, and what my destination? Can a human heart frame such a question? Was I not bound to fulfil my compact with Mary? Had I not before me the task of revenge? Against her father? No! I would not have harmed one silver hair on the head of one who was dear to *her*. But the brother—my brother—my friend from the cradle, who had delivered me over to the cell and the scourge! Could you not guess? How could any one doubt?

I do not know how I reached my native state. All my way I thought of what would be, and not of what was. Therefore there is a blank in my memory until I reached home. No, not home—it was the residence of Mr. Howard. I could not attend to the fate of my brother until after the marriage.

And now I was come, the house was too dark for a bridal.

I stood upon the sear turf, and below the leafless trees, and my heart swelled until I felt choked. It was night, but the entry was lightless. I paused in the darkness, and shivered—less from the chill of a bleak March evening, than from dim and indefinite apprehensions. At length my very fears gave me power. I entered the house—I threw open the parlor door. The fire had burnt out, and the lamps had not been lighted. In the next apartment were fire and lights, but no human presence, and a chair lay upon the floor, overthrown by some hasty exit. I returned to the dark hall. I listened. At first I thought the silence would have killed me. Then I heard sobs. I was sure I heard sobs, and forgetful of all but the image habitually in my heart, I ran up the stair. It was dark; but on the landing place of the second story, as I paused sick with forebodings, I beheld a pale gleam steal along the wall. It was sufficient to give to my vision a hand white and wan, and pointing to a door at the further end of the passage, whence issued a streak of light. I hurried forward. I threw that door open, and beheld all that it could ever import me to see again.

She was dying, but not in agony—Oh! no, thank Heaven! not in agony. The spirits had no power upon her innocence. She lay pale, soft, composed—the faint breath quivering on slightly parted lips. So dear, so young, so pure! so good beyond all the goodness of this world! Could I shriek *then?* *then* when it was real—when all that I loved, or that loved me, was passing away from the very world that I inhabited? No—no—no! there was nothing of all this. My heart was broken—my nature quelled! I had nothing further of resistance for fate. I stole forward, unopposed by father, mother, or physician—their surprise was too sudden, or their grief too intense, or, perhaps, Death, that calms all things, had power on them—I drew near to my dying Mary; I placed my arm gently, gently around her—I laid my cheek against hers—I sought, with humble and trembling lips, to know if the breath of life still dwelt in that dear form. And whilst I thus bent, and strove to say one word of fondness—to ask one—one more tone that I should never hear again—whilst my soul formed thoughts of gushing and passionate love, that my anguish failed to tell her—whilst I knelt at her side, and would have died a thousand deaths to save her—one soft, faint, quivering sigh, with which sleep might have fanned the lip of childhood, fluttered over my cheek, and ceased. I had received the last breath of the only being I loved.

One moment more to assure me that all was over! Reverently, I pressed a single, long, and tender kiss upon the still warm lips of my beloved, and then I made way for the father and mother. They could not harm us now.

That night I hid in the forest. I wept, oh! wept in the very tenderness of sorrow, even till the morning sun shone once more upon the world. That night I lived over all the hours I had past with Mary. I sometimes so lost myself in the remembrance of her innocent beauty, her gentleness of mirth, that a smile stealing over my swollen features would remind me of my desolation. I tried to remember all that we had thought, and spoken together; and if I could recall aught in my deeds or language that had pained her, I wept again in agony of heart. But the sun came again, and brought the memory of a wild and terrible purpose, and I dried my tears, and bent my steps to my home.

It was night when I arrived there too, though I travelled fast—deep night, and my father's doors were locked against me. But the old man was dead. If he had lived, I think I could have laid my head upon his bosom, and sobbed my soul to sleep!

I climbed to a window. I raised it softly, and sprang in. Silently I won my way through the well known house. I went first to my own accustomed room. A lamp burned upon a table. My desk, my furniture, my very arms remained in the places where I had left them. Reverence seemed to have guarded every vestige of my former self, whilst I had been groaning in madness worse than death. I took up a knife that lay on the table, but my hands shook. I had feelings revived by the sight of the care that preserved my memory, which I had fancied were dead forever! But the scourge!

I heard breathings, soft and quiet; I turned to the couch. There slept the brother who had given me over to torment! I drew near, and bent over him. There, then, he slept, quietly as when in the days of boyhood I had shared his resting-place, and loved him as my soul—his head resting as it then was wont upon his arm. Ah! how the spell of those days came over me! the happy days when we walked together, half embraced in fraternal arms, or together loitered at our father's knee! There were but two of us, and how he loved us! how equally did we share his fondness! Whether we played in the summer shade, or heard the evening story by the winter hearth, still were we ever together, ever bound by the same links of brotherly affection. Even when diversity of pursuits would sever us for the day, how side by side on this couch had we lain, and recounted to each other, at night, all it had brought of pleasure or of interest. I thought of this brother in after years, when I had watched by his fevered bed, and felt that if he were lost to me, the wide world could not supply to me his place. I thought of him beside our father's grave, and in our after union of kindred grief, how we had ever been knit together in love, and how for the other either would have died. Had he waked then, I think I should have

forgotten all injury, and wept with him, in full confidence of sympathy for all I had lost in Mary. As it was, I could not harm him! He was my brother—the mate of my childhood—the friend and support of my youth. The world has no tie more sacred, and now, in my weakness of heart—my destitution of affection, I *could not* loose it. I pressed with my lips the brow of my living brother, as I had done the night before the lips of my dead Mary, and I passed from his chamber, and from my father's roof forever.

I know not what yearning of the heart led me back to what had been the home of Mary Howard, but the morning of the third day after that of her death found me hunting the wood-paths we had trod together, and catching from whatever point it was possible, a view of that dwelling in which she still lay in the cold, cold slumber of death. I dared no more draw near it. But when the sun was high in the heavens, I chanced to stand upon the edge of a coppice from which the front of the house was clearly visible. A black vehicle with its sable horses and a long line of other carriages, told too plainly what as yet my heart had not foreseen. They would bear to the dim and silent grave that young and fair form in which my sum of hope had been comprehended! I threw myself upon the ground, and "wept bitterly." Alas! how full of tears has been my life since then.

I rose, for the train passed near enough to my resting-place to rouse me from my passion of distress. At a distance, I followed to the old churchyard the procession, in which many were wretched—but *not* miserable like me. I hid myself in a corner of the yard behind a tomb, and there, subdued and quiet, I heard the words which consigned her to the dust. I heard the first shovelful of earth that rattled upon her coffin, but then I could bear no more. I hurried, torn, wan, mad as I was, to the side of that grave. I knelt beside it. I stretched my hands to the attendants, and prayed them to bury with her, me, and all my miseries!

Her father's eyes overflowed—his lips were white and trembling—and yet he could deny me this last prayer! They approached—they laid upon me violent hands. I could not mar the peace of *her* obsequies. They filled up *her* grave, they buried *her* out of my sight, and led me away unresisting! I am again in my cell, but my spirit is broken, and I submit in silence!

\* \* \* \* \*

"And what became of your patient, Dr. Milman? He seems to have been mad after no common fashion."

"He died, sir, two years ago, and was buried in the city. His brother happened to be here at the time."

"Is it possible that his attendants could be careless enough to permit his escape in the manner described in his manuscript?"



"Oh! dear me, no, indeed!—never was out of the asylum a night after he came into it. But don't you see that the whole tale is an invention of his own, in which he figures as hero? Never was "first in promise in his native state!" Oh! no—nothing of the sort!—never was a lawyer; and if he ever was in the Hall of Representatives as an auditor, that was as much. Same way about the "scourge," which he says he endured here. There's not such an article about the house. But he himself was fully persuaded of the truth of the whole romance."

"And was it disappointed affection that caused Miss Howard's death?"

"Death? why, sir, she is alive and merry! Bless me! sir, in our days, young ladies are much too sensible to die for love—especially for love of a fellow too crazy to understand the sentiment of the catastrophe. No, indeed. Miss Howard acquired a deal of celebrity by the fact of Lindsay's running mad because she refused his hand."

"Did she refuse it?"

"Yes, certainly. Their engagement was only one of his fancies. As I told you, the eclat of his derangement, rendered Miss Mary quite a belle, and she is now the fashionable Mrs. St. Quentin of South-Carolina."

"And yet how much of delicate feeling and beautiful thought may have mingled with this poor fellow's wanderings," I thought—and I regarded Dr. Milman's merriment with some disgust, and with wonder that we can so thoroughly deaden our apprehension of our fellow-creature's sufferings—especially when to those sufferings we ourselves are liable. For the rest of the evening, I was sad and absent, and the physician and I parted mutually displeased. I felt that he considered me a romantic blockhead, for what he probably thought "a waste of sentiment"—whilst, on my side, I confess, as I walked to my lodgings, I found sundry ugly words, such as "brute," "callous dog," &c. &c., upon the very tip of my tongue. But the world judges variously, and probably more will be found to sympathise with Dr. Milman, than to partake the sorrowful interest with which I had listened to the "Manuscript of Mr. Lindsay." T. H. E.

### LINES.

#### ON THE DEATH OF CAPT. M. M. DOX, LATE OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

Friend of my youth! whom thoughts of other years,  
When life was young, and hope was new, endears—  
Thy solemn change, where all that live must go,  
Strikes on my heart a salutary woe.  
Oft have I known thee, in the social hour,  
When mirth and conversation owned thy power;  
Or, with one heart, we lingered to explore  
Geneva's woodlands, or Ontario's shore:  
Oft books or men employed the leisure thought,  
Who wrote most happy, who most gallant fought,

Or cogitating plans, left all undone,  
How fame is earned, or fortune may be won;  
To read, to muse, to meditate, to sigh,  
We thought of all, but how with faith to die.

Long severed by the varied course of time,  
By lands remote, by fortune, care and clime,  
What, once in youth, no terrors could impart,  
Fate brings with sad sensations to my heart:  
Hope's brittle thread, is severed at a breath,  
And all that meets the gazing eye is death.

Arms drew thee forth, when late thy country saw  
Right raised on arrogance, power stamp'd as law;  
But me crewhile, a wayward fortune drew,  
Long streams to traverse—boundless plains to view;  
While now on arts, and now on letters cast,  
Hope bore me lightsome on the western blast;  
I but return to honor, with the brave,  
A friend's—a patriot's—and a soldier's grave.

H. R. S.

### THE PASTOR.

"But love in man is one deep principle,  
Which like a root grown in a rifted rock,  
Abides the tempest."

The house to which I was going, was situated about three quarters of a mile from the village of G—, in the north-western part of South Carolina. It is the parsonage attached to St. Luke's church, which at a short distance on the opposite side of the road, lifts its light but beautiful spire amid the thick groves which surround it. If the reader has ever passed through G—, he cannot but remember the parsonage of St. Luke. It is a simple, cottage-like dwelling; so neat, so unassuming, that the thought ever arises, that this is the abode of peace—its tenant cannot be an *ambitious* man; he must be *good*. It looks so retired, so shut out from the noisy world, that an aspiring man would not choose it for his home; and he who could choose it, would here learn goodness, learn to love that God who, it always seemed to me, had sanctified that spot, and so adorned it that no one could help looking up to Him who made the breath of its flowers incense and their delicate tints beautiful beyond the master touches of an Apelles.

A long avenue of slender and stately poplars leads up to the garden, within whose neat, white, green-topped pales, luxuriate two gorgeous magnolias, several tall loriodendrous, the ever verdant live oak and several other clustering trees. About the piazza, clustered the woodbine, the jessamine and the wild rose. It was apparent that the taste of the inhabitants had been put in constant requisition to render it so delightful and pleasant.

As the day had been burning hot, and the rays of a June sun yet glancing along the white sandy road, I preferred a longer path, which followed the clear, slow brook at the south, and just as the sun was preparing to dip his broad disk in the west, I opened the gate which led me to the house. Advanc-

ing, I was met by an old servant, who with a noiseless step, led me to the retired room of his master. The door was open, and as I entered, the greetings of my friend welcomed me. He did not rise from the sofa on which he was reclining, but extending his thin white hand, gave my own a gentle pressure which told his sincere joy at my approach. "Oh," said he, "I am so glad to see you, so glad that you have come at this time. I feel so well that I long for some one to talk with. My reveries have been unusually sweet, and when I am in this mood my bosom yearns for a kindred spirit to share its thoughts. I have often told you that my life has been a sad one—the cup which my father," and he laid a holy emphasis on the word father, "the cup which my father mingled for me was deeply drugged with bitterness—Oh! I have often thought it was *too* bitter, and before I learned that it was *He* who mingled the draught, I murmured, nay, I almost cursed its Author. But now, I know it was well—death will soon release me; and now after so much earthliness and woe, heaven seems *so* bright, the storm and the tempest which have howled around me, have spent their rage, and now, the haven lies before me, clear as crystal—reposing in the calmness of heaven's blue; and I feel as if wafted onward, *onward* by the breath of love to yonder bright world where the weary rest. Yes, where in a few days *I* shall rest," and he repeated, "where the wicked cease to trouble and where the weary rest." And his countenance beamed with a soft and hallowed radiance, which made him look more like a redeemed one—a seraph, than a man.

I was so frequent a visiter at C——'s house, that this apparently abrupt reference to his feelings and prospects of death, seemed not strange. We had often talked about it before, and as I possessed his full confidence, he frequently conversed with me as with another self, so that it all appeared quite natural. The sofa on which he lay had been wheeled round so as to secure a view of the dying day and catch the zephyr as it entered the window loaded with the breath of the fragrant pine. Never did the day depart more gloriously. The sky above was of the deepest blue, while it became fainter and fainter as it approached the tomb of the king of light, and gathering around him, it melted into the pure silvery whiteness of angels' robes. Between the tall trees you could see his fiery wheel resting on the earth, while his golden rays shot forth with all the splendor of oriental richness. The clouds were scattered around. There was one almost white, save a gentle tint such as is only seen to mantle the matchless cheek of innocence and beauty—others of a still deeper hue, and here and there one so wreathed, as to gather a hundred shades from the deep purple to the softest yellow; and over in the south, there was one deep and black, whose edges were fiery red, looking like a grim and guilty monster cowering in the presence of Truth.

Wishing to encourage him, I took up only the last idea which my friend had alluded to; I congratulated him on his increased strength and change for the better, which I thought was apparent in his countenance. I took his hand, and intreated him not to give way to such reveries, as it would have a tendency to retard his recovery, which I endeavored to assure him would take place. "Your strength is increasing—your countenance wears a more glowing and healthy hue—you have survived the winter and the changes of spring; summer must insure your health." Looking at me very earnestly, he replied, "I know you are anxious for my life, and what we desire much we easily persuade ourselves will take place according to our wishes. But *I feel* that it will not. I am indeed stronger this evening, but there is something which comes over me with the overpowering conviction of inspiration, telling me that my sands are almost shaken through. Look upon that scene. Because the heavens look so beautiful, do you say that it betokens light and joy? Will not darkness soon ensue? May not yonder dark cloud, now indeed shrinking, be fraught with woe and roll up in the heavens but to pour destruction upon the crouching earth? The night of tempest follows the sunniest day—the wildest storm comes after the most unbroken calm—the bird of the lake warbles her loveliest notes with her parting breath! And what is this! this strength—this unwonted energy—this refreshing calm upon my spirit,—it presages my journey through the valley of death—its shadow will soon enshroud me. But I know that *beyond* there is peace! The golden cords of life are even now breaking, and the loosed spirit seems to be hovering!"

I was silenced. His voice and manner so unusual, so supernatural, convinced me that he must be right. I paused, not attempting to reply, for I felt that it was wrong to endeavor to persuade him to believe that he must remain on earth, when the glory of heaven had already kindled upon his vision.

As he ceased speaking, a beautiful girl of about fourteen or fifteen, came bounding towards the house, her large straw flat hanging behind her back, and her dark brown hair tumbling in careless but beautiful negligence upon her snowy neck and bosom—her hand holding a rich boquet which she had just been gathering. On she bounded, a handsome spaniel, her only companion, gambolling at her side. C—— saw her. "Here comes my little Kate," said he; "poor child, she realizes not how soon she is to be deprived of her only guardian. I have told her I must soon leave her all alone; and when she thinks of it, it seems as if her heart would break; but still, like you, she says she knows I will get well. God be with her—I leave her in a world full of temptations and sorrow."

Kate soon entered. She came to me and gave



me the usual token of gratulation, and then going to C—— put one arm about his neck. He asked her where she had been. She replied, at the same time handing him the little bouquet which she said she had gathered for him, and that they were the prettiest she could find. She saw that he was sorrowful, and suspected the subject on which we had been talking; the very thought of which broke up the fountains of her sorrow. She hid her face upon his bosom, and as she did so the full sparkling eye of C—— filled with tears—Kate looked up and saw it—he kissed her pale forehead, and said, “Father will not be here long: Kate can then only throw her flowers upon his grave.” This was too much. She threw both arms about his neck and sobbed stifledly, as though her heart would break. The tears of C—— fell upon her dark tresses, for they wept together. Never did I behold a scene more touching. Could I help weeping? I did not, for the salt tears would flow. Oh! thought I, who can tell the strong feelings which bind hearts together! who can speak the woe which wrings the soul of man when the cords which bind him to the only object of his love are to be severed!

Truly when waters gush from a man’s heart—from the rock—the blow which calls them forth is not light! C—— did not weep for himself, but he wept for the ORPHAN.

After some time he was composed; and after long soothing, the weeping Kate was prevailed upon to dry her tears, to leave the room, and endeavor to still her agitated feelings by attending to some of her little duties. C—— gave her one more kiss, and again we were alone.

It would have been unholy in me to have broken the silence which ensued for a few moments after. I thought of the deep grief which a fond *father’s* heart must feel when about to leave a loved child—an innocent and lovely daughter, to brave, aye to *bend* beneath the storms of *the world*—and I scarcely breathed. He covered his face with his hand during this pause, and broke it by the half-inquiring, half-ejaculated words, “Who will take her—will any one love her as I have done?” I would have replied, but turning to me, he said, “Mr. Morris, you are to be my executor—will you take her—will you be a father to her? In the home of my solitude she has been my all, and I know that I have been all to her, but I must soon go—will you take her, and shall she be to you as one of your own children? I will not ask you if you will love her: if you consent to take her, you cannot help doing so, she is so lovely. She will in turn render the affection of a daughter.”

I soothed C—— as well as I was able, assuring him that all should be as he desired, and that the only thing which had kept me from proposing the guardianship of the lovely Kate myself, was the delicacy I felt in entering into an arrangement, which could only be founded upon the supposition

of his speedy death—a subject from which I had assiduously endeavored to turn his mind, as I feared it would only have a tendency to hasten his end.

C——, since his constitution had become so much shattered, was occasionally betrayed into expressions of feelings which would almost seem womanly. But by an exertion characteristic of his native energy, he composed himself, and begged me not to think him weak—saying, “It is a failing which has for a few years past got the mastery of me. But you know that the waters will burst from the fountain whose bounds have once been broken.”

With great freedom, he talked with me concerning the settlement of his affairs after death. He had not been engaged in any worldly business, and his fortune, which sufficiently ample, was invested in such a way as to require only one or two papers to settle it upon his only heir—the young and lovely Kate. And it was decided that this lovely angel should hold the relation to me of a daughter. The fortune was settled upon her, inalienably to be commanded by her at the age of twenty.

Just before going away, C—— asked me to call again the following evening. Said he, “You have been my most, nay, my only intimate friend, since the blue wave of the Atlantic wafted me from the home of my joy and sorrow, to seek a home and a grave among strangers. You have heard me say that my life has been sorrowful—that my pathway to the tomb has been planted with thorns—that the cup of existence which sparkled as I touched it to my lip, turned to gall and wormwood as I quaffed it. I have told you my object in settling in this retired place; that it was to banish from my mind *the great world*, and by my humble efforts, in the character of a quit pastor, to instruct in holiness and bless by my ministrations the people of my little flock—trusting thus to find that peace which I know religion alone can afford, and at last to pillow this weary head in a secluded spot—far—far, from the ambitious crowd. But you have not heard my history; and you know not the history of the beautiful one whom you are about to take when I am gone. You say, and I know you *will* be a father to her. You should then know her history; and in learning her’s, it will be mine you will know, for *they are interwoven*. Come to-morrow evening and you shall know all, remembering that it is for your own ear, or at least till Catharine sleeps at my side. It is to be the secret of your own breast. It is strange that I should love her so—but it is so—she is the only star which has peered through the clouds which have so long curtained my sky, and without which all would have been despair—rivers could not quench the ardor of my love—she is so like *her mother—if she were*”—Here he stopped, and then added; “But come to-morrow, and you shall know a history which is now known only to this breast and to Him whose throne is yonder.”

A mutual pressure of the hand, and we parted. In my walk home my thoughts were strange and sorrowful. Strange, for some of the last remarks of C—— had been ambiguous, and I thought, incoherent. "Strange that I should love her so"—repeating his words several times—an only daughter—so beautiful—a mind so beyond her years, and withal so ardently attached that she seems to joy and live only in his smile—what can he mean! I was sad, when I thought how soon that one whose presence had always been so pleasant, should be removed just when I had most learned to value his friendship. It had been a long time before any one seemed in the smallest degree to share any of his private feelings. Although his manners were such that he could enter almost immediately and instinctively by kindly sympathy into the hearts of the people amongst whom he labored, yet his own was shut. Many was the time he had dried the widow's tear and hushed the sigh of the orphan, and led the despairing and the wretched to the well-spring of life. But it was only within a short time that he had revealed so much of his own feelings as to create—that knitter of all hearts—that cement of kindred souls—*mutual sympathy*—and I, perhaps, was more fortunate in this than all others, and happy was I in sharing the sacredness of such a heart.

I had scarcely reached home when the clouds rolled up from the south, and all the elements seemed to mingle in the fury of a tropic tempest. And as I lay upon my bed and heard the demon of the storm and saw the quick lightning which lighted him to destruction, I thought of the predictions of my friend, that the brightness on his cheek was but the presage of the shadow of the tomb—the quiet of his mind, the herald of the death-struggle!

The next day I was again at the side of C——. He looked paler than on the preceding. He had just arisen from his bed, where he had been all day, and upon which, as he said, he had spent a restless night. Here was the wreck of a fine form—noble however even as a wreck! His stature was tall; his form, once of elegant proportion, was now too attenuated; his jet black hair, once thick, was now long and smoothed back, exposing an ample forehead, which like all the rest of his face, was of marble whiteness, save the *hectic spot*. His deep, dark eye, sometimes flashed with unearthly brightness, and on his persuasive lip there seemed to lay that Demosthenic power which can sway the soul and touch every chord of the human heart.

His mood was more melancholy than the evening before, yet he received me with his usual warmth. Kate, as she had seen me enter, came into the room to greet me. I thought I could perceive, by the way she came to me and extended her hand, that C—— had already told her that in me she was to find her future guardian. After speaking a few kind words to her, she went over to C——.

She could not help seeing that he was paler than usual, and that a dark cloud shadowed his brow. She stood by him, and as their eyes met, her bosom heaved, and she tried to repress the rising tear,—it would come—the big drop rested upon her pale cheek—the dew-drop upon the lily. She immediately left the room. It was to weep alone. Alas! how much of sorrow is shut out from the eye of mortals—how often does even the youthful heart gush with woe when the world thinks that there is naught there but light and joy.

C—— immediately introduced the subject referred to on the evening before; saying, "I would gladly defer it, as I am so much exhausted now, that I fear I shall not be able to relate all. It is best however to go on; I will not be stronger again; and to-morrow it will be too late."

"The early history of my life you know. I have told you of the green banks of the beautiful Ewell—its gentle flow—its lucid waters—the wild hills which are heaped around it. There were the haunts of my youth; there the spring tide of my life went leaping onward like its clear green waves, and my joy was as unbroken as its own smooth waters. Happy, thrice happy would I have been, had I never left that Elysium—never sighed for other sounds than the gentle rush of its wavelets as they kissed its verdant banks. Oh! my early hours, I now see thee through the vista of years, beautiful as a dream. Oasis in the desert of my life! But the world beckoned—Fame called; and listening to her hollow voice, I left my early home—I left happiness."

"My parents were not so circumstanced as to be able to give me a liberal education; but a childless uncle by my mother's side, ardently attached to the established church, desirous of having some one of his own name in holy orders, offered, if I would devote my life to the church, to furnish me with the means of obtaining proper preparation for entering upon so important an office. I gladly accepted his proposals; for my ambition was on fire; surplices, lawn sleeves, mitres, visited me in my dreams; and I already saw listening multitudes hanging upon my eloquence. A situation so far beyond all that I had imaged forth in my brightest dreams of the future, intoxicated me, and I commenced my career with hopes such as only an enthusiast could ever nurture. My preparatory studies were carried on at no great distance from home, and I was frequently suffered to visit my parents and friends. Five or six times every year, was I permitted to go and receive a father's instruction, a mother's prayers and words of sweet encouragement. But there was more than this to draw me from my studies, in which I engaged with all the ardor which ever ambition fanned. There was *one* dearer to me than all others. My father's counsels I respected; my mother's prayers moved my heart, and her words, words such as only a



mother can speak, drew tears from my eyes and promises that I would be all that she wished. But there was *one*, whose smile swayed me as with the power of divinity—nay, to me it was divinity!—My lips sometimes confessed another, and I had formally devoted myself to another and higher Being; but *my heart* owned but *her*; she was the circle where my passions moved. She was the sun of my affections—to possess her love was to bask in unsullied happiness. And I *did* possess that love. Though young, we were already plighted; and never did I visit my early home but we vowed and re-vowed that death alone should tear away the cords which bound us together—More! we thought that there was but one heart—one soul within two bodies! I received her look and word of approval and encouragement every time we met; and many a time did the future unroll before us its scenes of honor and unsullied happiness. No cloud curtain-ed the bright view. At length I was to leave, and finish my studies on the continent. Sad, sad indeed was the hour of our separation. That night I shall never forget. It is before me now, as though years had not intervened. The remembrance of last night is less vivid. The air was still—we moved on, taking our last walk together—we were both silent, silent—for our hearts were too full for words. Words were impotent—our affections mingled—we felt that our hearts communed! All was still save our own foot-fall, and now and then the song of some night-bird, or the whispering sounds of the waves of Ewell, as they washed its banks. We were upon its banks. A lofty clustering oak spread its branches above us; we seated ourselves upon its jutting roots, and the bright moon was flinging its glittering jewels upon the river before us, and as they fell upon its rippled surface a thousand flashing rays met the eye. But what was this to me! There was one near me, without whom that night had lost the brightest gem of its coronet.

“How we came there, we could not say. We had wandered we knew not where; but as if by instinct we were on the spot where we had plighted our troth. We looked not upon each other; her head leaned upon my bosom, and my eyes were turned heavenward. I don’t know why, but a horrid thought entered my mind that our union would not be *here*, but *there*! I tried to banish the thought, and as she breathed my name, I *did* banish it; she told me to hasten my return—I promised—and here, where we first owned our love, we again pledged our constancy to each other; not that we doubted, but because *we loved to hear that vow*. I drew from my finger a ring, and passing it upon one of her own, I bade her remember the night on which it was placed there; she pressed it to her lips as her only answer. And as we both looked up to the deep, calm sky, we prayed for each other with all the eloquence of unuttered and unutterable

thoughts, and we thought we heard an answer as the breeze swept along the sky.

“Slowly we returned together—silently the tears chased each other down her pale cheek. She spoke not all the way home, nor did she then; we lingered until compelled to part. She tried to whisper farewell, but utterance was choked. I impressed a deep kiss upon her lips, and tore myself away. Oh! how beautiful was that last look—I saw it by the moon beams as they fell upon her suffused cheeks. That look! it went with me—it first cheered me, if in after years it tortured me—and now it sometimes rises before me in my dreams, and I am unmanned. Oh God! would that we had never parted, or that with that hour we had ceased to be.”

C— was here almost too much overcome to speak. I reached him a glass of water, and begged him to defer the narrative until some other day, when he might be stronger. He paused for some time,—his eyes closed—he pressed his hand upon his brow, on which the large drops were gathering, as though fearful it would burst. I bathed his temples and hands, and it was nearly an hour before he got over the exhaustion, or rather shock, which his frame received by the rush of painful thoughts. After the paroxysm had passed, he seemed even better than before. I urged him again to wait until some other time; but he replied ‘that it was best now,’ and he continued:

“I was on the continent. Weeks and months passed, and I heard no tidings from Catharine. Dark and horrid dreams soon haunted me. I had written to her again and again, but no answer was returned. Was she faithless? Impossible. Was she dead? The thought was bliss in comparison with the former, for then I could not doubt her love, and I fancied her a ministering spirit ever around me. When wearied with intense study, she was near me cooling the fever of my burning brow. When at night, I gazed upon the bright heavens, and “the thoughts which wander through eternity” went travelling forth, our hearts united—her warm kisses would be upon my cheek, and her sweet voice, like the echo of distant music, filled my ear and soul with ecstasy. For three long years I lived a life of mingled hope and despair. There were many reasons at that time, when Europe was so unsettled, of accounting for the miscarriage of many of her letters, for I scarcely ever heard from any one on the island—but how could all be lost? Four years expired. My studies were completed; I was to be admitted to orders immediately on my arrival. I hurried home. My parents had always neglected writing about her; though I had made frequent inquiries—but now I found out all!

“No, not *all*—they told me she was gone. Whither—I asked not. It was enough for me. I left the room the moment the intelligence was imparted. I was unnerved, but I despised the idea of

exposing my weakness. That day I kept my room; that night I was sleepless; I know not what I did; I was a weeping child; a raving madman, insensible as an idiot, then melting into tears. But when morning came, my soul was renewed; it had shaken off its weakness; I had *cursed all women*, and now gave myself up to ambition! You may think it strange that one just about entering the ranks of the priesthood should feel thus; but you must remember I had entered it as a *calling*. I dreamed not of that pure spirit of love, which I now believe should characterise every one who enters the holy office of a minister. My talents were of a showy order, and considered of a respectable rank; and I hoped one day to have the highest office in the command of the church at my disposal. This was my determination, though I told it not; and as my uncle possessed immense wealth and wielded an amount of influence commensurate with his wealth, the way seemed to be open.

"I was regularly inducted. My first efforts at pulpit eloquence equalled my fondest and proudest expectations; the murmur of applause was whispered around, and after the service the ready gratulation saluted me on every side. Every month witnessed my rising popularity. I was soon possessed of one of the largest churches in London; and after four years, it was the expectation of my friends, as well as the secret expectation of myself, that the next vacant bishopric would be filled by me, and consequent on this my entrance to the house of lords. I was now courted by both parties in the house. Daily I dined with ministers, lords and bishops, and nightly I mingled with the wealth and beauty of the capital. But will you believe me? during all this time I was supremely miserable. I had but one motive-power; that was ambition. My affections were withered; the springs of feeling frozen; my heart itself bleak and desolate as an iceberg.

"Thus for four years was my sun in the ascendant, every day approaching its zenith. I mingled with the loveliest of the land, but still I was insensible. I could flatter and compliment with the perfection of a courtier of the times of the second Charles; but in truth I scorned them all. No other being had yet crossed my path who seemed to possess the perfection which memory threw around her whose love I thought I had possessed. She had forgotten her plighted vow; where then was I to look for *constancy*!

"Returning to my house one evening, I found a message had been left for me, to visit a sick person in Bond street, a female at the point of death. I was startled. I had ever shrunk from the death-bed scene; and it seemed strange that I should be sent for by one whom I knew not, especially as it must have been evident to every individual acquainted with my manner of living, that I was not the fittest person to point the dying soul to the abodes of pu-

rity and love and peace. I blamed my valet for not having told the messenger that I could not come. He said that he had done all that was in his power to drive away the old woman who called, but that she would take no denial. I was the only one—no other minister. 'The doctors,' she said, 'have given the poor young madam over—they *be'ant* able to do any thing more for her; but she says she can't die until she sees the minister C—; and if it's only to save a poor distressed creature from dying distracted, tell him to come soon, and it may be she'll die happy then.'

"A call so unusual and so mysterious, could not be neglected. My coach was at the door, and late as it was, I was conveyed to No. — Bond street. You cannot imagine how gloomy were my feelings in this serious visit. Every upper window which showed a light brought to my mind the ghastly features of some departing being—I could almost hear the struggling gasp—the death-rattle, betokening the hard conflict which takes place at the moment when the soul shakes off mortality.

"Thus agitated, I reached the appointed place. I entered a small, but very neat looking house. A little girl asked me to sit down, while she went up stairs to announce my presence. She returned immediately, saying, that Mrs. Gray would come down to see me in a moment. A full half hour, which seemed a day to me, intervened before the old lady came, and when she did, it was to apologize, and say that Mrs. R— could not be seen then. She thanked me greatly for my trouble, saying, 'But the poor young madam has been going on so, since she had the hearing that you were coming to see her, that I'm afraid she can't bear it now; she has been so flighty and troubled. Yes, and it's been just one fainty spell after another, until I thought she was almost gone. If you could only come in the morning, maybe she will be stronger.' I expressed my sympathy, and gave my promise to be there again on the morrow. My anxiety was now aroused to its highest pitch, and I rode home with the most tumultuous feelings. I dare say you are now ready to anticipate the revelations about to be made. But I must take you with me. I tried to sleep and calm my thoughts—but broken slumbers and distressing fantasies rendered me but little better in the morning.

"As soon as it could be deemed prudent, I again made my call. I was welcomed by the old lady: She told me that her charge was much better, though extremely weak. She went up stairs, and returned and said, 'Will you walk up?' My heart throbbed heavily—I could hear its pulsations, and it seemed as though it would swell beyond its bounds. I was now to test my forebodings. I entered, I caught a view of the patient's face. As she saw me entering, she suddenly turned from me, and before I could see her features distinctly, they were distorted with pain, her eyes closed, and by



the time I stood by her bed-side, she had swooned ; every lineament telling of the most acute suffering. I stood riveted ! Did I see the form of her whom I had once loved ? I stared upon her with a wild and intense gaze—I read every line. No—no, this was not her—it could not be the form—this was not the face of her whom I had loved with my first and only love ! I gazed and gazed, and as I gazed consciousness by degrees returned—the face lost its distortions—it assumed its native mildness—the eye slowly opened and the lips parted. *It was her !* She tried to speak : I thought I caught the sound, ‘For—for’—and again she swooned. I was no longer deceived. It was indeed her whom I had loved—I seized her hand, and almost wildly called her name—‘Catharine !’ Slowly she again recovered ; her ear seemed to catch the sound as she recovered ; *it was the echo of the past*, calling her back to life !

“Again she opened her mild eye—it had a dreamy wildness ; but it was gentle as before—it looked upon me—it caught my riveted gaze. I could not speak—it threw a spell about me ; I knew not whether it was a reality or a vision. She paused also, and then she said in a voice of smothered and almost wild anguish, ‘Can you—will you—will you forgive ? Oh Charles ! speak, and I will die in peace. He has forgiven me. Will you—say—oh !’—I pressed her hand, I raised it to my lips, but I could not speak. She understood me—the tear started from its fountain, and the smile of joy and gratitude brought back the beauty of other days even upon her pallid cheek.

“I would not desecrate the memory of that hour by rehearsing all that was said. It was there at the bed-side of my long lost Catharine that my proud heart was made to bow—there I again became *human* ; there was the first rush of sympathetic feeling which had passed through my soul since I left my home a *deceived man*. There I again learned that the human heart *may* love—there to pity weakness, rather than scorn or *hate* the name of *woman* ! Though Catharine had been deceived—had given her hand to another—I had been enshrined within her soul through all ; and it was not until she had begun to think, nay, until she had *conclusive*, though lying evidence, that I had acted falsely, that she consented to give her hand to another ; and in doing this, she asserted that her heart was mine !

“Most of the morning was spent at the bed-side of Catharine, and I departed, to return again in a short time. What a change may come over man’s soul in one short hour ! In one brief moment we throw the die—but our all is at stake upon the cast ! The revelations of that morning colored my life. T

the brink of time : I had looked down, *down* into the unfathomed and awful future, and *I was changed !*

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“But let me relate in a few words the history of Catharine. I had not been absent from her a month before the demon had dragged his slimy length into a then paradise, and sought to enfold and crush the being of my love. This demon (I can call him nothing less—he deserves no other name,) commenced his wily arts to seduce Catharine from her attachment to me. Being wealthy, and spending most of his time in the region of the country-seat of his father, he had much time at command, to obtain, if possible, a conquest over the heart of Catharine. Never slave bowed more obsequiously at the throne of royalty, than did he at the shrine of his pretended idolatry. But it was all met with coldness ! He saw that *I* possessed the heart he coveted—it roused his indignation—I was his inferior in rank and fortune, and he determined to crush me. My letters to Catharine, by most daring treachery secured before they reached her, were burned. Her letters to me likewise shared a similar fate. His next effort was to persuade her into the belief that I had deceived her—that I cared not for her. Innocent and unsuspecting in her nature, although she loved him not, yet she gave him credit for sincerity in his professions—she believed his love to her was true and strong ; but she could not return it. *Two divinities dwell not in the same temple !*

“Her constant answer was, that she was already affianced, and that she could never encourage the approaches of another while the object of her first attachment existed. About this time her only surviving parent died, and she was left almost alone. Again the serpent entered, and again he tried his charms. He asserted that he had heard, through sources which he knew to be true, that I had been false—that I was even then engaged to a wealthy noblesse. Not only so, but after some time, he artfully obtained the insertion of a notice in one of the papers, confirming my marriage to a young lady at —.

“The paper was shown to Catharine. She had written to me since the death of her parent, but obtained no answer. He vowed eternal constancy—that she was the only being that could make him happy—that he was ready to give up all for her. She persisted to the last in the declaration that she loved him not ; but in an evil hour she consented to their marriage, and gave him her *hand*. That was the moment of his triumph, and he exulted with the malignity of a fiend. Whatever may have been his feelings—even though of love, they had long since been converted to *revenge*, and the hour of its fulfilment was at hand. Oh ! who—who, can doubt that there is a hell, when the human breast itself contains so much of its elements !

“He proposed a private marriage. Her heart was sad—deserted, as she thought she was, by one

whom she loved ardently—deprived of her only parent—forsaken, apparently, by all! she was little disposed to shine as a bride, amid a crowded assemblage—she consented to a private marriage. The minister who married them was a pretender—a debased tool in the hands of a more debased agent, and the three or four collected as witnesses were of the same stamp. Immediately after the ceremony, they set out for France, and from thence to Italy. Some months were spent here in travelling, and it was during these travels that the plot was developed. She now found that she was in the hands of a monster.

"They were again in Paris—here he told her plainly that she was *duped*, and that he intended no longer to consider her his wife! She bowed beneath the shock. The arrow was then winged which was rankling in her heart when I next met her. There was no kind hand there to draw the barb, and it festered there until it released her from a world of sorrow.

"I said she bowed. It was like one who bows to the executioner. *Her* doom was sealed, and she submissively awaited the severing blow. She would not betray her weakness—he had spurned her, and she would not hug her chains.

"May slighted woman turn, and as a vine  
The oak hath shaken off, yield lightly  
To her tendencies again? Oh no!—  
By all that makes life's poetry and beauty—no!"

"Her skill in some of the finer accomplishments, as painting, embroidery, &c., opened a way by which she was enabled to support herself, without being obliged to make her wants known to those who were unacquainted with her, and in whom it were vain to look for sympathy. It was in this way she had supported herself during her residence in London, where she came as soon as she found I was stationed there.

"However I am taking you on too fast for my history, for it was not until my third subsequent visit that Catharine had strength to give me this account of her sufferings. The next day, when I called, she was much better—the interview she had had with me having exerted a beneficial influence, as it restored in some measure that peace of mind which she had so long wanted. The old lady told me that she had slept sweetly, and spoke of a hope that she would now recover; but I knew that this was fallacious. I saw too plainly that the citadel of life was already beginning to freeze—the rose had been plucked from its parent stem, and was withering—it *had* withered; and the last tint was fading, and its last effusion of fragrance was in the air. The excitement of our interview had only recalled for a brief time a spirit which was already on the wing.

"It was the third day after my first visit, that I again called to see her. The atmosphere was unusu-

ally clear for London. It was nearly the hour of sunset. All was still. And as I entered the dwelling, the darkened rooms—the perfect order with which every thing was placed about them—the apparent freedom that there seemed to be of both business and pleasure—the *covered lute* of Catharine, which now stood in the corner, and whose relaxed strings had long since ceased to echo to her voice; and above all, the deep, whispering, subdued tones of the voice of widow Gray, seemed to impress me with the belief that this was the hour of death. Nature seems to sympathize with the dying, and hallow that hour.

"When I approached the bed-side, she was sleeping—but the sleep was so soft and gentle that even the whisper of Mrs. Gray awoke her. A faint smile coursed over her face as she beheld me standing by her, and she slowly held out her weak hand. The bowed windows were just then thrown open, and the gleams of light threw a halo about the room, and I thought it came in as the glory of heaven, and that it was to gild her path to a peaceful home. To my inquiries she answered, that she felt very weak; and continued, 'I shall soon leave this world—soon be forgotten—yes, it may be even by you.' I pressed her hand, and the brimming tear started to her eyes; and after a pause she said, 'You do *indeed* forgive me then—that is so kind—but do you—do you still *love* me? When I am gone will you think of me as I appeared to you in early days? Can you forget—but—I will not say forget—can you forgive my—oh, it was not my weakness—it was not coldness—no, I *always* loved, even when—but—but'—and here utterance failed. The gush of feeling overpowered her. 'Catharine! Catharine!' said I, 'I entreat you talk not thus. Forgive you! Yes, I do forgive. I love you even as I did when we parted on the banks of the Ewell. Yes, your memory shall be sacred—hallowed as the loveliest image of the past. It shall be entwined only with the happier recollections of our early days!' 'Then,' said Catharine, mastering her feelings instantaneously, and looking at me with a wild and intense look, as though her eyes would penetrate my soul and read its yet unformed thoughts—'Then—then you will love *her*—will you? will you?' My blood rushed wildly through my veins, swelling them almost to bursting, as a thousand conjectures sprung up in my mind. Has she then been so basely deceived—does she still think I love another? 'Who, who,' said I—'speak who it is—tell me her name!'

"'But *will* you love her—will you watch over her—child of sorrow as she is, will *you* take her—will you protect her—guard her?—I cannot, oh, no! I cannot leave her to a cold, cold world. *My daughter*, my daughter!'

"Here," said C—, "I must be silent. Catharine could say no more—with her last words, I thought the spirit had parted. As for myself, I know not what I said, or what I did,



"This was the first intimation that Catharine had made that her only child, a daughter, was yet living, and as I understood afterwards, she had determined to suffer me to remain in ignorance. She had already been told by Mrs. Gray, her kind hostess, that Kate should live with her, and her only object in sending for me was to implore my forgiveness, hoping that in this way she could alleviate the pangs of the parting hour. Catharine then knew of no other arrangement which she could possibly make, and after a hard struggle she silently submitted to that which she could not remedy—to leave Kate to the kindness of Mrs. Gray, an almost entire stranger. My surprise was of course great: and so dreamlike were the thoughts of that hour, that memory cannot recall them. It was an announcement I was not prepared for.

"After a while Catharine and myself became more calm, and with her consent, I requested Mrs. Gray to bring in little Kate. The moment the door opened, Kate rushed towards the bed-side of her dying mother. She was then scarcely five years of age; but climbing upon the chair near the bed, she threw her arms about her neck, and clung there without saying a word. I tried to take her, but she silently hung to the neck of her who was her all, and who was so soon doomed to leave her—resisting all entreaty and every persuasion on my part to draw her thence.

"Catharine tried to soothe her feelings, but she sobbed as though her heart would break, and when told that she was soon to be left motherless, she cried aloud, 'Oh no—Oh no!' and clung still closer to the one she loved, as though with her weak strength she could keep her from the grave—the child contend with the giant *Death*!

"She was however finally soothed, as her mother told her to love me—that I would be kind to her—that I would be as a father. I took her upon my knee—my heart, as if by instinct, already wrapping its affections around her. The thoughts of the father entered not my mind—I saw before me a living miniature of Catharine. Not of Catharine as she lay upon the couch of death—pale, care-stricken, emaciated; but Catharine when I first knew her—the same dark eye, though it possessed not quite so much penetrating brilliancy, but was more softened and languid in its expression—the same ringlets that tumbled over the snowy neck of Catharine in her school-girl days, when we loved, but knew not that it was love—the same fair cheek, red lips, and lurking dimples. 'Yes,' said I, as I took her, 'you shall be mine, and I will be your father.'"

Here my friend took from his bosom a miniature. "Here," said he, "is it not the image of Kate? But this was Catharine; this was taken when we used to roam the wild woods and green banks of Ewell. 'I took it.' 'The likeness is perfect,' said I, 'it could not be more so.'"

C—— again resumed his narrative. "I again promised Catharine to take charge of her orphan, and after a short time prepared to take my departure. She took my hand, and as a bright smile rested upon her face, said, 'Now I am happy—I now know that my child is not to be cast unprotected upon the uncharitable world. I know you will love her; that you will be a father to her. Charles! this is the last time we shall talk together. I am now prepared to go—my mind is at rest—I should have gone ere this; but my anxiety, first to have your forgiveness, and then for her, kept me lingering—I *could not die*. All is now settled, and I am ready. Tomorrow, when you call, you will see only my corpse—but farewell—remember my child, and the blessing of the God of love shall be yours—my spirit will be around you—farewell!'

"I tried to persuade Catharine that she was not so near death as she supposed. She smiled, and said, 'It may be otherwise, but I think not: I feel as though this were our last interview—if so, farewell—farewell!'

"The next day I again called. The windows of the house were bowed; the crape upon the knocker told me that it was the house of mourning, I entered the room I had left last night; it was the chamber of death—a corpse was before me—I buried my face in my hands—over me rushed the memory of other times; yes, of my whole life—again I looked upon the form before me—my lips touched the forehead—how cold it was—how different from the time when I last kissed it upon the banks of Ewell, as her head rested upon my bosom. One more look—one more kiss upon that icy brow, and I closed the door and descended to the room below. I gave Mrs. Gray my purse, and told her to attend to every thing. The next day, with a few friends, I stood by the grave, and my own heart almost sunk within me as my lips pronounced the solemn ritual of our church—'I am the resurrection and the life.'

"Kate remained with Mrs. Gray until my departure for this country. I visited her almost daily, and my heart rejoiced as I beheld her beautiful form becoming still more beautiful, and watched the development of her brilliant mind. But I need not tell you more; you yourself know that she has been to me as my own child, and I do not doubt but that in you she will find an equally attentive guardian, though you cannot feel towards her as I have felt.

"With this shock my plans were all changed. Ambition was dethroned in my heart. God had touched my proud spirit, and I was humbled. My views of religion from that hour have been more than speculative. To do good was my only desire. It soon became apparent that I was an altered man. Sickened with the sycophancy around me, I turned away in disgust, and taking with me my fortune, which was moderate, and which I now leave to my adopted child, I sailed for this country. You know

all the rest. Here have I lived in delightful retirement; and here would I leave my bones! Let my grave be humble!"

Here C—— closed his narrative. It must not be supposed that he gave it to me in the manner in which I have written it. But I have endeavored to relate it in words as nearly his own as I could recollect them. And where—for his weakened frame often obliged him to pause and gather strength, and still oftener would the current of feeling cause his voice to falter as he traced his own devious wanderings through the *bitter past*—it seemed broken and unconnected, I have endeavored to render it regular.

He did not die, as he expected, on the following day; but eight days after he told me his history, I closed his eyes, after he had calmly yielded up his spirit to the Father of all spirits.

A simple mound covers his remains. A head stone tells his name, and commemorates in a line or two, the zealous and devoted labors of the *humble pastor* of St. Luke's church. Two or three rose bushes cluster about that head stone, hanging over the grave, as if to shade the head of the holy sleeper, and about that simple mound creeps the ever-verdant running-box or myrtle.

They were all planted by the hand of Kate, and for a long time were watered by her tears. But another mound has since been thrown up by the side of the pastor's, and on the pure white marble which stands at its head is the inscription,

CATHARINE.

ÆT. XVII.  
1835.

R. R.

## NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

The following remarks are made to indicate that new observations on the manners and customs and institutions of these tribes are susceptible of being made even at this day, and that the duty the country owes the subject, in a literary point of view, is not, by any means, paid. Remarks, showing a like precision and fixedness in their social customs and intercourse, might be made of other departments of Indian life, showing more clearly than it has been done, how Indian society "consists."

### ORDER IN THE NATIVE LODGES.

Every member of the family has a fixed seat assigned, where he or she ordinarily sits by day, and sleeps at night. And at this spot all clothing, or other personal property of the individual is kept. A husband's seat is by his wife, and vice versa. If there be more than one family in the lodge, the same order is observed. If there are sons and daughters, they each have their 'abbinos,' or family seat. It is the same with all children, after they

are weaned, and have attained a certain age. This arrangement is absolutely fixed, and is not more violated than the rule in civilized life, which assigns separate apartments to different individuals, living in the same house.

If visitors come in, the best seat vacant is shown them by the master of the lodge, or one vacated for the purpose. The fixed seats for the family, are assigned by the mistress of the lodge. Where she herself locates, the husband precedes, and all their things are concentrated there, and not scattered about the lodge. To find articles out of their place, is a subject of rebuke. To find a person out of his place, at improper hours, is, if an adult, a crime. By this means perfect order and propriety, at night as well as day, is preserved.

If a daughter is visited by an admirer, he seats himself, or is invited to be seated, according to the rule applied to visitors. If he be an approved visitor, and is invited to take his seat near her, or having taken it, is not apprised that his presence is offensive, he is deemed to have been encouraged, and is soon considered an accepted lover, and they are considered as engaged to be married.

### FAMILY NAMES.

The family name is accurately preserved. It would be disgraceful voluntarily to change it. A man, for instance, having the family name of the Deer, transmits it, as a family name, to all his children, male and female, and they to theirs, and so on, to the remotest generations. Families thus become clans, or entire tribes. This name, when put in hieroglyphics, is called *totem*, by the northern Indians. It is the figure of the animal, or other object, from which the family is named, and this mark, in different individuals, is deemed a sign of blood relationship, even where family tradition has not preserved the fact. In this respect, it is analagous to the simple quarterings of a feudal coat of arms.

But this family name is very different from that usually borne by Indians, in our intercourse with them. For besides it, each member of the family has a personal name bestowed, usually by a grandmother, soon after its birth. This name is usually the result of a dream, and is deemed sacred, and seldom uttered, even by the parents. In lieu of it, the child generally gets a *soubriquet*, which is the name the individual usually sustains through life. So that each person has two, three, and sometimes four names. Call upon an Indian for his name, and if he directly gives it, he will probably present his nick-name, or common name; less frequently his personal or baptismal name (so to term it) and very seldom his family name. Formerly it was customary for Indians to fix their names by marks, or hieroglyphics, to instruments of writing—but the modern practice of writing out their common names and their making the cross, has wholly superseded



it. When an Indian dies, it is his family or surname, that is put on his grave-post, or *adjedati-gwon*.

#### GOVERNMENT.

This is altogether on the patriarchal model. The term for the highest magistrate is Kosinan, or our great father. A chief or ordinary ruler is Ogima. They call him, politically, my father, and he calls them my children. All the tribes look to certain families, as having a hereditary right to the chieftainship, but this, in effect, is of little importance, and if the subject be scanned, it is usually found that the period of descent is but brief, and is traceable to some exploit of bravery, at no remote era. A chief's eldest son is considered his successor, but if he be not a man of good courage, or intellect, his next, or any other brother, takes his place. Generally, the father indicates his wishes before death, and not unfrequently he selects his *youngest* son.

There is, however, no privileged class—and no *caste*. Any man is eligible to the chieftainship, and *all classes* or conditions, may aspire to *any* place, civil, military, or sacerdotal. It is requisite to success that the aspirant should possess courage, activity, eloquence, wisdom, or priestly reputation. If he succeeds in any of these departments, he is consulted, and soon gets the name of a chief. Opinion ratifies this casual denomination. If he fails, the same opinion annuls it. Some of the most renowned names in Indian history are those of chiefs, who raised themselves by their prowess, decision of character or intelligence. Such were Brant\* and Tecumseh. Such were Black Hawk and Oseola. But there is nothing in the structure of Indian society, which would make the sons of these men *leaders* in their respective tribes, if they did not inherit power of mind superior to the commonality. Perhaps there are no people on the earth, among whom popular opinion has so unchecked a sway, and merit alone constitutes the means of success, and the object of public reward.

#### MILITARY SERVICE.

All war parties consist of volunteers. There is no power to compel any one to bear arms. The war dance is got up as a recruiting party. All who fall into the ring and dance, are considered in the same light as if they had enlisted. The period of this enlistment, is for the expedition only, and no longer. But any one may keep away and not march, if he chooses, or has altered his mind, being responsible for the act, as a brave man, to public opinion in the tribe. He may go back also, from any point on the march, subject to the same rule. But in such a case, opinion would brand him

as a coward. He cannot be fined, he cannot be summoned before the chiefs to be reprimanded; opinion is the only corrective for such acts, but it is found effective.

The same rule applies to a war-captain or leader, who fails. The want of success sinks him into bad repute. Nobody will afterwards follow him, but he cannot be dismissed from office. His office of war-captain was voluntarily assumed—success confirms it—fame establishes it. If he fail, opinion condemns him. Opinion, therefore, is the only court-martial, but it is one of the most efficacious character. The whole scope of the education and sports of Indian youth and young men, is to form a character for bravery and personal endurance; and if he fails in that, he loses every thing.

No wonder their war parties, consisting of but comparatively few in numbers, accomplish so much. There is not an unwilling man in them; and there is no other reward sought but that of fame.

The whole art of war with the natives, consists in stratagem. Ambuscade and night attacks are the ordinary arts. Every device of this kind is resorted to, and he is most praised who deceives best. Cunning is regarded as wisdom. And there is nothing dishonorable, or discreditable to a leader's bravery, in taking *any* and *every* advantage of his enemy. Scalps would not be taken, were it not to verify the recital that is made to the tribe. Nothing is done with them, but to exhibit them at these recitals. After being exhibited in one village they are passed on to another, till the whole tribe is made acquainted with the feat, and the successful leader's name.

#### HIEROGLYPHICS.

When an Indian dies, some friend performs the office of orator at his funeral, at which his good deeds are recited. This friend puts the deceased's *totem* or family name in hieroglyphics, on the *grave-stick*, as the original word imports. This figure is always drawn *up side down*. He also marks the number of war parties he has been a member of, and the number of scalps he has brought home. This generally comprises the whole inscription.

If a party of Indian hunters be successful in a particular location, and have killed many animals, they often denote the fact, by a hieroglyphic drawing on bark, or on a blazed tree, on quitting the place. To the number and kind of animals killed, is added the *tribal* or family names of each head of a family, and the *time* spent there, and the *course* they have gone.

Extraordinary feats of courage or hazard in war, hunting or travelling, or the verification of prophecies by their priests, are sometimes painted on rocks, and more rarely, scratched or cut in their surface—for the information of posterity. Their medicine men, or doctors, and priests are usually the

\* Col. Stone is mistaken on this point. See his life of Brant.

authors of these more extended inscriptions. They also cut on tabular pieces of wood, figures which serve as aids to the memory, in the recital of their sacred or mystic songs. The latter are symbolical, the former representative; and the two modes are sometimes mixed. Compared to the Egyptian hieroglyphics, both methods are purely hieroglyphic. There are no alphabetical, and no phonetic characters, so far as observed. If such exist, they are to be looked for in ancient graves and tumuli.

#### MUSIC AND POETRY.

Their songs of love and affection are generally sung in a plaintive strain, in which the trochee predominates. Even a mother's lullaby is plaintive. The polysyllabic character of the language is adverse to short lively metres. There is in fact no measured poetry, and no rhyme. But inquiry makes it abundantly manifest, that they possess no small share of unmeasured poetry. Their orations at funerals, and their occasional harangues and public speeches are all, more or less, imbued with the finest spirit of this species of poetry. But it is brought out fully in their war and sacred songs—which are chanted to a tune very much in the manner, but diverse in the musical expression, of the common version of psalms. The words of these songs are subject to great changes, so far as the same song has been traced, but the tunes are fixed, particularly the chorus, which is often deeply and fearfully expressive, running the whole scale of high and low notes, with the most abrupt transitions.

#### ANTIQUITIES.

Every day is adding to the number of well attested facts in this department. The discovery of a large number of mummies at Durango, the present year, wrapped in the Egyptian manner, adds to the preceding monumental testimony, in that quarter of the continent, favoring the idea of an Egyptian origin for the Aztec race. But it is quite plain, from their own hieroglyphic map,\* that they were not the *first* inhabitants, for they made prisoners in their conquests, of a ruder people, who were dressed with the *auzeau* of the present race of our northern Indians. A curious antique pipe, of fine pottery, was recently (1839) found at Thunder Bay, M. in an ancient grave, the figures and devices on which are of Egyptian or early Grecian cast.

#### INFLUENCE OF GEOLOGICAL SCIENCE ON INDIAN HISTORY.

This may be expected to be considerable. There are pretty plain evidences of America's having been inhabited shortly after the deluge. These evidences are below the alluvial, and above the

boulder strata. Where the latter rest upon them, it is to be inferred that they were disturbed by local causes, such as the draining of ancient lakes.

The fossil bones of the blue clay stratum, are manifestly *antediluvian*, but they prove nothing beyond the fact, that the animal creation had, at that epoch, overspread the continent. It results, as a consequence, that there was *then* a continental connexion with Africa or Asia.

#### INDIAN TRIBES OF VIRGINIA.

Are there any individuals of these tribes remaining? and if not, what is the highest degree of Indian blood, in any of their descendants? Is the last of the Nottoways gone? Are there any descendants of this tribe of the African intermarriage, in the degree of half bloods? Do they speak the native language, or could they furnish a vocabulary of it? Language retains its grammatical forms, long after the sounds of the vowels and even consonants have changed; but in this intermixture, it may be expected that but slight corruptions of sound have taken place, not more so than would occur in ordinary cases.

For the Africans of Virginia, never, it is apprehended, spoke their native dialects, at least to any extent, in Virginia. Can any one now explain the meaning of the Indian geographical names of Virginia? There is a strong affinity in language, from what is known of the group of tribes denominated Powhattanic, by Mr. Jefferson, and the leading tribes in this quarter. In one of these languages, Accomac means *as far as the trees reach*, denoting the line of junction between woods and clearings. Would this apply to the ancient position of Accomac? Occoquon, in the same language, signifies, a pot-hook. Potomac appears to be a derivative from the compound phrase, Potowameac, and if this be so, denotes a chimney seen through a vista of water and trees. Chesapeake appears to be a compound from two words denoting sea-waters running inland.

#### THE PINES.

Green, green unchangeable, the stately Pines  
Rear their round columns on the mountain's side,  
While lowland trees with their o'erspread vines,  
Unightly all, throughout the landscape wide,  
Are bared of every robe and wreath of pride;  
Yet little joy or love our glance betrays,  
Which passes o'er the emerald crowns that hide  
Those regal heads: unto the lowliest sprays,  
Mourning the humblest leaf of summer days,  
We turn us sadly from their living sheen;—  
Sternly unyielding, it has never been  
Faded and from our anxious watching strown,  
And in their sympathies our natures lean  
To things whose doom reminds us of our own.  
*Baltimore, Maryland.*

\* See Delafield's American Antiquities.



## PICTURES BY THE SUN.

I've studied thee, bright Sun, in many a lecture,  
And at thy power have been filled with wonder;  
But never dreamt that thou could'st make a picture,  
Without the least defect, or smallest blunder;  
Oh for a sight of those soft pictured pages  
Thou hast "*Daguerreotypes*" for countless ages!

Of these, thou must have, doubtless, many legions,  
As well of *this* world as of those far hence;  
"Of Planets, Suns, and Adamantine regions  
Wheeling, unshaken, through the void immense."\*  
Where hang those pictures?—in what mighty Louvre?  
And which, I pray thee, was thy great chef d'œuvre?

When first thou look'dst upon the world, then void—  
When all was dark and things about were bandied—  
In taking sketches, wer't thou then employ'd,  
As ev'ry object into form expanded?—  
If so, and we could make thee, Sun, obey us,  
We'd have that scene august, of Ancient Chaos.

We'd like to see our great first parent, Adam,  
As when he stroll'd about his charming garden;  
And as he gazed upon the first fair madam  
Who came to soften, but, alas! did harden.  
Give us old Noah and his sons and daughters,  
Just as they sailed upon the world of waters.

We fain would see too, if we now were able,  
The plain of Shinar, whence "men's sons" were driven  
From that vast structure called the Tower of Babel,  
Whose top should reach unto the height of Heaven;  
We cannot for our lives and souls conjecture  
How People raised such piles of architecture.

Shew us that picture—'twould be worth the shewing—  
When miracles were wrought to save mankind;  
When all dry-shod, the Israelites were going  
Across the Red sea, wall'd up by the wind;  
And Pharaoh's iron chariots, and arm'd host,  
Were madly rushing in to be o'erwhelm'd and lost.

Display that scene, when for the son of Nun,  
Thou stoodest still on Gibeon, and the Moon,  
At God's command, stopped over Ajalon;—  
For one whole day refused ye to go down,  
While to Bethoron sped the flying Amorite,  
And Heaven's hailstones crush'd him in his headlong flight.

How many famous scenes from ancient story,  
Of Athens, Rome and Egypt, rise before me!  
What monuments of art! what deeds of glory!  
"Give back the lost"—restore ye them! restore ye!—  
Thy pass, Thermopylæ! and, Marathon, thy fight!  
Oh Sun! bring such as these, with Salamis, to sight.

But if, bright orb! the past be now denied us,  
The present time at least is in our power,  
Since with thy secret, Genius hath supplied us;—  
Ye pupils of Daguerre! improve the hour—  
Make haste to paint the fragments which are left us,  
Of what stern Time and Vandals have bereft us.

Bring us the city of great Alexander  
Which once was so magnificent and vast;  
Amid her ruins we would like to wander  
And muse upon the glories of the past:  
Four thousand baths and palaces did fill her,  
All crumbled into dust round Pompey's Pillar.

\* Planets, Suns, and Adamantine spheres  
Wheeling, unshaken, through the void immense."  
Akenside.

From Cairo's walls go bring that scene sublime,  
(And with our latest breath we'll bless the giver,)  
Of Pyramids still battling with old Time—  
The land of Goshen and th' Eternal River!  
And tomb and monument, and obelisk that stands  
In solitary grandeur, mid the Desert's sands.

Be quick, and let our eager eyes devour  
Old Hecatorapylus, though not as when  
Through every gate, she could at once outpour  
Two hundred chariots and ten thousand men;  
But of her mighty self, the granite skeleton  
Whose giant bones for miles lie whitening\* in the sun.

Imagination flags and falters on the rack—  
Description's beggar'd, and in vain would rise  
Up to thy vastness, Luxor! and Carnac!  
Naught but the eye that scene can realize—  
Give us the temples! columns! gateway! propylon!—  
None but thy master-hand can do it, glorious Sun!

Bring Edom's long lost Petra—she who made  
Her dwellings in the "rocky clefts"—all brought  
To desolation or in fragments laid,  
A thousand years unheard of and forgot!—  
High as the Eagle's nest her palaces she built,  
But God did smite her, for her haughtiness and guilt.

Bring us each Grecian and each Roman wreck—  
Th' Acropolis and Coliseum bring;  
And Tadmor or Palmyra, and Balbec—  
The costly cities reared by Israel's King:†  
Collect the whole—all left by Turk, Goth, Vandal, Hun—  
In one vast gallery of pictures by the Sun.

NUGATOR.

## WHITE AND BLACK SLAVERY.

[At a time like the present, when there is so much *pseudo-philanthropy* abroad—when so many enthusiasts and fanatics, in Morals as well as in Religion,

"Compound for sins that they're inclin'd to,  
By damning those they have no mind to,"

it is judicious to unveil to the agitators, on either side of the Atlantic,—the O'Connells and the Tappans,—the appalling facts comprised in the subjoined article. These facts are not the fancy sketches of an over-heated imagination, nor the exaggerated and too highly colored pictures of an enemy's pencil. They are sober realities, drawn, unfortunately, from real life, and by native artists,—not to gratify the morbid appetite of sickly sentimentalists, but to furnish the basis of action for grave and wise statesmen and legislators. They present to the contemplation of the world, scenes of physical suffering, and mental degradation, and moral pollution, to which the annals of African slavery, in its harshest and most unmitigated forms, furnish no parallel, save in the gloomy horrors of "the Middle Passage." To Mr. O'Connell, and our foreign slanderers generally, we may hold up this revolting picture, and bid them, if they do not sicken at the sight, to heal their own maladies, before they enter the lists, as volunteer champions, to rectify the disorders of our social system; which, whatever may be its concomitant evils—as no system is exempt from them—presents, in comparison with the condition of the English and Scotch manufacturers and the Irish peasantry, a picture of almost paradisaical happiness. But no language of ours can add a more dismal hue to the colors of

\* They are neither gray nor blackened. They have no lichen nor moss, but like the bones of man, they seem to whiten under the sun of the Desert.—*Stephens*.

† The universal tradition of the country, according to Wood, is that Balbec, as well as Palmyra, was built by Solomon.

the historical canvass, which our correspondent has spread before the public eye.

The domestic as well as the foreign assailants of African servitude, for aught we know, may discover, at their doors like wise, examples of human suffering, and hear cries of human agony, which might well, if they were heeded, as they should be, exhaust all their benevolence, however prurient and universal, and drain all the superflux of their wealth, though they had the coffers of Croesus and the cap of Fortunatus. We beseech them, then, to look at home, and they will perhaps find enough to do in mitigating the wretchedness of their *white* brethren, without undertaking a Quixotic crusade in behalf of the *black* laborers of the South, who, in all the elements of physical comfort, and in the facilities of mental cultivation and moral improvement, possess immeasurable advantages over the same class of population in this or in any other country, under the broad canopy of heaven. The Irish peasant particularly, in his thatched hovel, exposed at every point to the "peltings of the pitiless storm," and as destitute of food and clothing as of comfortable shelter, may well envy, as he returns from his uncompensated daily toil to his unvarying nightly suffering, the well-fed, amply-clothed, and comfortably-lodged Southern slave, who, cheerful and contented, as well when at labor as at rest, neither repines at his present condition, which he does not feel to be insufferable, nor cares for the future, from the responsibilities and anxieties of which he is entirely exempted.

But we have too long detained our readers from the article, which we simply designed introducing to their notice by a casual reference to the importance and the painful character of the facts which it embodies.]—*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*

Of late years, slavery has become a fashionable topic of invective on the part of British travellers in the United States. Capt. Hall, Miss Martineau, and, if we rightly remember, Mr. Hamilton and Capt. Marryatt, have denounced slavery as an odious blot upon the escutcheon of our country. Mr. Murray—whose travels have but recently been published, and whose sentiments upon most subjects indicate liberal feelings towards our country—has seen fit to follow suit and avow his hostility to the peculiar institutions of the Southern States. Many of his remarks in relation to slavery in Virginia, are equal in absurdity to any thing which the English allege to have been published against their own country by Prince Puckler Muskau or Baron Raumer.

While endeavoring to enlighten the minds of his Trans-Atlantic readers upon the subject of Virginia slavery, and deploring its existence, we wish, by the way, that Mr. Murray had informed them, that when Virginia was a colony of Great Britain, the importation of slaves was permitted by the mother country: that the colonial assembly of Virginia passed several laws to prohibit such importations, and that *the King of England withheld his assent to them*. If, then, the present slave-holders of Virginia merit Mr. Murray's censure, with what eloquent indignation ought he to have denounced the conduct of his own country in permitting—aye, compelling the introduction of slaves among us?

Although Mr. Murray has done the slave-holders of Virginia injustice in some respects, it is proper to add, that he has not in all. He frankly acknowledges, that he was rather gratified than surprised, to witness the "comparative comfort and good usage" enjoyed by the slaves. "Their food," says Mr. M., "consisting chiefly of fish, broth, maize cooked after various fashions, bacon, &c., is *wholesome and sufficient*: their clothing coarse, but suited to *their necessities* and to the climate: their labor compulsory and constant, *but not beyond their power*." These opinions are substantially correct. When the slaves of any country enjoy "comparative comfort and good usage"—when they receive "wholesome and sufficient food;" clothing "suited to their necessities and to the climate," and when their labor is "not beyond their power," it may well be asked whether their condition is so supremely miserable as to authorize and demand a fanatical crusade for their relief? It is not

our purpose to argue the question of slavery—a subject already discussed with signal ability by Mr Paulding the present Secretary of the Navy, Professor Dew, Chancellor Harper, and last, though not least, by Judge Upshur; but we design submitting to the public consideration, some views on another subject, to which our attention has been called in consequence of the denunciations so frequently and so unjustly made by the subjects of Great Britain, against the slave-holding states of our confederacy.

If British testimony, in relation to their own countrymen, can be relied upon, (and why not?) then we think we shall be able to demonstrate, that the operatives in the factories of England, and the poor laborers of Ireland, are in a condition which no slave in Virginia need envy; and that Mr. O'Connell, and his co-laborers in the cause of abolition, have, at home, an ample field for the unlimited indulgence of their vaunted philanthropy. Great Britain shall have the benefit of her own evidence: the testimony obtained by committees of her parliament, and that offered by her own writers, shall be heard in her behalf. We design to quote freely from British authorities, and, sickening as the details are, we hope the reader will accompany us through them.

In 1836, Mr. John Fielden, M. P. for Oldham, and manufacturer at Totmorden, in Lancashire, published a work upon the factory system. The firm in which he is a partner works up nearly one hundredth part of all the cotton imported into England, and under such circumstances his evidence is entitled to our respect. "It is well known," says Mr. Fielden, "that Arkwright's (so called, at least,) inventions took manufactures out of the cottages and farm-houses in England, where they had been carried on by mothers, or by daughters under their mother's eye, and assembled them in the counties of Derbyshire, &c. Thousands of hands were suddenly required in these places, remote from towns; and Lancashire, in particular—being till then but comparatively thinly settled, a population was all she wanted. The small and nimble fingers of little children being, by very far, the most in request, the custom instantly sprung up of procuring apprentices from the different parish work-houses of London, Birmingham, and elsewhere. Many thousands of these little helpless creatures were sent down into the North, being from the age of seven to the age of thirteen or fourteen years. The custom was for the master to clothe his apprentices, and to feed and lodge them in an apprentice-house near the factory. Overseers were appointed, whose interest it was to work the children to the utmost, because their pay was in proportion to the quantity of work they could exact. There is abundant evidence on record, and preserved in the recollection of some who still live, to show, that in many of the manufacturing districts, but particularly, I am afraid, in the guilty county to which I belong, cruelties the most heart-rending were practised upon the inoffensive and friendless creatures: that they were harassed to the brink of death by *excess of labor*; that they were *flogged*, *fretted*, and *tortured* in the most exquisite refinement of cruelty; that they were, in many cases, *starved to the bone*, while flogged to their work—and that even in some instances they were driven to commit suicide to evade the cruelties of a world, in which, though born to it recently, their happiest moments had been passed in the coercion of a work-house. The beautiful and romantic valleys of Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire and Lancashire, secluded from the public eye, became the dismal solitude of torture and many a murder.

"The profits of manufactures were enormous, but large profits only whetted the appetite, and therefore the manufacturers had recourse to an expedient that seemed to secure to them those profits without any possibility of limit. They began the practice of what is called 'night-working;' that is, having tired out one set of hands by working



"throughout the day, they had another set ready to go on working throughout the night—the day-set getting into the beds that the night-set had just quitted; and, in their turn again, the night-set getting into the beds that the day-set quitted in the morning. It is a common tradition in Lancashire, that *the beds never get cold!*"

The author of the Manchester Report of 1796, stated in that report, that "The untimely labor of the night, and the protracted labor of the day, with respect to children, not only tends to diminish the general sum of life and industry, by impairing the strength and destroying the vital stamina of the rising generation, but it too often gives encouragement to idleness, extravagance and profligacy in parents, who, contrary to the order of nature, subsist by the oppression of their offspring. It appears that children employed in factories are generally *debarred from all opportunities of education, and from moral or religious instruction.*" A writer in the London Review for 1836, endorses this report, and remarks that it is "applicable in all its bearings to the present day." "Subsequent committees and private narratives," continued the writer, "disclosed many horrors; but this world will never know all those deeds of darkness. Children became of less value than cattle—for the salesman demanded a price for his oxen, but the teeming work-houses rejoiced to give. Hundreds and thousands of their destitute wretches, without father or mother, or natural protector, or christian friend, were sent down by cart-loads to the dens of covetousness: there every form of suffering awaited them, increasing toil through day and night, exasperated by noise and pestilential effluvia; food alike disgusting and scanty—dirt, deformity and disease—the strap and the thong, to animate their courage and renew their strength."

In 1832, parliament appointed a committee on the factory question, and, in 1833-'34, reports were made by factory commissioners. The committee procured evidence from one hundred and fifty witnesses—thirty-four of the number being medical men—many of whom resided in the factory districts, and adduced their long experience of the various mischiefs resulting from the system. Dr. Ashton had inspected six factories in Stockport, (in company with Dr. Graham, surgeon,) and had examined the work-people individually.

"Our report," said he, "will show that in the six factories we visited, the aggregate number consisted of eight hundred and twenty-four. We have reported one hundred and eighty-three healthy, two hundred and forty delicate, forty-three very much stunted; one hundred had enlarged ankles or knees, and thirty-seven of that number were distorted in the inferior extremities, and two hundred and fifty-eight unhealthy."

Dr. Ward was asked whether he thought "that working thirteen and a half hours in a factory is likely to exhaust young persons." "I am astonished," said he, in reply, "that we do not hear of instances of their dropping down dead while at work." We subjoin other samples of the voluminous evidence laid before parliament.

Mr. Dean:—Children are subject to glandular diseases particularly; but along with it a great number of instances occur of swellings of the extremities, and of deformities of the spine, the thorax and lower extremities."

Mr. Bontflower:—Do you imagine the children outgrow the diseases?" "No; I think on the contrary they are fastened on their constitutions."

Sir Anthony Carlisle, F. R. S.:—Factory children demand legislative protection for their own sakes, and for the sake of future generations of English laborers, because every succeeding generation will be progressively deteriorated, if you do not stop these sins against nature and humanity."

John Richard Fane, M. D. (a physician of forty-two

years standing):—Question. Were you engaged in medical practice in the West Indies? A. I was. Supposing that the employments of the children in the factories of this country are spread over twelve or fourteen hours a day, and often with but short intervals for the taking of their meals, is there any thing equal to that sort of labor imposed upon the children of the slaves in Barbadoes? Nothing of the kind; even the adult in the most vigorous condition of body is not subject to labor of that duration. In English factories every thing which is valuable in manhood is sacrificed to an inferior advantage in childhood. You purchase your advantage at the price of infanticide; the profit thus gained is death to the child."

The factory commissioners expressed their belief, "that improved machinery has a tendency to throw more and more work upon children, to the displacement of adult labor!" Many of the children employed in the factories were "children of nine, eight, seven and six years of age, and, previous to the investigations, in some instances, under five!"

In justice to Mr. Murray, we cannot overlook Scotland, the land of his nativity. The commissioners state, that in this country, the complaints of the factory children "may be said to be uniform." e. g.

"Sick, tired, especially in the winter nights; feels so tired, she throws herself down when she gets home, not caring what she does. She looks on the long hours as a great bondage; thinks they are not much better than the Israelites in Egypt, and their life is no pleasure to them."

Another witness says:

"The long standing gives her swelled feet and ankles, and fatigues her so much, that sometimes she does not know how to get to her bed."

The commissioners further state, that "our inquiries have obtained from the children, from their parents, from operatives, overlookers, proprietors, medical practitioners and magistrates, such statements, among others, as the following: 'When she was a child, too little to put on her ain claites, the overlooker used to beat her till she screamed again.' 'Gets many a good beating and swearing.' 'They are very ill used: the overseer carries a strap.' 'The boys are often severely strapped; the girls sometimes.' 'The mothers often complain.' 'Three weeks ago, the overseer struck him in the eye with his fist, so as to force him to be absent two days.' 'Has often seen the workers beat cruelly.' 'Has seen the girls strapped, but the boys were beat with a rope with four tails called a cat, so that they fell to the floor in the course of the beating.' 'Has seen the boys black and blue, crying for mercy.' 'The slubbers are all brutes to the children; they get intoxicated and then kick them about.'"

How sad a commentary upon the "comparative comfort and good usage" enjoyed by Mr. Murray's young Scotch countrymen. Mr. M. was much amazed and scandalized at seeing a Virginia overseer with a cowhide; and hence, we ought in charity to infer, that although born in Scotland, he never saw "a rope with four tails called a cat"—an instrument, whose application and *modus operandi* are doubtless well understood and remembered by many a blinkin billie and bonnie lassie.

In 1835, the proprietors of factories in Manchester, Preston, Oldham, &c., appointed delegates to meet a few members of parliament. "One of these delegates," says Mr. Fielden, "gave a statement of a minute calculation of the number of miles which a child has to walk in a day, while following the spinning machine: it amounted to twenty-five! The statement excited great surprise; but this delegate was followed by another, who had also made calculations, and who put them in print in the Manchester Advertiser. He calculates that a child has to walk twenty-four miles in the day's work. Observing the impression that these statements made on the minds of my brother

"members of parliament, and being desirous of testing their accuracy, I resolved, on my return home, to make a calculation myself, by watching a child at work in the factory in which I am myself concerned. To my own surprise, I found the distance was not less than *twenty miles in twelve hours*; and therefore I can easily believe the statement of the delegates, seeing that the machinery in my own works is not driven at any thing like the speed of that on which their calculations are founded." "I well know too," says this gentleman, "that the labor *now* (1836) *undergone* in the factories, is *much greater than it used to be*, owing to the greater attention and activity required by the greatly increased speed which is given to the machinery that the children have to attend to, when we compare it with what it was thirty or forty years ago."

Mr. Bulwer in his "England and the English," gives some well authenticated examples of the great length of time that some of the children are required to work. One boy testified that he "*worked seventeen hours a day all the year round*;" and it appeared from the evidence that David Bywater, a boy of thirteen, was allowed five hours for sleep on one night, and one and a half hour the following night, and so on alternately. The evidence laid before parliament proved that in nearly all the factories, the labor was from thirteen to sixteen hours a day. "The boy thus prepared and seasoned," says Mr. Bulwer, "for the miseries of life, enters upon manhood—aged while yet youthful, and compelled by premature exhaustion, to the dread relief of artificial stimulus. Gin, not even the pure spirit, but its dire adulteration—opium—narcotic drugs; these are the horrible cements, with which he repairs the rents and chasms of a shattered and macerated frame."

The number of operatives above the age of forty was found, upon examination, to be incredibly small. In 1831, there was a "turnout" from forty-two mills of sixteen hundred and sixty-five persons, whose ages ranged from fifteen to sixty.

"Of these, fifteen hundred and eighty-four were below forty-five; three only had attained a period between fifty-five and sixty, and not more than *fifty-one* between *forty-five and fifty* were counted as fit for work." Mr. McNish, whose testimony was admitted by the factory committee, and who is said by an intelligent writer, to be "entitled to the utmost credit," deposed, "that by actual enumeration of sixteen hundred men in the factories of Kenfrew and Lanark, he ascertained that not more than ten had reached forty-five years of age, and these, he added, were retained *by the special indulgence and humanity of their masters*."

That the operatives should be unfit for labor at the age of forty or forty-five will excite no surprise, when the reader reflects upon the early age at which children are sent to the factories—the immense amount of labor required—the short interval allowed for repose—the heated and impure atmosphere which they breathe, and the other cruelties inflicted upon them—inflicted too, be it remembered, in the name of liberty! Well may it be said of the operative, *dum vivat, moritur*.

A member of the house of commons has said, that "the common characteristic of the operatives, even amid all the miseries and excesses frequent among them, is that *of desires better than their condition*." No doubt of it. The mind, however familiarised to misery, is not apt to desire its continuance.

The English operatives have learned in the school of experience, that liberty does not imply happiness, or secure exemption from that decree by which it was ordained that man shall live by the sweat of his brow. Liberty is valuable not as an end, but as a means of procuring happiness. This is no new truth; yet it is an important one, and if it makes no impression, it is simply because of its notoriety.

"To the operative," says Dr. Kay, "*home has no other relation than that of shelter*—few pleasures are there—it chiefly presents to him a scene of physical exhaustion, from which he is glad to escape. Himself impotent of all the distinguishing aims of his species, he sinks into sensual sloth, or revels in more degrading licentiousness. His house is ill furnished, uncleanly, often ill ventilated—perhaps damp; his food, for want of forethought and domestic economy, is *meager and innutritious*; he is debilitated and hypochondriacal, and falls the victim of dissipation." Dr. Kay also stated, that "Mr. Braidley of Manchester, observed the number of persons entering a gin-shop in five minutes, during eight successive Saturday evenings, and at various periods from seven o'clock until ten. The average result was, one hundred and twelve men and one hundred and sixty-three women, or two hundred and seventy-five in forty minutes, which is equal to four hundred and twelve per hour."

Mr. Gregg concurred with Dr. Kay, and described the diet of the operative as *scanty in measure, and noxious in quality*. It would seem then, that the food of the operatives is not altogether so "*wholesome and sufficient*" as Mr. Murray admits that the slaves of Virginia receive.

"England and the English" contains a table "drawn," says Mr. Bulwer, "from official returns," and showing the comparative condition of each class as to food, from the honest and independent laborer, to the convicted and transported felon." "The independent agricultural laborer is unable to get more than an average allowance—

"Of bread, (daily,) 17 oz. = per week, to 119 oz. bread.

"Of bacon, *per week*, 4 oz.

"Loss in cooking, 1 oz. - - - 3 oz. bacon.

122 oz. solid food."

The whole table is too long for insertion here. Mr. Bulwer concludes it by remarking, "that the industrious laborer has less than the pauper—the pauper less than the suspected thief—he less than the convicted—the convicted less than the transported, and by the time you reach the end of the gradation, you find that the *transported thief* has *nearly four times the allowance of the honest laborer!* What effect must those laws produce upon our social system, which make the laborer rise by his own degradation, which bid him be ambitious to be a pauper, and aspire to be a convict!"

Mr. Gregg adds, that "the pernicious practice of mixing a large proportion of spirits in every cup they take, prevails to an inconceivable extent among the manufacturing population, *at every age and in both sexes*.\* Ardent spirits are not the only stimulus which this class of people indulge in. Many of them take *large quantities of opium*, in one form or another; sometimes in pills, sometimes as laudanum, sometimes in what they call an anodyne draught, which is a narcotic of the same kind. The quantity of opium, which, from habit, some children are capable of taking, is almost incredible."

"The fact undoubtedly is," continues the same writer, "that the licentiousness which prevails among the dense population of manufacturing towns, is carried to a degree which it is appalling to contemplate, which baffles all statistical inquiries, and which can be learned only from the testimony of personal observers." The London Quarterly pronounces Mr. Gregg "an impartial witness," who had enjoyed "unparalleled means of arriving at just conclu-

\* What a contrast is presented in the habits of the American slave! We believe the slave-laborers of the United States are less addicted to the use of stimulating drinks, than any equal number of white-laborers to be found in any other country on the globe. The solution is to be found in the salutary discipline and supervision to which the slaves are subjected by their owners.



sions," and whose testimony "must be heard with all the deference such authority demands."

"The dissoluteness," said Dr. Macfarlane, "of the men and women in our manufactories is frightful."

The appalling evils of the factory system have augmented, till they have "now extended," says an English writer, "from hundreds to thousands, and from thousands to millions of our people." Mr. McCulloch in his Commercial Dictionary, in treating of the cotton manufacture in England, estimates the number of operatives at eight hundred thousand persons, but adds, that the data "being necessarily loose, it is impossible to arrive at any thing like precision." His estimate of those employed in the woollen manufacture, is three hundred and thirty thousand. The number of operatives in the cotton factories must be very large; for, in 1835, the average weekly consumption of raw cotton was six millions three hundred and sixty thousand pounds.

To demonstrate the truly deplorable condition of the English operatives, more need not be said. It is obvious, that their free agency is nominal—not substantial; that virtually *their* liberty is a miserable servitude, characterized by indigence and ignorance, exhausting labor and extreme profligacy. The portrait here exhibited, was not drawn by foreign but by native artists, whose skill had been improved by study, matured by experience, and of whose impartiality and integrity no doubt can be entertained. Its contemplation can excite no pleasurable emotion in any liberal mind; and, without giving utterance to the feelings it awakens, we pass on to an examination of the condition of the Irish peasantry.

The evidence to which we shall refer, will be the report of his majesty's commissioners for inquiring into the condition of the poorer classes in Ireland. The report was made in 1835. These commissioners appointed assistant commissioners, who held meetings in upwards of one hundred parishes, and obtained evidence from all classes, from the "land-holder and magistrate to the mendicant himself."

"The sort of potato generally used is the *lumper*," as it grows more abundantly and requires "less manure than any other description." Doyle says, "If it were not for the plentiful produce of this potato, the scarcity of the summer that has just passed would have been starvation. The poverty of the people is bringing it into general use. It is of a soft, watery quality, and is both *unwholesome* and *unpalatable* food; pigs will not thrive upon it."

Capt. Hughes, Mr. Stoney, Mr. Stuart, &c. agree, "That in ordinary seasons there is *one-fifth of the population, who have not a sufficiency even of this unwholesome food*; and years of scarcity are so frequent, that they must enter largely into any calculation of the general condition of the people."

John Cornfield, a small farmer, says, "I knew last summer (1834) in my village, a family of nine to be trusting to eight stone of potatoes for the week, (if not stinted, they would consume upwards of three stone a day,) and it is not of one family, or one village that I speak; but I know *sixty families in the same state*. I think one-half of the land-holders and laborers are supported by the other half during the scanty season." "I knew two land-holders of three acres each," says the Rev. Mr. O'Kean, "who, last year, had but one meal of potatoes a day for the whole summer. Many a man has cut his only blanket in two, and sold one-half of it for food, rather than beg. Half the laborers have no bedstead, but lie on straw spread on the ground; and they find great difficulty in getting enough of this for an occasional change. As to bed-clothes, in many houses, the inmates have nothing to cover them at night beyond the garments which they have worn by day, and many must lie down in their day-clothes, although they should be dripping wet."

Hugh O'Malley was examined by the commissioners, who

stated that he is a "fair specimen" of that great class which is part land-holder and part laborer. "I have not worn shoes," says Hugh, "for ten years. I have had no stockings but such as you see—the legs of stockings a neighbor gave me when he had worn out the feet of them. I have not got a new coat this five years. This is an old one a neighbor gave me six months ago. There is a son of mine; he never wore breeches, he never had any; this is a borrowed coat he has on him. That shirt is the only stitch of clothing he has of his own. We lie on straw that we get from some neighbor in charity; we do not change it, but, as it wastes away, the neighbors give us a wisp to add to it."

O'Donoghoe says, "all the bed-clothes we have is a single fold of a blanket; the children all lie together and have no covering but the sheet. There are numbers in the parish as badly or worse off than I am." This individual was pronounced a "favorable sample" by the priest of the parish, Mr. Lyons, who thus continues: "According to a census which I made two years ago, there were then in this parish seven hundred and fifty-one men who had no shoes, and were unable to procure them. Out of a population of (9,000) nine thousand, there were three thousand one hundred and thirty-six persons, male and female, who within five years had not purchased any important article of clothing, as a gown, a coat, &c. As to night-covering, of sixteen hundred and eighteen families, the entire population, one thousand and eleven have only *one blanket each*, such as it is; two hundred and ninety-nine families have *no blanket at all*."

Mr. Townsend, the chief constable of police in Longford, states, that "The other night my police went to execute a warrant against a man, and on entering the house, they found *twelve children and four women lying on some straw, scattered on a wet floor, with no covering but an old tarpaulin thrown over the sixteen persons*."

Waldron, a Connaught farmer, says, "hundreds would think it *good wages* to be made sure of *one good meal* of potatoes a day to themselves and their families, in return for their labor."

Another witness said to the commissioners: "A spring-well, if it were all ink, would not write for you all the miseries they suffer." The commissioners say, "some bleed the cattle and eat their boiled blood. Others dig their potatoes before the crop is half ripe, when they get but one stone for three they would have if they could wait till it ripened. Nay, they are even seen, in the beginning of summer, madly pulling up the potato-stalks to get, not the young unformed root, but the old rotten potato that the plant is growing from."

When large masses are reduced to such privations, can we wonder at the commission of crime, or think it astonishing that a standing army is required to preserve the public peace? Is it not more wonderful, that any respect whatever is paid to property—especially the property of those wealthy individuals, whose "absenteeism" has increased the miseries of their country?

"The habit of pilfering potatoes is common. Wool is plucked from the sheep's back. Turf is frequently stolen, and cabbages and turnips where they are raised, though the certainty of suffering from such depredations very generally prevents their being raised." "It would be a relief," say the commissioners, "for *one-half* of them to be transported." Yes, and probably the other "half." Such is the moral wretchedness of this population, "that even the commission of *murder* is a recognized title to popular sympathy, gratitude and protection."

"Out of one hundred families, there appear to be usually from twelve to eighteen widows. They are seldom half fed. One meal of potatoes a day is the utmost they can expect, eked out often with unwholesome weeds."

The following is a "fair sample" of the misery of this class: "My cabin," says a witness, "fell in soon after my husband's death. The neighbors built me a new one, but the rain comes in through the roof, which is badly thatched, and beats in through the walls. I sleep on the ground, which is almost constantly wet, and often have not so much straw as would fill a hat. On a wet night, I must go to a neighbor's house with my infant child, born after my husband's death. I have but a single fold of a blanket to cover my whole family of five children. I have had it for eight years. My children are almost naked. I have myself a bad lump on the shoulder, for which I cannot procure medical assistance. It is getting worse through the famishing I have had. My potato crop this year was bad; it cannot last me many weeks. I stuck to the cabin while I could, but I have nothing before me for the winter but to walk the world with my children; and they are so young I must carry three of them." "It was agreed," says the assistant commissioner, "by all the bystanders, including two magistrates, two protestant rectors, and several catholic priests, farmers and shopkeepers, that few widows of the small land-holders, much less of laborers, can be better circumstanced than this woman, and that she affords a fair illustration of the common case of a widow sinking into beggary, and of the struggles she makes to hold herself above it."

"Often," said the medical men examined, one and all, "do we administer medicine to the sick, when we well know that food and clothing are the real medicines wanted to rescue them from the grave—remedies indispensable, but not to be procured."

Dr. Walsh says: "In many instances when I have spoken of gruel as necessary for the patient, I have been told 'I might as well order them claret, because they had neither the material nor the turf to boil it. I have frequently found the sick lying on the bare damp ground without any covering, straw being considered a luxury which the pig only, who pays the rent, has the right to enjoy.'"

"Death," says Dr. Develin of Galway, "constantly ensues from complaints induced by insufficient or unwholesome food—owing to this and the want of sufficient clothing either by day or night, they are subject to complaints that at the age of forty inflict on them all the infirmities of sixty." The cottiers and small holders decline from forty. Poverty bends their spirit and breaks them down. If there is a bridge to be built, there will not be a man upon it above fifty-five."

"I am quite sure," said Dr. Powell, "that many scores of sick perish every year for want of proper sustenance. Our diseases themselves are evidently caused by cold, and hunger and nakedness. The poor man regaining his appetite on recovering, finds nothing to eat: a little food would restore him, but he sinks for want of it."

The dispensary surgeons all concurred in declaring, that the larger proportion of the cases they attended were "dis-eases of the stomach, brought on solely by insufficient or unwholesome food, and want of clothing and shelter from the weather. Dropsy from these causes is frequent among the young."

From what has been said it may be readily inferred, that mendicancy is very prevalent. Widows and orphans, the aged and the sick, the laborer, the mechanic, and even the

\*In Ireland, even the healthy and the young were ragged and dirty, and their cabins were the most wretched I ever saw. I thought I saw the most cheerless dwellings in Italy that mortals could well inhabit, but they did not compare with those of Ireland. These cabins are built of turf; the walls are low, and the floor is of earth. The pig lives much of the time in the mud-cell, and the donkey also enters in here. \* \* \* It is thus that thousands of the Irish peasantry live in idleness, poverty and filth.

[Fisk's Travels in Europe.

farmer in periods of distress, are all beggars in turn. "The gentry never give to beggars. High walls surround their demesnes, and a dog is kept at the gates to prevent the entrance of a beggar." The

Surly porter stands in guilty state  
To spurn imploring famine from the gate.

These lines from "Goldsmith's Deserted Village," are applicable to the present day.

The Rev. Mr. Burke stated that "absentees, even in times of dearth or infectious disease, send over no subscriptions; they send nothing but *latitats* and *ejectments*." "The burden imposed by mendicants falls upon the lower and middle classes—the farmers and shopkeepers—but chiefly upon the poor themselves. 'Beg from a beggar,' is an old and current saying among them."

"One hundred and twenty beggars will call at my house in a day," said Mr. D. Avery to the commissioners.\* They reported, that the condition of the regular beggar is "far better than that of every description of laborer." Many of the beggars "keep up and exhibit disgusting sores for the purpose of exciting compassion. Some borrow children for the same object. Others lead about a maniac, or idiot, or deformed child. All the *prayer-hawkers* (beggars who go about reciting long prayers in every house into which they force their way) *drink*. You may often see the *prayer-rhymers drunk*."

Political economists contend, that poverty operates as a check to marriage. We believe the doctrine is true in reference to the middle and higher classes of society, but not true of the lowest class. If it be true of these last, the conduct of the Irish peasantry cannot be adduced as confirming the correctness of the theory; for we have good authority for asserting, that in Ireland, "a lamb, a calf, a bedstead, or a blanket—nay, even the *promise of a pig*, given with the daughter, is quite enough to induce a youth of eighteen or twenty to marry her." [A slender dowry for the wife of an *exquisite* of the present day.]

"The aged have usually been supported by their children. If sickly and in want of nicer food than potatoes, they may die, for none other is to be had, and well were it had they enough potatoes to keep life in them. Laborers, supporting their parents, are often reduced to one meal of dry potatoes a day. It comes sometimes to *counting the potatoes*. Then, as the second family grows large, the daughter-in-law begins to grumble. Domestic quarrels arise—the old people's lives are embittered, and they are at length driven out to beg. This is the *common process*." "The few potatoes I eat, sir," says an old man, "cannot do me good, for I am afraid they are grudging me; and what is more, I grudge them to myself when I see so many young mouths opening for them." One witness asserted, that the turning out of the aged father is now so common, that "the contrary is the exception." When "it comes to counting the potatoes," it presents the agonizing alternative whether a man's child or parent should perish. Destitution so hopeless displaces, if it does not obliterate, every feeling save that of self-preservation. The obligations of filial duty are stifled by the intensity of misery. Instead of competence and comfort to soothe the pillow of age, the feeble parent is often driven out of doors, and forced, during the remnant of life, to beg by day—to sleep at night upon the damp ground; and, with the broad canopy of heaven as his

\*"It is a fact no less surprising than pleasing to record, that, during two years spent in travelling through every part of the Union, I have only once been asked for alms, and that once was by a female who was very unwell; and who, although decently dressed, told me that she wanted a bit of money to buy some food."—(Murray's Travels, vol. 2.) Although he travelled through the slave-holding states—the hot-beds, so called, of oppression and tyranny—he was not often asked for *solid* proofs of his compassion.



covering, resign himself to his dismal and disconsolate doom.

We might proceed and give additional proofs of the prevalent wretchedness of this class of the Irish population; but *cui bono*? We have adduced examples enough to convince the understanding and soften the heart. Most gladly do we now discontinue the detail of the numberless evils endured by this people—evils which, we believe, they have borne with a fortitude and a patience unparalleled in any other civilized country. "A population of *eight millions* (about treble the present slave population of our Union) left," says an intelligent English writer, "to live or die as it may happen." This too in a country which Heaven has blessed with a salubrious climate, and a soil of remarkable fertility;—a country, one-third of whose rich soil is estimated by competent judges, to lie yet uncultivated.

The evidence which we have brought forward proves, that the operatives in the factories of England do not enjoy "comparative comfort and good usage;" that they are worked "beyond their power;" that hence deformity and disease ensue, and that among those who undertake the long-continued and painful labor of the factories, few are fit for labor of any kind when they arrive to the age of forty. It proves, that their food is not "wholesome" or "sufficient;" that they breathe an atmosphere rendered unhealthy by the effluvia generated in the cotton manufacture. It proves, that the intellectual and moral improvement of the children are generally neglected, and that they are early taught to indulge freely in the use of artificial stimulants. It proves, that parents subsist by the oppression of their children; and, finally, that among both sexes—the young—the middle aged and the old—there are few, if any, whose lives afford practical proof of any respect for virtue or religion.

Of the "comparative comfort and good usage," enjoyed by the Irish peasantry, the reader has also an opportunity of judging. That their food is "wholesome and sufficient" he cannot believe: nor can he think, that "their clothing, although coarse, is suited to their necessities and to the climate." The operatives of England, and the poor of Ireland, deserve the sympathy of the philanthropist of every clime; and eminently are they entitled to the serious attention and kindness and sympathy of British legislators. The duty of ascertaining and applying the appropriate remedies to arrest, as far as circumstances will authorize, the enormous evils which now afflict both classes, devolves upon her majesty's subjects, and not upon the people of our country, who have not assumed the guardianship of the oppressed and suffering portion of the people of Great Britain, or conceived it necessary to hold meetings and denounce the authors of English cruelty or Irish oppression. Our citizens have pursued this course, not from an insensibility to human suffering, but from the well-grounded conviction, that this line of conduct best comported with self-respect, and the obligations of international courtesy. If oppression and tyranny be required to awaken the compassion, excite the benevolence, and stimulate the patriotism of a nation, then the people of Great Britain have only to contemplate the condition of the operatives to whom reference has been made. The cruelties inflicted upon the helpless children employed in the factories, are sufficiently harrowing to provoke the indignant interposition of every patriot, and to enkindle every particle of English or Irish eloquence. No orator could select a finer theme for the display of his powers; no patriot should await a more animating inducement to manifest his loyalty to his country. Were additional incentives wanting to develop British compassion, and British philanthropy, in all their length and depth and breadth, those incentives might be found, with surprising facility, among the destitute, houseless, and hungry peasantry of Ireland.

The readers of the *Messenger* are aware, that Mr. O'Connell is the professed champion of the people of Ireland.

Whether greatness has been "thrust upon him," or power "lay in his way and he stumbled upon it," or whether he has *fairly* acquired it by the possession and exercise of great abilities, we cannot determine. The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said, that Mr. O'Connell possesses more power in Great Britain than any man since the revolution of 1688. Be this as it may, he is no ordinary man; and, if he does not enjoy a well-earned fame, he possesses an extensive and unenviable notoriety. We think less of his moral than of his intellectual endowments. Had he common abilities only, he never could have obtained that influence in the house of commons, and over the public opinion of Great Britain, which he is thought, by many, to possess and to wield. His besetting sin seems to be the love of agitation, contention, and, we had almost said, calumny and detraction.

"Agitation or excitement," says a former reporter to the house of commons,\* "is necessary to his very being—as much so as the air he breathes. He is in his element "when in the midst of the political storm and tempest and "whirlwind. I once heard him say, that independently of "the great object for which he is struggling, he exults in the "struggle itself. He would feel unutterably wretched on "his own account were a political millenium to take place in "Ireland."

This trait of character, while it enables an individual to excite the passions of men, frequently unfits him for directing and restraining those passions within proper bounds. The eloquence which engenders a popular demand for innovation, is not always accompanied by the profound sagacity required to decide what innovations should be made. Mr. O'Connell may, by agitation and clamor, excite public sympathy in behalf of Ireland; but his countrymen want *substantial* relief, and they know that food and clothing are more valuable than any declarations of sympathy from the public. That impoverished yet generous people, are required by this great agitator of his own country and calumniator of ours, to give to him some 10 or £12,000 annually to keep alive his patriotism, and prevent him from yielding to ministerial blandishments. Signor Manuel Ordonez lived comfortably, and amassed a fortune, by administering the funds of the poor. And Mr. O'Connell, while cogitating upon the necessities of Ireland, felt forcibly admonished of the necessity of self-preservation. The essential difference between their character is this: Signor Manuel Ordonez was a man of great *piety*, while Mr. O'Connell is overflowing with *philanthropy*. "One meal of dry potatoes a day" may serve to keep breath in the body of an Irish peasant, but they alone are utterly inadequate to nourish the corporeal and intellectual powers of a *patriot*; and no man has studied this truth with more shrewdness than Daniel O'Connell. He has evinced no partiality for "lumpers," however large they may grow; and doubtless he, even, had rather be a "poor slave" in Virginia, than an ignorant and pennyless Irishman, reduced to the dire necessity of "counting the potatoes."

A great responsibility rests upon Mr. O'Connell. His Irish countrymen have honored him with office and their confidence, and they have a right to expect from him an earnest and unremitting devotion to their interests and welfare. When he shall have succeeded in diffusing among all classes of his countrymen the means of procuring a decent living, and thus strengthened the cause of virtue, by diminishing the temptations to vice;—when he shall have secured a substantial liberty to the operatives of England, and the poor of his own native land, then he may claim a large measure of applause and gratitude. If his ambition be not then satiated, and he should feel oppressed by the weight of his philanthropy, he can find on the continent of Europe a large *stock* of misery, in which he might easily in-

\* Random Recollections of the House of Commons.

vest his treasures of compassion. Among the peasants of Hungary and Poland, and the serfs of Russia, he might find vent for the sum total of his philanthropy, and surely their claims are not inferior to those of the slaves in the United States. Of late years, slavery in our country has been a favorite topic for Mr. O'Connell's declamatory harangues. He has found no language harsh enough to express his horror and detestation of the slave-holders of our country. He had better spare his lexicon and his lungs for another purpose. His denunciations of the slave-holders of our Union have been, and will continue to be treated, with the contempt and derision which are due alike to him and his slanders. Why he should be under any *special obligations* to espouse the cause of abolition here, we are unable to divine. It would be well for him, and his associates in that cause, to remember, that every innovation in government is not an *improvement*. The distinction is important, and obvious to the reflecting mind. There are many questions in government, the *right* of which can only be judged by a reference to the consequences which may be supposed rationally to result. In conclusion, we would recommend to the consideration of Mr. O'Connell and his admirers, the following admonition of ex-president Adams to the abolitionists, whose petitions he had been requested to present to the House of Representatives: "Human foresight is sometimes" (yes, very often) "strangely at fault, at devising expedients for improving the condition of mankind. The African slave-trade was, if not introduced, countenanced and recommended by Las Casas, one of the most amiable and benevolent of mankind, to save the Indian race from extermination."\*

R. T. H.

## POETICAL TRIFLES.

BY A MOUNTAINEER.

## NO. I.—THE BUTTERFLY'S STORY.

[Written on seeing a dead Butterfly. September, 1839.]

Poor little butterfly,  
If thou could'st utter thy  
Wee bit of history,  
Thou would'st tell this story:—

"I was born with the flowers,  
In May's balmy hours.  
With my light painted wing,  
When I sail'd through the air,  
I heard nature sing,  
I saw nature fair.

"In the light, in the shade,  
I flitted, I play'd;  
Sipp'd the nectar of bloom  
And the dew of the mead,  
And rejoiced in my doom,  
Without trouble or heed.

"Ah! soon came a blight  
On my youthful delight;  
A dark thunder-cloud,  
Shook the earth with its crack;  
The rain-storm was loud,  
And nature grew black.

"All quiv'ring with dread,  
To a covert I fled:  
But what could avail  
My snug leafy bower,  
When the hard-frozen hail  
Rattled down in a shower?

\* See Mr. Adams's letter in the National Intelligencer of May, 1839.

"My gay pinion was torn,  
I was sad and forlorn.  
When the storm pass'd away,  
Think what was my fright!  
All quench'd was the day,  
And all gloomy the night.

"Stunn'd, wounded and chill,  
And alarmingly ill,  
I lamented my fate,  
As forever undone:  
'Farewell, happy state!  
Farewell, thou lost sun!"

"But the murky night pass'd,  
Dewy morn came at last.  
Then my troubles were gone,  
And my pleasure renew'd;  
I roved the gay lawn  
And the green shady wood.

"But changeful the scene  
Of my short life hath been:  
The storm and the rain  
With their terrible fray,  
Came often again,  
And as oft pass'd away.

"But now I'm aware  
Of a change in the air;  
There are marks of decline  
On the leaves and the flowers;  
I have measur'd the line  
Of my life's fleeting hours."

## NO. II.—THE BRIDE'S TRANSFORMATION.

[Written for Miss M. D., to pay the forfeit of a Philippina.]

A woful tale I have to tell—  
How, by a mighty wizard's spell,  
Was changed a lovely blooming bride,  
Who dwelt on broad Potomac's side.  
The fact admits no dubitation;  
For many saw the transformation;  
And you shall own the wonder true,  
When you have read the story through.

Ye belles and beaux, give solemn heed,  
And wisdom gain from what you read.  
Young Ellen was the blooming bride;  
Her lover's joy, her parents' pride.  
Within her clear and liquid eye,  
Was seen the azure of the sky;  
Upon her cheek the healthful flush,  
Was like Aurora's kindling blush:  
Her auburn locks, around her head,  
In graceful waves and ringlets spread:  
Her rounded limbs, instinct with motion,  
Were buoyant as the billowy ocean:  
Her mellow lips would half disclose,  
Whene'er she smiled, two shining rows  
Of well-set teeth: her tuneful voice,  
Could sweetly warble forth her joys;  
And when her heart would tell its pain,  
Could like a moaning lute complain.

That heart, with all its joy and care,  
She gave to Edwin, young and fair;  
When he, with his all in a flame  
Of purest love, a wooing came.

How happy was the wedding day—  
The twentieth of merry May!  
New leaves had dress'd the vernal woods;  
Soft breezes kiss'd the dimpled floods;  
And every meadow, every grove,



Was full of flowers, and full of love.

The hymeneal knot was tied ;  
The bridegroom clasp'd his blooming bride ;  
Who, in the glow of youthful charms,  
Return'd the pressure of his arms,—  
Rejoic'd as he, that naught could sever  
The tie that made them one forever.

Ah ! little, in this rapturous hour,  
Thought he or she of that dread power,  
Whose spell invincible would prove  
To kill the charms that nourish love.

The hoary wizard, when he saw  
Their hearts from mutual bondage draw  
Inspiring hope, extatic joy,  
Began the spell that must destroy.  
He called, to aid him in his work,  
The sprites invisible, that lurk  
In earth and air, or ride afar  
In many a bright and rolling star.  
He summon'd first from under ground,  
And from the atmosphere around,  
The spirits by whose agency  
All mortal beings live and die ;  
Who nurse the puny embryo,  
And churn the food that makes it grow ;  
Concoct the pois'nous juice ; draw forth  
Mephitic vapors from the earth ;  
Shoot the red lightning through the sky,  
And make the roaring tempest fly ;  
And then the sprites who roll the spheres,  
To measure days and months and years,  
He call'd ;—and they all deftly twirl'd  
The spindle of each wheeling world ;  
While spirits of the earth and air  
Still plied the tasks allotted there.  
He gathers all this latter crew,  
And tells them what each one must do ;  
He points to Ellen in her bliss :  
“ Do you do that,” and “ you do this.”  
They soon begin, and day by day,  
Poor Ellen's charms are filch'd away.

One blacks and rots her ivory teeth,  
And spoils the sweetness of her breath.

Another tans her soft white skin,  
And sucks the juices from within ;  
Contracts the flesh, and gathers over,  
In wrinkled laps, the leathery cover.

Another from her beaming eye,  
Extracts the sweet vivacity ;  
Puts livid spots beneath, and drinks  
The crystal fluid, till it shrinks ;—  
Plucks out the lashes, and instead,  
A border makes of rheumy red.

A fourth attacks her auburn hair ;  
He plucks until her crown is bare,  
And makes the remnant underneath,  
Take the lost color of her teeth.

Another for his office takes,  
To wring her joints with sores and aches ;  
To crook her spine, and wrench and twist,  
From hip to toe, from neck to wrist.

The last one undertook her throat :  
He crack'd the glottis ; then her note  
Was like the toad's ; her speech a jumble,  
Of squeak and gibber, croak and grumble.

Alas, poor Ellen, how bereft !  
Of outward charms not one was left :  
If Edwin would a beauty find,  
He must look through and search her mind.

If none be there, the blooming bride  
Is now a hag, and nought beside.

My tale is done, except the rhyme,  
That calls the hoary wizard—*TIME*.

### NO. III.—ON PORTRAIT PAINTING.

[Addressed to Miss H— O'H—s ; on seeing a Portrait painted by her.]

Youth, like the flowers,  
Blooms but to wither ;  
Swift as the hours,  
Day after day,—  
Swift as the Antelope over the heather,—  
Youth flies away—  
Youth flies away.

Beauty, like morning  
Kindling her taper,  
Shows an adorning  
Splendid and gay :  
What is it all but a sun-painted vapor,  
Fading away—  
Fading away ?  
Age still impairing,  
Absence obscuring,—  
Death too uptearing,  
Forms that decay :  
Soon from remembrance (since none are enduring)  
All pass away—  
All pass away.

Limner, then borrow  
Hues from the bright cloud ;  
Soothe our sorrow,—  
Quickly portray  
Looks of the fair, as a flash of the night-cloud,  
Dark'ning away—  
Dark'ning away.

Pictur'd resemblance,  
Though we but see a  
Shadowy semblance,  
Will yet convey,  
Brightly and sweetly, the cherish'd idea  
Of one far away—  
Of one far away.

### THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

[We invite the attention of the public to the subjoined communication from Dr. Nelson of this city, accompanied by a letter to him from Mr. Burritt, already distinguished by Governor Everett as the learned blacksmith of Massachusetts. Mr. Burritt's extraordinary acquirements, under the peculiar circumstances of his life, are only equalled by the modesty with which he shrinks from notoriety. We doubt whether there is a parallel instance on record of the same application to mental improvement, under such striking disadvantages. The most learned linguist now living, we believe, is Mezzofanti, the Professor of Oriental Languages at the University of Bologna, in Italy. He is said to speak and write fluently, eighteen ancient and modern languages, and twenty-two different dialects of Europe ; but Mezzofanti has not been obliged to labor one-third of his time at the anvil for subsistence. Lord Byron said of him—“ he is a monster of languages—the Briareus of parts of speech—a walking polyglot ; and more, who ought to have existed at the time of the tower of Babel, as universal interpreter.” What would Lord Byron have said of the self-taught Massachusetts linguist, whose wonderful ac-

quisitions have been treasured up amidst toil and poverty, and in those intervals which are usually devoted to repose or recreation? If any of our readers should be incredulous in this matter, we need only refer them to the address of Governor Everett, and also to the personal testimony and observation of Dr. Nelson, of whom it may be said that no declaration of ours is necessary to entitle his statements to the fullest confidence.—*Ed. Mess.*]

*To the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.*

With a few friends, who have seen the following communication, I entirely concur in the opinion that it ought to be given to the public. It is a brilliant, an unsurpassed example of what may be achieved by persevering application to study. To all persons, especially to the young mechanics of our country, it may prove a beacon of light to guide them to higher destinies, by a diligent improvement of their "little fragments of time."

Of the verity of the statement made by the writer there cannot be a doubt. In the summer of 1838, Governor Everett of Massachusetts, in an address to an association of mechanics in Boston, took occasion to mention that a blacksmith of that State had by his unaided industry made himself acquainted with *fifty languages*. In July of the following year, I was passing through Worcester, the place of his present residence, and gratified my curiosity by calling to see him. Like any other son of Vulcan, Mr. Burritt was at his anvil. I introduced myself to him, observing that I had read with great pleasure, and with unfeigned astonishment, an account of him by the Governor of his State, which had induced me to take the liberty of paying him a visit. He very modestly replied that the Governor had done him more than justice. It was true, he said, that he could read about fifty languages, but he had not studied them all critically. Yankee curiosity had induced him to look at the Latin grammar; he became interested in it, persevered, and finally acquired a thorough knowledge of that language. He then studied the Greek with equal care. A perfect acquaintance with these languages had enabled him to read with facility the Italian, the French, the Spanish and Portuguese. The Russian, to which he was then devoting his "odd moments," he said was the most difficult of any he had undertaken.

I expressed my surprise at his youthful appearance. He informed me he was but *twenty-seven years of age*; (to which statement I gave ready credence)—that he had been constantly engaged at his trade from boyhood to that hour, and that his education previous to his apprenticeship had been very slender.

Mr. Burritt removed from a village near Hartford, in Connecticut, where he was born and where he learned his trade, to Worcester, to enjoy the benefit of an antiquarian library stored with rare books, to which the trustees gave him daily access.

"Yes, sir," said he, "I now have the key to that library, (showing it as if it were the most precious jewel, the real key to knowledge,) and there I go every day and study eight hours. I work eight hours, and the other eight I am obliged to devote to animal comforts and repose."

The stage drove up and I most reluctantly left him, exacting however a promise that he would write me some account of himself—of his past and present studies.

The following is the first, but not the only letter which he has done me the favor to write. I have assurance that Mr. Burritt would not be so false to his professions as to object to its publicity. But I am equally well assured that it will give him more pain than pleasure.

TH: NELSON.

Richmond, Feb. 4th, 1840.

—  
WORCESTER, Dec. 16th, 1839.

Dear Sir:—I sit down to write to you under a lively apprehension that you will accept of no apology that I can make for my long silence. But before you impute to me indifference or neglect, I beg you, my dear sir, to consider the peculiar nature of my occupations,—to reflect that my time is not at my disposal, and that my leisure moments are such as I can steal away from the hours which my arduous manual labors would incline me to allow to repose. I deferred writing some time, thinking to address you a letter on your return from the springs; but the nature of my business became such in the fall, that I was compelled to labor both night and day up to the present time, which is the first leisure hour that I have had for several months. I cannot but be gratefully affected by the benevolent interest which you manifested in my pursuits, both in our interview in Worcester, and in the letter for which I am indebted to your courtesy and kind consideration. I thank you most cordially for those expressions of good will. They are peculiarly gratifying,—coming as they do from one whose personal acquaintance I have not long had the means and pleasure of enjoying; a fact which proves, I fear, that I have been thrust before the world very immaturity. An accidental allusion to my history and pursuits, which I made unthinkingly in a letter to a friend, was, to my unspeakable surprise, brought before the public as a rather ostentatious *débüt* on my part to the world: and I find myself involved in a species of notoriety not at all in consonance with my feelings. Those who have been acquainted with my character from my youth up will give me credit for sincerity, when I say, that it never entered my heart to blazon forth any acquisition of my own. I had, until the unfortunate *denouement* which I have mentioned, pursued the even tenor of my way unnoticed, even among my brethren and kindred. None of them ever



thought that I had any particular *genius*, as it is called; I never thought so myself. All that I have accomplished, or expect or hope to accomplish, has been and will be by that plodding, patient, persevering process of accretion which builds the ant-heap,—particle by particle, thought by thought,—fact by fact. And if I ever was actuated by ambition, its highest and farthest aspiration reached no farther than the hope to set before the *young men* of my country an example in employing those invaluable fragments of time called “odd moments.” And, sir, I should esteem it an honor of costlier *water* than the tiara encircling a monarch’s brow, if my future activity and attainments should encourage American *working-men* to be proud and jealous of the credentials which God has given them to every eminence and immunity in the empire of mind. These are the views and sentiments with which I have sat down, night by night for years, with blistered hands and brightening hope, to studies which I hoped might be serviceable to that class of community to which I am proud to belong. This is my *ambition*. This is the goal of my aspirations. But, not only the *prize*, but the whole *course* lies before me, perhaps beyond my reach. “I count myself not yet to have attained” to any thing worthy of public notice or private mention: what I *may do* is for Providence to determine.

As you expressed a desire in your letter for some account of my past and present pursuits, I shall hope to gratify you on this point, and also rectify a misapprehension which you with many others may have entertained of my acquirements. With regard to my attention to the languages, (a study of which I am not so fond as of mathematics,) I have tried, by a kind of practical and philosophical process, to contract such a familiar acquaintance with the head of a family of languages as to introduce me to the other members of the same family. Thus, studying the Hebrew very critically, I became readily acquainted with its cognate languages, among the principal of which are the Syriac, Chaldaic, Arabic, Samaritan, Ethiopic, &c. The languages of Europe occupied my attention immediately after I had finished my classics; and I studied French, Spanish, Italian and German, under native teachers. Afterwards, I pursued the Portuguese, Flemish, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Icelandic, Welsh, Gaelic, Celtic. I then ventured on further east into the Russian empire; and the Slavonic opened to me about a dozen of the languages spoken in that vast domain, between which the affinity is as marked as that between the Spanish and Portuguese. Besides these, I have attended to many different European dialects still in vogue. I am now trying to push on eastward as fast as my means will permit, hoping to discover still farther analogies among the oriental languages which will assist my progress. I must now close

this hasty, though long letter, with the assurances of my most sincere respect and esteem:

ELIHU BURRITT.

To TH: NELSON, M. D.

N. B. Please make my compliments acceptable to the ladies who were in your company when at Worcester. I should be much pleased to send them some trivial token of my remembrance and respect.

#### THE BUTTERFLY, THE FLY-TRAP, AND THE BARD.

A Butterfly, whose filmy wing  
Could never back the dew-drop fling  
That nestled in the flow'r;  
Went roaming once the garden round,  
Now flutt'ring on without a sound,  
Now here, now there, now up, now down—  
Companion of the hour!  
His home was now upon the rose,  
And now the clover yields her stores;  
And then again far, far away,  
He swept the air as if in play;  
Ever going, returning still,  
He lighted on a Daffodil,  
Which to the air its beauties spread  
Where close a Fly-Trap rear'd her head.

FLY-TRAP.

Why shunneth me the Butterfly?

BUTTERFLY.

Miss Trap, I do not wish to die.

FLY-TRAP.

Oh do not, do not think that I  
Would ever kill a Butterfly!  
For Hornets, Wasps and busy Bees—  
My leaflets crush but only these.  
My sweets are all reserved for you  
To taste—

BUTTERFLY.

Can I believe you true?

FLY-TRAP.

Believe me? Light you on my leaf,  
And from my love you'll learn belief—  
I'll rock you lightly in the sun,  
And wedded joys, then but begun,  
Shall only end when wintry weather  
Blasts Fly and Fly-Trap both together.  
The foolish Fly believed her true,  
Then from his perch he quickly flew,  
But found, too late, a smile deceives—  
To death was crush'd within her leaves!

The Poet saw his death, and then  
In haste he seized his ready pen  
To all the world the deed to show,  
And tack the follow'ng moral to:

MORAL.

Beware, oh man! of woman's smile!  
Deceit doth lurk within its wile—  
The fairest cheek, whose glowing blush  
Did ever make the hot blood rush  
Back to its parent fount, whence spring  
Hopes of poor man's imagining—  
Yes, yes, that cheek can forge a chain  
Whose touch is joy, whose clasp is pain,  
And make you mourn, with latest breath,  
That wedded life is moral death!

F. G.

## SPARKS THAT MAY KINDLE.

*The Spirit of true Scholarship.*

Your true scholar is a great rarity. Nature laboreth long to produce such an one, and after many ineffectual strivings and rude abortions, gives birth to one in an age—a world's wonder. Let us contemplate this strange genesis, and inquire, whence, and of what temper and elements it is, and by what it is differenced from other men, and stands thus aloof. It is neither his arrogance nor our servile fear that has placed him above the rest of us; but his native hugeness of stature overshadows us, and we reverence. We are of the earth; we creep along its surface; our sight is obstructed by its hills and mists. He is a clear intelligence; he partakes of the heavenly; in him reside swiftness and strength; he overtops the mountains, and far above the cloud region breathes the pure ether. Yet we do not worship. He is only our taller brother. The same spark is in us too. We may one day take long strides like him.

*The Spirit of the True Scholar is a Self-denying Spirit.*

God hath not given to every man to possess and enjoy all things. Nature is never prodigal of her favors. He may be rich, if he will, or learned, or in honor, or indolent, but not all and at once. The same sun that ripens the cotton plant, scorches the grass. One tree bears oranges, another the bread fruit; but no one both. Man may choose what he will be, and then by a laborious paying of the price which necessity exacts, he shall become that thing he has chosen. Would he be rich, then he shall work with callous hands, rise with the lark, feed scantily, save odds and ends, and suffer all the ills of poverty. Or grasping at stocks, become the associate and friend of the knave and outlaw, and the worn hat and threadbare coat will be an emblem of the leanness that is within. But the end is sure. He will be rich. He has chosen his part, which, as the laws of nature are certain, "shall not be taken from him." Yet this man can not become wise, or honored, or beloved.

Such is our weakness that the visible excludes the ideal. Gold and silver take, in the judgments of men, the precedence of the riches that are in the intellect of men. The voice of applauding multitudes is louder and more persuasive than the low, quiet broodings of the affections. A place in a faction is more desirable than in the immortal brotherhood of the good and wise.

Yet all these influences of sense, and custom, and conventional judgment, which so temptingly allure all men, must the lover of true wisdom forego, and reject. They encumber and stifle him. Pythons are they, which need a Hercules to strangle

them. Nay, they strangle the most of us. Yet he whom Nature hath made a worthy scholar, and to whom the right spirit has been given, be he sunken never so deep in these oppressive waters, by a native subtleness and upward pressure, emerges, and rises to his own pure element. The waves reach not him. Their roar is far below. He cares not to pamper the body. Like Erasmus, his first want is books; then if he has money left, he will buy clothes. Pulse and spring water, a rude pallet and a maple dish are fare and furniture enough for him, who has fellowship with heroes and sages, who provides no expensive entertainments for the living, but himself feeds on the treasured wisdom of the dead. He does not need a garnished house, and a costly retinue. He would be himself a fit dwelling for the spirit of divine wisdom, and has in the power of his knowledge all the principles of nature, as handmaids richly and spontaneously ministering to his wants. He desires not the commendation of the unthinking; for he is not of them. To the cheers or censures of the multitude he gives no heed, for he is of that noble society, selected from the generous and the just, the heroic and devoted, the pure and wise of all ages, who have been martyrs for the right, and who have mused in silence, in obscurity, in scorn, on the beauty and excellence of truth, till the flame has been kindled in them, and burned on consuming and inextinguishable.

The Power that made man, has subjected him to toil. "By the sweat of thy brow," is the perpetual decree. The treasures that we covet, lie not upon the surface. Gems are in mines. The pearl dwells many fathoms down in the bosom of the sea. Truth too has her secret veins, which the rustic treads on daily and unwittingly. She lies in a deep well, to whose bottom only the stars look. He who searches for her with idle curiosity or vacant stare will not find her. She does not come in dreams. The scholar girds himself with a deliberate purpose. Whatever is needful he does, and shrinks from no discipline. He plods, delves, watches; he walks, runs, waits. Thankfully he receives the sudden light of an inspiration, or patiently spells out the mystic characters in which nature's laws are written.

*The Spirit of the True Scholar is a Sincere Spirit.*

It has no sympathy with error, it disdains falsehood, it despises and defies deceit. Truth is its element, its life. It loves the light, and walks forth boldly in it, that itself may be seen, and that it may see all things.

The true scholar must be sincere not only in word and action, but in purpose and thought. There must be no seeming in him; cant, hypocrisy and pretension are alien from his nature. He desires that only which truly is. The false shows of things, which dazzle and blind, have no charm for him. He aims at a real knowledge and substan-



tial worth. He has to do with substance and heart. Forms have no value for him who would apprehend the "inwardness of all secrets." He who would be initiated in the hidden doctrine and rites of Eleusis, must present himself, as with a cleansed body so with a sincere mind, without doubt or mistrust, hoping and looking with single aim for the wisdom that is to be revealed. So the student who would enter the temple of truth, and behold with his own eyes the mysteries of nature, must pass on with that sincerity of heart which alone can give a serene purpose and a resolute step. The crackling salt, offered with honest hands, shall be a more odorous offering than Sabæan spices. If the heartless lover who vows adoration to his mistress while he worships only her gold, is justly spurned, and loses both his mistress and his gold; much more he who seeks an unearthly and spiritual good with low views and an earthly heart, shall find himself perpetually balked and disappointed. There is here no room for paltering, and double dealing. Every man gets what he deserves, not what he would seem to deserve. The lust of gold, however disguised, cannot win wisdom, nor can the desire of mere dignities, or that shameless passion which seeks only popular applause: nay, they are dull orbs, ever near and impenetrable, which stand forever between the soul's eye and the sun of truth. Is there one who loves truth, and seeks after wisdom? to whom they are in themselves more precious than gold and gems, priceless as light and the stars, more sustaining and comforting than the balsams of human affection and regard? Let him thank God, and take courage. That he desireth, he shall yet have. He has now the key that unlocks every ward. His vision is already purged, that, in due time, he may gaze on the transcendent brightness. As the tree by its subtle alchemy rejects all noxious and pestilent exhalations, and transmutes the impalpable air into veined leaves, and spreading branches, and a solid trunk, so does the sincere scholar, refusing error and deceit, breathe only the pure air of truth, and is quickened in every impulse and affection by its living energy.

The sincerity of the true scholar is no ordinary attainment. It must be unmingled and undefiled; not merely a single purpose, not one strain however melodious—but the consent of all the harmonies of his being; nor yet a rainbow union, where each hue is diverse while all are blended, but that perfect intermingling in which every separate color is lost in the pure whiteness of their combination. To such an one science reveals itself as to a favorite son. That which others grope for is plain to him. He enters the labyrinth with a clue that shall never mislead.

This sincerity involves a judgment of the heart no less than of the head. It is a moral appreciation. Simple in itself, it loves simplicity and purity. Understanding values, and, judging by a

right measure, it holds fast what it loves. Transparent too is it, with that liquid clearness in which the sunlight detects no floating mote or staining vapor.

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*The Sprit of the True Scholar is a Solitary Spirit.*

Doubtless he who looks aright for wisdom may find it everywhere. Her lessons are written on all material things, and are interwoven with the whole fabric of society. The true scholar learns not less from nature, and from his own experience of life, than from books, "which are the records of other men's lives." Men talk much of the beauties of nature, wherewith boys and maidens are often in raptures. Yet these beauties are of too fine essence to be discerned by gross and vulgar spirits, and lie too deep hidden to be reached by the frivolous and unthinking. Invested with this beauty, and veiled by it to the common eye, lie, still underneath, the laws and lessons of wisdom. Into this realm, only the true scholar may enter. The harmony of the spheres is his familiar music. The power of elemental numbers, none else can understand. The secret workings of life are in some degree disclosed to him, and the mysterious affinity which makes man a brother to the clod. In the loneliness of nature he is not alone. The trees, winds, waters, all have a voice. "Airy tongues that syllable" are no longer a poetic fiction. The very shapes of what seems dead are emblems, and the gift of insight is bestowed on him.

Nor less does he gain from every hour of contact with social life. Every man he meets becomes his teacher, alike the wise man and the fool, the toll gatherer and the chance wayfarer. In the market place and the court room, the shop of the artisan and the hall of debate, the church, the funeral, the wedding, the christening, in every bargain and sale, in every theatre, caucus and mob, wherever man is and acts, there is his study. The kindling eye, the hasty word, the rude gesture, the clumsy attitude of the rustic, and the swagger of the bully, each tells him something. Every social assembly is a museum of choice specimens, labelled and ticketed, and offered to the inspection of all who think it worth their while to study them. The ungrateful yielding to necessity, the struggle against want, the conferring a favor, all the actions indeed of daily intercourse, teach us effectually lessons, which, when we read them in books, we always forget.

In the scenes of nature and the hurrying tide of society, the scholar is still solitary. The learning goes on in the depths of his own mind, and the bystander sees nothing of it. Inferences, analogies, causes, effects, are a portion of the brood that are hourly begotten, and every sight multiplies itself into manifold new phenomena and relations. The business of the throng around is no hindrance or disturbance. Archimedes could continue his de-

monstration while the soldiers of Marcellus had battered and sacked Syracuse. Xenophon philosophized among the Carduchian mountains. Napoleon was a student at Borodino and Versailles. Bodily presence neither lets nor aids the presence of the spirit.

When the scholar has gathered his treasures by diligent observation of men and things, he retires to the secrecy of his own studious thoughts, as the bee to the hive laden with that which is to be honey. The chemist has drawn from every mine and mountain the materials for his experiments, but it is the silent laboratory and the crucible that bring forth their secret powers and agencies. It is solitary thought that animates the dead mass of facts and products. Here no man can help his neighbor. Each must do his work, and bear his burden alone. Whoever relies on the promised or supposed aid of another is no man. The crutch is the better of the two. If the work is ever accomplished, it is by the energies of the soul working within itself. If not thus done, it will be never done.

Let not the scholar hasten from his seclusion to mingle with men, and become one of them. His solitude has fellows and friends enough. Images of the past are there. Events, that are now passing, fling their shadows into his sanctuary. Homer and Milton, bards, seers, heroes and prophets, are his counsellors and inmates. Still and unobtrusive are they, aids, in no way incumbrances. The history of ages, the experience of human hearts, the riches of man's intellect, are treasured in their few, brief sentences. In such counsellors is wisdom.

Yonder, high in his solitary attic, is he, with scanty furniture and dimly burning lamp. The busy crowd below pass to and fro on their various errands, alike unheeding and unheeded. Yet rich and bright are his visions. Forms of unearthly stature and of celestial beauty wait on his will. Select spirits of distant ages answer to his call. He converses with the best and bravest. They bring messages of warning and refreshment. Himself changes to their likeness, and becomes partaker of their beauty.

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*The Spirit of the True Scholar is a Spirit of Trustful Hope.*

Why should not the true scholar hope and trust? He is a docile pupil of nature, he obeys her laws, he has partaken of her spirit; and she, who is no niggard in her bestowments, will give him his full reward. He has much need of hope, for his discipline is severe. Years of toil and watching avail not sometimes to gain him the secret he would know. Yet he may feel assured that, silently it may be as the dawning, and sure as that dawning, that truth shall be revealed to him; or the globe of cloud shall burst, in some inspired moment, and the

light he has yearned for, be given him. He has need of hope; for the object he aims at comes not within the scope of ordinary sympathy and calculation. It is distant, and the benefits of it are still more distant, and few can see them. There are few who commend. Were not hope strong within him, he would sink by the wayside.

Still more sustaining is his living and perpetual trust. He has undoubting faith in the powers and resources of the human soul. He feels within him that divine energy which links him to the immortals. Himself is a partaker of the Infinite Reason. A reflecting, conscious spirit, with reason and free will, he has the consciousness of sovereignty. The realm of thought and feeling, the boundless universe of knowledge, is subject to him. All this was made for him, his title has no flaw, and he knows that if not now, yet one day, he shall enter and occupy this vast inheritance.

More perfect, if possible, is his trust in the goodness of that Wisdom, which is at once the author of his own being and the source of all truth, and which has made them for each other, that his labor shall not be vain and without reward. As the seeing eye is an evidence beforehand of that light by which it may see, so is his craving of knowledge an earnest and sufficient proof that truth is, and is for him. He who has created the desire and given the power will not suffer them finally to mislead and disappoint. With a charter thus heaven-derived, he goes cheerfully to his labor, and wearisome and imperfect as it may be, he is sure that the end will be attained, and the blessing will be given.

He has too an unwavering faith in the worth of truth. He pursues no phantom. The prize he aims at may be unseen, but is none the less real. That which most men take to be real, the visible tangible form, is but the husk and envelopment of the true substance. That by which the crystal is different from the pebble is not so much its form, as the principle of accretion which brings every particle to its place, and is the origin and law of that form. The student of nature, who reads aright, stops not at the outward appearance, but looks beneath to the living force. In society, the phantasmagoria which passes before our eyes, is to the student not an amusement, but a deep study, and develops to him the secret powers and principles which make that society what it is: as in books, he reads not merely the printed characters, but the meaning of the writer, not a bare alphabet of Greek or Hebrew, but the mind of Sophocles or of Isaiah. Thus perpetually reaching after substance, his way is always to the heart of things. The knowledge he seeks is that which has life; and the life passes from it to him, and he too lives, and is a man. The fashion of this world passeth away, but the word of God abideth forever. He who has well learned that word, which is written



alike in letters and in laws, has a possession which changes not. He can look forward to no disappointment.

The true scholar will be a friend of man. Understanding the secret of their acts, he offers them wise guidance, or, that they may be self-guided, reveals to them the principles which they unconsciously obey. His is no mysterious power over nature and man, but a wise following and a simple hearted knowledge, which another, though he may not discover it, may use more skilfully than he. Thus the thoughts which the scholar has attained by long and patient labor, descend to the common mind, and are the property of all. The light which was once seen from only the hill tops, now shines down into the vallies, and all men rejoice in it.

F. M. H.

### SONNET.

Verse cannot tell how beautiful thou art,  
How glorious the calmness of thine eyes,  
Full of unconquerable energies,  
Telling that thou hast acted well thy part.  
No doubt or fear thy steady faith can start,  
No thought of evil dare come nigh to thee  
Who hast the courage meek of purity,  
The self-stayed greatness of a loving heart.  
Strong with serene, enduring fortitude;  
Where'er thou art, that seems thy fitting place,  
For not of forms, but Nature art thou child,  
And lowest things put on a noble grace  
When touched by ye, oh patient, Ruthlike, mild  
And spotless hands of earnest womanhood.

H. P.

### STORY OF CALIPH STORK,

From the German of W. Hauff. Translated for the Southern Literary Messenger.

Once on a fine afternoon, Caliph Chased of Bagdad was comfortably seated on his sofa; he had slept a little while, for it was a hot day, and now, after his siesta, he brightened up exceedingly. He puffed volumes of smoke from a long pipe of rose-wood now, and then sipped the coffee that a slave poured out for him, and at times stroked his beard, well pleased with the flavor. In a word, it was evident that the Caliph was in a right pleasant mood. This was the hour when one could hope to be favorably received; for he was then always gentle and good-humored; and on this account it was, that his grand vizier Mansor used to visit him every day at this time. He came this afternoon as usual, but, quite contrary to his wont, appeared very thoughtful. The Caliph drew his pipe out of his mouth an inch or two, and said: "What makes you look so grave, grand vizier?"

The grand vizier folded his arms across his breast, bowed before his master, and made answer:

"Whether I look grave or gay, my lord, I do not know, but there is a pedler standing at the door below, who has such beautiful things to sell, that I am vexed I have so little money to buy them."

The Caliph, who had long been fond of gratifying his grand vizier, sent down his black slave to bring up the pedler; and the slave immediately returned with him. He was a small, sturdy man, his face sunburnt, and his garments ragged. He carried a trunk, in which he had a great variety of articles,—pearls, and rings, pistols richly mounted, cups and combs. The Caliph and the vizier examined them all, and the Caliph at last bought beautiful pistols for himself and Mansor, but a comb for the vizier's wife. Now just as the pedler was closing his trunk, the Caliph observed a little drawer, and asked whether there were any more articles there. The pedler drew out the drawer, and showed a box of black powder and a paper with strange writing on it, which neither the Caliph nor Mansor could read. "These two articles," said the pedler, "I got of a merchant who found them in the streets of Mecca; I do not know what their object is, you may have them for a trifle, since I have no use for them myself." The Caliph, who took pleasure in collecting old manuscripts for his library, even when he was unable to read them, bought both the writing and the box, and dismissed the pedler. Now the Caliph thought he should like to know what the writing meant, and asked the vizier whether he knew any person who could explain it. "Most gracious lord and master," answered he, "in the great mosque lives a man, called *Selim the Scholar*, who understands all languages. If you order him to come to you, perhaps he may know these mysterious characters."

The scholar Selim was immediately brought in. "Selim," said the Caliph, addressing him, "you have the reputation of being very learned; look into this writing with your sharpest eyes a moment, and see whether you can read it; if you can, I will give you a new festival suit of clothes; if you cannot, you shall have your ears boxed twelve times, and receive twenty-five blows on the soles of your feet, since your name of *Selim the Scholar* would be undeserved." Selim bowed and said: "Be it done, my lord, according to your will." He scrutinized the writing for a long time, but suddenly exclaimed: "It is Latin, my lord, or may I suffer the severest punishment." "Tell me its meaning," commanded the Caliph, "if it be Latin."

Selim began to translate: "O man who findest this, praise Allah for his grace. Whoever shall take the powder in this box like snuff, and then say 'MUTABOR!' [*I wish to be changed,*] can be changed into any animal, and understand also the language of animals. When he wishes to resume his human form, let him bow toward the east three times, and pronounce this word; but when you are changed, beware of laughing, for if you fail to ob-

serve this command, the magic word will wholly fade from your memory, and you will remain the animal you are."

When Selim the scholar had thus read, the Caliph was above measure delighted. He made the scholar take an oath never to disclose the mystery to any one, presented him a beautiful suit of clothes, and dismissed him. He then remarked to the grand vizier: "This I call a good purchase, Mansor; how I shall rejoice, and how impatient I am, to become an animal! Come to me early in the morning; we will go forth into the fields together, take a little pinch out of my box, and then listen to the talk of beast and bird, in air or water, wood or wild."

Hardly had the Caliph Chaseed dressed and breakfasted next morning, when the grand vizier made his appearance, as he had been commanded, to accompany him on his walk. The Caliph put the box of magic powder in his girdle, and, ordering his train to remain behind, set out with the grand vizier alone. They first passed through the Caliph's extensive gardens, but sought in vain to discover some animal in order to try their magic experiment. At last, the vizier recommended that they should proceed to a pond farther on, where he had often seen a great number of storks, that by their solemn demeanor and the continual din of their voices had much excited his attention.

The Caliph approved the suggestion of his vizier, and went with him to the pond. When they reached the shore, they saw a stork gravely striding up and down, searching for frogs, and making a peculiar bustle with wings and voice, as she went forward. At the same moment they perceived another stork high in air, and sweeping down to the same piece of moorland.

"I'll wager my beard, most gracious master," said the grand vizier, "that these two long-shanked fellows will now have a fine dish of discourse. Would it not be well to become storks, and hear them?"

"Well said," answered the Caliph. "But first we ought once more to consider how we shall become men again. I have it, bow toward the east three times, and say 'MUTABOR!' thus am I Caliph again, and you vizier. But for heaven's sake do not laugh, otherwise we are lost!"

While the Caliph was thus speaking, he saw the other stork hovering overhead and then slowly alighting on the marsh. He instantly drew the box from his girdle, took a good pinch, gave it to the grand vizier, who snuffed it as smartly as he, and then both exclaimed: "MUTABOR!"

That moment their legs shrank and became slender and red, the beautiful yellow slippers of the Caliph and his companion became the deformed feet of a stork, their arms became wings, their necks stretched out from their shoulders and became an ell in length, their beard disappeared, and their bodies were covered with soft feathers.

"That is a pretty bill of yours, my lord grand

vizier," said the Caliph after a pause of astonishment. "By the beard of the Prophet, I never saw the like of it in my life."

"I most humbly thank you," replied the grand vizier, while he made his obeisance; "but if I might venture to say so, I should consider your highness even more handsome as a stork, than as Caliph. But come, if you please, let us listen to our brethren of the moor, there, and ascertain whether we actually know the stork tongue."

Meanwhile the flying stork had lighted; he trimmed and rubbed his feet with his bill; carefully smoothed every ruffled feather, and then stepped up to the other stork. But the two *new storks* made haste to approach them, and to their astonishment, caught the following conversation:

"Good morning, Lady Longlegs, so early abroad on the meadow?"

"My best thanks, dear Clapper-bill! I have but a morsel of breakfast for you; would you like to have a bit of a bird, or the leg of a frog?"

"Thank you kindly; I have not the least appetite this morning. Besides I came to this meadow for a very different purpose. I am to dance to-day, before the guests of my father, and I wish to practise a little here in private."

Thus speaking, the young female stork began her movements along the marsh in a style perfectly grotesque. The Caliph and Mansor looked after her in wonder; but when she stood on one foot in a picturesque attitude, and gracefully fluttered her wings in harmony with it, the two spectators could restrain themselves no longer; a roar of laughter, not to be resisted, burst from their bills, and it was a long time before they could recover from its violence.

The Caliph was the first to regain his self-possession. "Assuredly that was a joke," he exclaimed, "which gold is too poor to pay for! I view it as a loss, that the foolish fellows were frightened away by our laughter; beyond dispute they would have amused us yet more."

But it now occurred to the grand vizier, that during their transformation laughter was forbidden. He imparted his anxious fear to the Caliph. "Good heavens! Mecca and Medina! that were a bad joke, if I must remain a stork! Pray recollect that stupid word, I am not able to bring it out."

"We must bow three times toward the east, and then say, mu—mu—mu—"

They turned toward the east, and bowed so low that their bills almost touched the ground; but, O misery! the magic word had escaped them, and often as the Caliph bowed, and the vizier passionately added his mu—mu—, to it, the remembrance of the complete word had vanished from their mind, and the poor Chaseed and his vizier were nothing but storks.

The enchanted pair wandered mournfully through the fields, wholly at a loss what to do in their



wretched condition. They were unable to get out of their stork skin, they were unable to return to the city, to make themselves known; for who would believe that a stork was the Caliph, and if any one did believe it, would the inhabitants of Bagdad acknowledge a stork as their Caliph?

In this manner they went sneaking about for many days, getting a miserable subsistence from the produce of the fields, which, on account of the length of their bills, they ate with extreme difficulty. Besides, they had no relish for lizards and frogs, for they were fearful of disordering their stomachs with such dainties. Their only comfort, in this their melancholy state, was their power of flying, and so they often flew upon the roofs of Bagdad, to see what was going on in that city.

During the first days of their disappearance, they observed great disquietude and sadness in the streets; but about the fourth day after their enchantment, as they were sitting on the Caliph's palace, they saw below them in the street a magnificent procession; drums were beating and fifes playing, as a man, wearing a scarlet mantle embroidered with gold, sat upon a richly caparisoned horse, surrounded by a brilliant troop of attendants; half Bagdad were pressing and leaping after him, and all were shouting: "Hail Mirza, Lord of Bagdad!" The two storks then looked upon one another, and Caliph Chaseed said, "Can you guess now, grand vizier, for what reason I am enchanted? This Mirza is the son of my mortal enemy, the powerful magician Kaschnur, who in an evil hour swore vengeance against me. But still I am far from giving up hope. Come with me, faithful companion of my misfortune, let us go to the tomb of the prophet; on that holy spot we may be delivered from the power of sorcery."

They rose from the roof of the palace, and flew toward the region of Medina.

With flying, however, they made but indifferent progress, for both the storks were little accustomed to the exertion. "O my lord!" cried the grand vizier with a groan, after proceeding several hours, "I can hold out no longer, you fly too swift, if you will allow me to say so! It is evening already, and we shall do wisely to seek some shelter for the night."

Chaseed listened to the request of his servant; and when they discerned in the valley below a ruin that promised to afford them a retreat, they flew toward it. The place to which they had descended for the night, appeared to have formerly been a castle. Beautiful pillars rose above the ruins: many rooms which were yet in respectable preservation, bore witness to the ancient splendor of the fabric. Chaseed and his companion wandered through the corridors and passages, to find a dry spot, when suddenly the stork Mansor stopt. "My lord and master," he whispered in a low voice, "were it not unworthy of a grand vizier, and more inconsis-

tent still with the character of a stork, to be afraid of spectres, I should feel extremely uncomfortable here, for I distinctly heard something sigh and groan close by us." The Caliph now stood still himself, and heard very clearly a low weeping, that seemed to come rather from a human being, than from a beast. Full of vague expectation, he was on the point of rushing to the place from which the sounds of woe proceeded, but the vizier seized him by the wing with his bill, and with great earnestness entreated him not to expose himself to a new and unknown peril. But all in vain. The Caliph, who had a brave heart beating beneath the wing of a stork, tore himself away with the loss of a handful of feathers, and hurried into the gloomy passage. He soon reached a door, that seemed to be standing ajar, and through which he caught the breathing of a sigh and a low moan. He pushed the door open with his bill, and paused on the threshold in surprise. In the ruinous apartment, which was partially lighted by a small lattice-window, he saw a great owl sitting on the floor. Tears were dropping fast from her large round eyes, and with a hoarse voice she uttered her complaints from her crooked bill. But when she perceived the Caliph, as well as the vizier, who had meantime come stealing after him, she raised a loud cry of joy. She gracefully wiped away her tears with her brown-speckled wings, and to the astonishment of both, addressed them in good Arabic, with a human voice: "Welcome, ye storks! you are a good omen of my deliverance, for it was long since foretold to me, that I was to receive great good fortune by means of storks."

When the Caliph had recovered from his astonishment, he bowed his long neck, brought his slender feet into a graceful position, and said: "My dear owl! I am persuaded by your words, that I meet you here a partner in suffering. But, alas! your hope of receiving your deliverance from us, must be vain. You will acknowledge our helplessness yourself, when you hear our history." The owl begged him to relate it. So the Caliph began and related what we know already.

When the Caliph had told the owl his story, she thanked him and said: "Now listen to *my* story, and learn that I am not less unfortunate than yourself. My father is the king of the Indies, and I, his only daughter, am called Lusa. That magician Kaschnur, who enchanted you, has also plunged me in misery. He one day came to my father, and requested him to give me to his son Mirza in marriage. But my father, who is a passionate man, gave order that he should be kicked down stairs. The wretch, under an appearance that excited no suspicion, had the skill to steal into my presence again; and one evening, as I was about to enjoy a cool walk in my garden, he assumed the disguise of a slave, and brought me a beverage that changed me into this horrible form. He then bore me to

this ruin, fainting with terror, and with a frightful voice shouted in my ear :

"Here you shall remain, odious woman, despised by the very beasts, till you die, or till some suitor, out of his own free will, shall beg you to become his wife, even in your present repulsive form. Thus I revenge myself on you and your proud father."

"Since that evening many months have passed away. Solitary and sad, I dwell amid these ruins like a female hermit, abhorred by the world and a terror to the beasts themselves ; the beauty of nature is denied to me, for I am blind by day, and never, except when the moon pours her pale light upon these walls, is the veil of vision removed from mine eyes."

The owl finished her story, and again wiped her eyes with her wing, for the detail of her sufferings had beguiled her of her tears.

The relation of the princess had sunk the Caliph in a profound reverie. "If I am not much deceived," said he, "there is a secret connection between your misfortune and mine ; but where am I to find the key to this mystery?" The owl answered him : "O my lord ! I have a presentiment of hope, as I may call it, for a wise woman once foretold to me in my earliest youth, that a stork would bring me great good fortune, and I think I can suggest a way by which we can deliver ourselves." The Caliph was exceedingly astonished, and asked her what way she meant. "The magician, who has worked us both this mischief," said she, "comes to these ruins once every month. There is a dining hall not far from this room, and in that he is wont to carouse with his companions. I have often watched their doings there already. As they recount their infamous deeds to one another, the magician, it may be, will utter the magic word you have forgotten."

"O dearest princess," cried the Caliph, "tell me when he comes, and where is the hall?"

The owl remained silent a moment, and then said : "Do not take it ill, when I tell you, that it is only on one condition I can gratify your wish."

"Speak it, speak it!" cried Chased, "command me, it is my duty and pleasure to obey you."

"What I would say, is this ; I long to be disenchanted as ardently as yourselves ; but this can only be accomplished, when one of you gives me the offer of his hand."

Hearing this alternative, the storks appeared to be somewhat struck up and perplexed, and the Caliph motioned to his minister to go out with him a step or two. "Grand vizier," said the Caliph just without the door, "this is a stupid piece of business ; but you may as well take her."

"Not *very well*, I suspect," replied he ; "for should I take her home with me, my wife would scratch my eyes out. Besides, I am an old man, while you, who are yet young and unmarried, can

give your hand to a beautiful young princess, with more propriety."

"That is the very point," sighed the Caliph, while he let his wings droop mournfully to the floor, "for who told you she *was* young and beautiful ? This is called buying a cat in a bag !"

They continued discussing the delicate topic for some time, but at last, when the Caliph perceived his vizier preferred remaining a stork to marrying an owl, he resolved to submit to the condition himself. The owl was highly delighted. She informed them, that they could not have come at a better time, for it was probable the magicians would meet this very night.

She and the storks left the room to go to the hall ; they proceeded for a long time through a dusky passage, till at length a bright light flashed upon them through a half demolished wall. When they reached the opening, the owl warned them to keep perfectly still. From the aperture, where they were standing, they were able to overlook a great hall. It was embellished on every side with pillars, and exquisitely finished. The colored lamps were so numerous, as to produce a light resembling that of day. In the middle of the hall stood a round table, covered with choice viands of various kinds. Sofas were drawn up to the table, and eight men were seated there. In one of these men, the storks recognized that very pedler who had sold them the magic powder. The man who sat beside him, requested him to relate his recent exploits, and among others he told the story of the Caliph and his vizier.

"What was the *word* you gave them ?" inquired another magician.

"It was a very difficult Latin word, the word 'MUTABOR.'"

When the storks heard this, as they stood listening by the breach of the wall, they were well nigh beside themselves with joy. So swiftly did they run with their long legs to the door of the ruin, that the owl could scarcely keep up with them. The Caliph then addressed the owl with emotion : "Deliverer of my life and the life of my friend, receive our eternal gratitude for the kindness you have done us, and accept me as your husband." But he then turned to the east. Three times the storks bowed their long necks toward the sun, whose earliest beams were tinging the mountain-tops. "MUTABOR !" they exclaimed. In the twinkling of an eye they were restored to their natural form, and exulting in the enjoyment of their new existence, both master and minister rushed laughing and weeping into each other's arms. But who can describe their astonishment, when they looked round ? A beautiful lady, in glorious apparel, stood before them. Smiling, she gave her hand to the Caliph. "Do you no longer recognize your owl ?" said she. It was she herself. The Caliph was so charmed with her beauty and sweetness, that he



cried out in a transport of joy: "It was the most blessed event of my life, that I was changed into a stork!"

All three now proceeded towards Bagdad together. The Caliph found in his garments not only the box of magic powder, but also his purse of money. So he purchased at the nearest village whatever was needful for their journey, and in this manner they soon reached the border of Bagdad. But there the arrival of the Caliph produced no little astonishment. It had been given out that he was dead, and the people were delighted therefore to welcome home their beloved lord again.

So much the more did their hatred burst into flame against the imposter Mirza. They rushed to the palace, and seized the old sorcerer and his son. The Caliph sent the old man to the same apartment of the ruin which the princess had occupied as an owl, and ordered him to be there hung. But the son, who understood nothing of his father's art, the Caliph allowed to take his choice, either to die or take the snuff. When he chose the latter alternative, the grand vizier gave him the box. A good pinch and the magic word of the Caliph turned him into a stork. The Caliph ordered him to be shut up in an iron cage, and placed in his garden.

Caliph Chaseed lived long and happy with the princess his wife; his happiest hours were always those in which the grand vizier paid him his afternoon visit; they then talked over their stork adventure, and when the Caliph was in a right merry mood, he would allow himself to imitate the appearance of the grand vizier as a stork. He would stalk up and down the room with stiff legs and a solemn air, keep clapping his arms as wings, and show how he had bowed toward the east, and cried mu—mu—all in vain. For the Caliph's lady and their children this exhibition was always a scene of high merriment; but when the Caliph continued clapping rather too long, and nodded his head, and cried mu—mu, then the vizier, smiling, threatened to tell his lady the discussion that took place before the door of the owl princess.

#### WILLIAM O'WISP.

Deep in a pool an old man dwells

Who owns one single lamp:

At close of day,

By its dancing ray,

He goes on his nightly tramp;—

Should you ask who the old man is—

He's monarch of the swamp!

And merry, merry is old Will—

A wild old man is he;

I've heard it said,

Among the dead

He holds his revelry;

And thronging round his tomb-stone light,

The witches dance in glee!

There they skip, while the music sounds  
Strange from the grave-yard stones,

Which Devils bring

With mournful ring—

Sounding a dead man's bones;

And William too, with lamp in hand,

Wheels to their clanging tones!

Oft from their graves the dead arise

And join the merry throng;—

Dresses gleam

In the lamp's pale beam,

As quick they whirl along;—

The frog from 'neath his yew-tree shade,

Adds too his croaking song!

The lover, and the loved one too,

Oft foot it lightly there,

But yet old Will

E'er holdeth still

The lamp for the happy pair,

'Till when the breaking day appears,

He seeks his swampy lair!

Do ye now ask who William is?

He's lord of swamp and tomb,—

A merry wight,

Whose meteor light

Illumes the midnight gloom—

Oh William is a merry man

In th' witches' dancing room!

Do ye now ask who William is?

He's lord, where serpents glide—

The worm

That preys on beauty's form,

That is his bonny bride;

And true is Will to wedded wife,

As moonlight to her tide!

P. G.

#### SUMMER-DAY DREAMS

##### IN THE COUNTRY.

*Birds, Butterflies, Flowers, Owls and Sadness.*

How sweet is the pensive, solitary note of that bird away down the hill! I must walk there and see his home to-day. I'll be bound 'tis a rare spot for verdure and coolness, away among the intertwining branches of verdant trees, with little windows to look out upon the blue sky and let in golden gleamings of sunshine. There go the butterflies in their giddy rounds, and I've time a plenty to sit and watch them, and to indulge in all my wayward fancies. This little insect causes new pulsations of delightful hope—stronger assurances of a blessed immortality—for its bright existence was once a dull, senseless chrysalis. How like they look, now, to thoughtless, gay girls, too giddy to taste of happiness when found. Sure the aroma from the chaste white jessamine on that verdant slope might tempt a longer visit. You little epicure, what do you want? Ha, now you are well punished for your capriciousness! You thought, from the luxurious show of that passion-flower, to have a dainty meal, did you? But 'tis nauseous

to your delicate olfactories, and away you go, whirling around among the cotton blooms, which you do not deign to call upon. And now you've kissed that nauseous Lida: you were lured by that fragrant thyme hard by. There now, upon that pretty sanded walk, you'll find a nice dinner; savory, and lavender, and rosemary, and thyme—and sweet, though lowly, "Sweet Polly." Sip a little from their tiny corals, and then let me catch you and philosophize. Maybe you and I shall meet again, when I've "shuffled off this mortal coil." Who dare say that we shall not? So curious an animal, embodying at once poetry, philosophy and religion, must have been created for important ends. I love to think that beautiful life, wherever found, will be immortal. Perhaps you are now only a chance visitant from some better region of the great empire of the Universe. Can't you tell me some of Nature's mysteries, which the churlish old dame keeps so close? I can't help thinking that a creature, which presents such curious phenomena, knows more than we are wont to think. Of all the animal existences, 'tis the most wonderful—hardly excepting lordly man. Ah, you wise one! you could doubtless tell me many strange things, if our spirits could only commune without the intervention of corporeal signs. You may know what's become of the lost Pleiad; perhaps you are yourself some Flora from this exiled world. What all do you not know? Perchance you have fathomed many a deep thing that's puzzled the wise ones. It may be, that you know why the "faithful needle" is not always faithful to the pole; or, as philosophers call it, polar variation. Your cranium is as large, in proportion to your body, as man's—speaking after the manner of men; though, with you, mind may not be measured by ells, nor inches, nor quarter inches. I'll warrant you are a first rate sentimentalist. You can tell me, maybe, by what strange sympathy I feel so sad every evening, when I look off in the empyrean and see the piles of white clouds, looking so pure and far off and unapproachable, like exalted virtue to the fallen spirit. Why should I feel sad? And I don't feel unhappy either. 'Tis only a sort of pensive yearning, which vents itself in a deep, long, gentle sigh. As soon as I see them I want to sigh. Is Heaven up there? Is it the glittering of angel's wings, that's reflected from the shining tints of those snowy masses? Do fly up there and look for the loved ones that have gone and left me in this lone world, and then come back and lend me your wings that I may fly away and be at rest. Oh, Heaven must be there, and that's the reason of the strong attraction I feel lifting me above earth, as I gaze upward on those ethereal palaces! But if it is not there, do look for it, for it would be so sweet to look towards when I pray!

Where do you sleep at night, my pretty one? I've always wanted to know, but never could pry into the secrets of your housekeeping. Like the

wind, no one can tell whence you come, nor whither you go. I wonder now if you love moonshine, as pretty young creatures are apt to do? And are you not proud of that handsome coat of yours, as pretty young creatures are apt to be too? Can't you tell me where those katydids that sung me to sleep, as I sat musing in the window last night, stay all day—and how the chatterers manage to keep silent so long? Oh! and if you could but tell me what ails that poor, lonesome dove, that just pours forth a few sorrowful notes in the morning, and then is so still all day. I'm afraid it's despair that makes it silent. I can't find its nest. Do look for it. You need not be afraid of the poor dove, timid flutterer, for it's gentle and sad, and would not harm you. Do remember to notice the color of its eyes for me. A sprite told me in a dream, on the first of May, that if I could look at them long enough to ascertain their color it would cure sorrow; and oh, I've a wound in my side from which my heart's blood is all the time exuding! But ah, you happy one, you would not like to make so sad an acquaintance as the poor stricken dove! But don't fear me if I am sad—I can smile; and oh, you don't know how loud I can laugh when the old night-owl sends forth his doleful serenade from that deep wood, (they say it's haunted,) and fills the simple household with bodings of woe! I can laugh, for I love to hear him. My heart stops bleeding when I think of his unrest, and why he can't sleep, and what he's doing the live-long night, and why that will-o-wisp should be lighted up in that ugly marsh in front of his house every night. I guess the old misanthrope is after no good. How I should love to go and watch him! But I must not fright thee, pretty idler! I love you, my dear, because you mind me of a pretty boy I once loved. He played and rambled about this parterre as you do, and sipped just enough of earth's pleasures to keep in ignorance of the bitter dregs which escape only the surface. I sat and watched his pretty sports, just as I do you, and I was happy as he; but one day he flew away and kept upward and upward, till the blue sky came between me and him, and I have never seen him since. Oh, I've been so sad, and my heart has a great wound in it, although I'm forced to go about in this rough world, where the cruel ones make it bleed worse sometimes; and I'm obliged to laugh when I don't want to, and look happy for long, weary hours! But sometimes a bright smiling angel comes and presses my brow, and I think he pours something on my heart, and then he points upward, and I'm so happy that I feel as if I were dissolving away into bliss. I feel as if my body were turning to pure spirit. But you don't know any thing of this occult science of sorrow. Come then, I will try now and be happy like you. You know botany to perfection, don't you? You must be a terrible dolt if you don't, for you've been studying it all your life. So now, let's talk about the



flowers. I laughed at you this morning, when you preferred those ugly, brown, old maids, to all the flowers in the garden. You kissed them a hundred times, and never noticed their neighbors, the flaunting marygolds, nor the morning-glory, nor the peerless passion-flower, except one little sip from this last dainty, and that made you sick, I guess. Too near an intimacy has often been known to convert admiration into disgust. Old maids are worth all the gay deceivers, an't they my sapient? They bloom through five long months, never fearing the scorching heat nor the beating rain; there they stand, an apt emblem of woman's love, smiling alike in sun and storm.

BERTHA.

*Augusta, Georgia.*

## SONG.

What reck I of the stars, when I  
May gaze into thine eyes,  
O'er which the brown hair flowingly  
Is parted maidenwise;  
From thy pale forehead, calm and bright,  
Over thy cheeks so rosy white?

What care I for the red moonrise?  
Far liefer would I sit  
And watch the joy within thine eyes  
Gush up at sight of it;  
Thyself my queenly moon shalt be,  
Ruling my heart's deep tides for me.

What heed I, if the sky be blue?  
So are thy gentle eyes,  
And bright with shadows ever new  
Of changeful sympathies,  
Which in thy soul's unruffled deep,  
Rest evermore, but never sleep.

H. P.

## THOUGHTS AND REFLECTIONS.

1. Silence—the atmosphere of thought. Sole time, during our earthly pilgrimage, in which the mind can dwell wholly apart from its fetters of clay; in which,

“We are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul.”

2. The declining state of Virginia is frequently bewailed: but what are riches and power and influence, compared with the glory of having produced Washington, Marshall, Madison and Henry?

Tyre is fallen; and her renowned wealth and gorgeous palaces are sunk beneath the sea. And how little do we know or think of her: few turn to investigate her relics, or to mourn over her departed magnificence.

But Athens—the home of the patriot, the poet, the philosopher and the orator—though now fallen, and though hereafter she may crumble into dust, and leave not a wreck behind, shall remain, now and forever, a continent of thought to the minds of the

good and great—a temple at whose shrine pilgrims from all nations shall ever resort to worship—“an echo and a light unto all eternity.”

3. Between authors and authoresses, taken generally, there are some differences. The following, it appears to me, are a few of them.

There is much more sameness in the style and tone of sentiment throughout the works of females: for instance, how very much alike, in their general character, are all the productions of Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon.

They have less versatility of talent; not being so often distinguished for writing well on many different subjects. This proceeds from their being acquainted with fewer branches of knowledge than men generally are: and indeed the first mentioned quality may be owing to the same cause. For the greater the extent of our knowledge, the more extensive will be the field for inferences, deductions, and figures of speech: and hence our manner will be varied according to the relative amount and variety of that knowledge.

They are generally more diffuse—from their having been accustomed to pay attention to many small things, with which men have scarcely any thing to do: they are hence led to mention, and sometimes dilate upon, things that men would scarcely notice.

In works depicting society they are generally superior; for they necessarily devote much more time and thought to it than men do. Hence, perhaps, in some measure, the superior excellence of the works of Miss Edgeworth, Miss Burney, &c. In conversational scenes they are superior, for a similar reason.

Lastly, there is generally a certain polish—a certain purity and refinement of feeling, about their productions, which those of few authors possess. James in his last novels—the Robber, Charles Tyrrel, and the Gentleman of the Old School—approaches perhaps as near to this peculiar polish as any other author.

It is a singular coincidence how many female writers there are of the present day whose names begin with an S, viz: Mrs. Sherwood, Somerville, Shelley, Sigourney, Seba Smith, Miss Strickland, Sedgwick, Sinclair, Stickney, &c.

The same quality appertains to Madame De Stael—the most talented of women: and to Sappho—Sappho, sole star among the ancient poetesses, that yet sends a few rays of light through the dark abysm of the past.

4. Campbell says, in his Beech Tree's Petition,

Though herb or flowret never grow,  
Thy wan unwavering shade below.

This verse is particularly inapplicable to our two species of beech, (one of which is nearly identical with the European species.) For many of the orchideæ, and most of the monotropæ, and the allied

order orobanchæ, prefer the shade of the beech as a habitation to that of any other tree.

Entering the dim regions of vague hypothesis, it seems to me that it is possible, that the preference of these plants for the shade, and their pale color, is owing to the peculiar constitution of their substitutes for leaves, whatever they may be: *i. e.* that these substitutes have a greater power of exhaling carbonic acid than oxygen: hence, they require but little light, and become blanched; or perhaps the want of leaves, a pale color, and the incapability, or at least peculiar modification of respiration, are inseparable qualities. For of mushrooms, which are generally of a pale color, Professor Lindley observes—"No plants can long exist in which an alternate absorption and expulsion of oxygen does not take place, except fungi."

The *monotropa uniflora*, is one of the most singular plants that our country produces. A leafless stem of pearly white arises up from two or three inches to half a foot in height; bearing a single, terminal, wax-like flower, with a vanilla-like odor, shaped like the bowl of a pipe, from which circumstance it derives its common name, Indian pipe. Blooming from July until the borders of the cold weather, it springs up from the dead leaves, appearing like the ghost of the brilliant fall flowers—the aster, catris, chyropsis, solidago, cœlestina, lobelia, gerardia, and the numerous other bright flowers of autumn, rising up from their tomb of dead leaves—leaves, whilst those flowers lasted, as brilliant as they; but which, when they perished, each tree shed to cover up their fading glories.

This plant I have often seen changed in one night, by an early frost, from a pearly whiteness to a completely black color: like the instantaneous change in the appearance of beauty or talents, unto the minds of the good and wise, when they become contaminated by an admixture of vice.

The gorgeous autumnal flowers, and the brilliant colored leaves on every tree, which ornament the fading year, and the variegated clouds which adorn the dying day, are but types of the glorious hopes which faith weaves in the mind of the dying Christian.

5. Authors are often falsely accused of plagiarism. For it is natural, that persons thinking upon the same subject, should have similar ideas, especially when describing the same thing. This must be particularly the case with contemporaries; for, however original he may be, an author is inevitably imbued with the spirit of the age.

Authors have the greatest temptation to plagiarise; for they frequently meet with ideas in other writers which have before occurred to themselves, and they thus find that they are equally exposed to the accusation, whether they actually plagiarise or not. Sometimes, too, they meet with an idea only partially expressed, which excites a train of thought in themselves, leading to a more finished develop-

ment; and they are thus tempted to give it to the public as their own in this latter state.

But they may also plagiarise unintentionally. They may meet with an idea which shall subsequently slip from their remembrance for some time, and shall then again be called up by some associated object: this process may occur once, or, with greater effect, two or three times. But the result will be, that they will sometimes wholly forget whence it came, and will be thus led to imagine it to be their own. And this supposition is the more striking when the idea does not occur in a simple state, but as compounded with other thoughts—thoughts wholly original. This supposition is also made more convincing by this circumstance, viz: that when composing, many ideas occur to a writer—good in themselves, but unsuitable to the subject upon which he is at present writing. Afterwards these ideas may again be suggested to him, and he will be conscious of having had them before, yet he will not recollect the precise time: hence, generalizing, he imagines the same to be the case with the thoughts of others occurring to him in a similarly oblivious manner.

An author is very apt to be a plagiarist on himself: *i. e.* to use the same words and sentiments very frequently. In composing, former thoughts are very apt to occur to him, particularly those of which he thinks most highly; and, if there be any suitableness between the present subject and one of those former thoughts, he can scarcely refrain from inserting it here also.

So also of words—particularly those which occur in favorite passages.

With Shelley, this seems to have been almost an idiosyncrasy.

The oftener these particular words, thoughts, and expressions occur in his writings, the greater will be their tendency to recur to him in composing, until the frequent use of them becomes a continued habit.

6. There are two poets, Coleridge and Shelley, who especially delight in the introduction of clouds, both in their descriptions and in their figures of speech; and, it is a coincidence, that, to most readers, the works of these two authors appear very cloudy and obscure.

If there were a sufficient number of general, applicable terms, clouds would be an almost inexhaustible subject from whence to deduce figures of speech. As it is, however, they are a fine and extensive subject for this purpose. For how much do they vary in texture, form, size and color, and in their many relations with the heavens and the earth, and with each other—as varied in their phases as the phases of human life. Some so thin as scarcely to dim the heavens, and others so thick and compact as almost to obscure the sun's light. Of all shapes and all sizes—now piled up in the thunder-cloud—rising mass above mass, from the



horizon up towards the zenith, as if the Titans were again heaping up mountain upon mountain to scale heaven: and now in the twilight air appearing in the shape of thin rosy veils, so fragile and beautiful, that they melt away and disappear with the dying day. Of all colors and shades that nature produces, and that imagination and art can devise; now brooding over the earth for many an hour of one continued black color—like the black hues of despair; and now at the evening hour, continually changing in their glorious hues—like hope, which is ever changing its object: but, alas! like hopes and all other fair and beautiful things—the fairest the most quickly—how soon do these hues fade away. Now solemn and dark as thoughts of death, and now bright and gay as the laugh of a child. Now spread over the heavens in one continuous mass; and now alternating with the sky, and forming alternate portions of light and shade, as our life, which is but an alternation of hope and fear—of joy and sorrow.

How varied too in their voiceless but harmonious motion—harmonious, as being moved each one at the same time by the same wind which moves and makes musical each leaf on every tree below. At one time moving so slowly that the eye cannot detect their progress—though, like thought, they are never at rest; and at another, flying as swiftly through the arched heavens as though they were winged coursers—borne on the bosom of the swift and ever-moving waves of the wind. Now wandering in detached masses, like evil spirits, through the trackless night air, and ever and anon shutting the stars from our view, as thoughts of evil shut heaven from the heart: and now coming up with the whirlwind and the tempest, and making still more dark the blackness of night, as remorse and the consciousness of sin render still more deep the darkness of adversity. Stretching for miles and miles in vast belts between the earth and sky, with thin air and the fathomless abysses of space above them; and beneath earth and ocean, with their myriads of happy creatures, whose voices come up but faintly unto them—earth and ocean, whose very inorganic particles are life itself, compared with the desolate nothingness of the vast abyss above them. Rising up on viewless wings from all parts of the earth, like the prayers of the just; and then again descending in refreshing rain, like those prayers when answered. And when they have wept their rain upon earth, the remainder of the cloud melts away far aloft in the blue sky, as the soul of the good returns to heaven after it has separated from the body. And the rain having sunk in the deep bosom of the earth, it is then changed into flowers, as bright and beautiful as the clouds and rainbows of which it before formed a part.

7. There are some feelings and phenomena of the human mind which have not been mentioned, because persons have imagined them to be peculiar to themselves. A few of these, or of those simi-

lar to them, I have here transcribed, having never seen any of them mentioned in any author except the first. This is that peculiar emotion, which we occasionally have, of feeling or imagining that we have been formerly in the same situation exactly that we are now in—with respect to every circumstance both of time and place: this feeling might be denominated that of identical anterior co-existence. I believe that it has never been alluded to till lately. I have recently seen it mentioned in Baron Smythe's Memoirs, and Theodore Hook's Gurney Papers: it is also stated by one of the newspapers, that Dugald Stewart quotes it from Guy Mannering. I suspect that it is common to all persons, though many deny ever having experienced it: this may have been owing to their thinking at the time of its occurrence, that they had actually been in exactly such a situation before; (though in fact it sometimes occurs in situations in which the person could never have been before, an instance of which is given in one of the works alluded to above, in which it was experienced whilst hunting in a part of Ireland, where the person had never been before.) Hence, not paying any attention to it at the time, they forget afterwards that they ever have felt it—for sometimes it does not occur for months and years. Mr. Hook observes, that so intense is this feeling, that we can almost anticipate the words coming from the mouth of the speaker. So far as I have observed, it appears to me that we do this not only of words, but also of actions. This anticipation seems to form an essential part of the feeling.

In reading or thinking of our own history, just before the revolution seems very far back indeed. Whereas, in doing the same of the English history, this time seems very recent. The reason of this is evidently the comparative age of the two countries.

Sometimes, when we repeat a name over and over a number of times, we feel a sort of confusion.

With christian names, we generally associate some object. As far back as I can remember, I always associated the name Fanny with a white rose and a blond beauty. We generally associate them with some color—at least, a portion of them. These phenomena result, probably, from our having seen persons, of the name with which we associate certain objects, in some relation with those objects. Hence, with respect to names, different persons have different associations.

Our ideas of persons, as to stature, whom we have never seen, but only heard of, sometimes depend upon the sound of their names. Thus, a long name suggests the idea of a tall man, and a short, of a low one. The letter I in a name suggests the idea of slimness, and the letter O of shortness and thickness.

We often fancy some likeness between a person and the things appertaining or belonging to him—

as for instance, between a man and his horse or hat. This is generally owing, perhaps, to our seeing them so frequently together, that we at last inseparably associate them: and the idea of the one constantly suggesting that of the other, we at last imagine some fitness or likeness between them. But with respect to the clothing, and of a person, there may be some similarity. For in our conception of an individual, each part of him enters; and, as each part of his clothing is adapted to a portion of his body, of course there is a similarity in form: and this likeness is the greater when the person in case is symmetrically formed. The qualities too of his mind enter into our conception of an individual, and there appears a likeness between these qualities and their effects; thus, there seems a likeness between a miser and his mean clothes. And, when we see a person doing a thing very much in consonance with our preconceived notion of his character and disposition, we say "that is just like him." There is too a shadowy, an indefinable and inexpressible likeness floating throughout the universe of things, between material properties and immaterial attributes: thus, we see a likeness between the fragile and beautiful flower, and the delicate and gentle beauty. In fact, in the formation of language, the names given to immaterialities were derived from material things, from this shadowy likeness existing between them.

Our conception of a person's face, differs very much during our acquaintance with them from what it was at first. This is, perhaps, owing to the mysterious and inseparable connection between the idea which we have of any one's face and person generally, and that which we have of his actions and mental qualities. By a longer acquaintance, we see an individual in situations in which we become more fully acquainted with the latter; and, as our ideas change with respect to these, a corresponding change is produced with regard to our conception of his personal appearance.

When in reading we meet with any calculation, if it is in figures, the effect upon us is much more striking than when it is only in words. This is owing, first, to figures being more tangible than words; and, secondly, to our being more accustomed to expressing numbers by means of figures than words.

In looking upon the past, it is not so much the remembrance of things and circumstances, as the recurrence of old feelings, that moves our deepest emotions—the recurrence of feelings which formerly ever co-existed with our conception of any pleasurable subject. And with these old feelings there is mingled a soft and tender sorrow, from the reflection that those times and relations are gone forever. It is then that our whole soul seems poured out in a gush of tender feeling—it is then that we feel most the intense power of memory.

It is not modesty, and the feeling of shame only which give rise to blushing: we also blush when we

meet with any thing unexpected, which is at the same time very pleasurable.

Neither, I should suppose, is the ratio between modesty and blushing always the same. For the suffusion of the cutaneous capillaries—the proximate cause of blushing—may be greater and more facile in one person than another, owing to the greater capacity of those capillaries in him, and to his peculiar constitution, as to the remaining portion of the chain of causation in this phenomena. And hence a person so constituted may blush frequently, though having but little modesty; and another, who has the opposite bodily constitution, may blush very seldom although modest.

Just as we have finished a very interesting novel or tale—one which has absorbed our whole attention—we feel a sad and listless emotion, on our thoughts returning to life's dull track.

The night, with its black garment, covereth all things, and the rain falls uninterruptedly, with a soothing and calm sound, unmixed with aught other, save the fitful moanings of the homeless wind, as it ever and anon wets the window-pane with its rainy tears. But, though it be night, still it is not dark: for above the hovering vapors the moon is shining brightly; and, although her countenance does not mirror itself in our eyes, yet still her light, shining through the weeping clouds, becomes transmuted into that mysterious and starry dimness which brightens all things without casting a shade. And these two things, the wind and rain, mingle together like body and spirit: and besides their whispered communing, there is no sound from "bird, insect, or gentle beast," or any inanimate thing, save when the trees and houses modulate those mysterious voices. And every now and then different parts of the heavens assume a brighter appearance, but soon the rolling darkness of clouds closes over them again—like truth gleaming upon us momentarily, and immediately sinking into the blackness of the unknown.—April.

Spirit of mystery—then, Oh, then, it was that I felt thy presence! Thou, who floatest through all nature, constituting the essence of the sublime, and making beauty still more beautiful by thy soul-moving power.

8. How seldom do we enjoy ourselves at any time so much as to forget the future. There are few who do not make the present but a preparation for some expected future event; which event, when it comes, shall only answer the same purpose to something subsequent to it. The most of us thus shape our conduct, not for present pleasure, but to assist us in obtaining something expected to be hereafter—perhaps far distant in the dim future. And even though we do not make the present but preparatory, yet still we all have always some anticipated event before us, perhaps two or three of them, of which we think far more deeply and continually than of the present; so that indeed this



is considered but as a part of the road leading to them. And our pathway in life is like that of those going to see some spectacle. Though they take pleasure in listening to the wind whispering in the trees, and to the songs of the birds, and in gazing on the flowers springing up in their path, yet still these occupy but few, comparatively, of their thoughts and emotions; most of which are fixed upon the show to which they are going: this occupies the greater part of their attention, and prevents them from giving much to any thing else.

Life is but a succession of such anticipated spectacles.

9. Some persons praise those who rival them in any thing—not from any real love or admiration—but in the first place, to turn away the suspicion of envy from themselves; secondly, by praising them too highly to cause others to dispraise them. For though they see through this depreciation and feel its falsity, nevertheless it is gratifying, like flattery, which still is sweet, though known to be false.

10. The large number of suitors which some belles have, shows the great influence that self-esteem exerts over every man. For each one who addresses her imagines himself to be loved, when at the same time many of them know that persons far superior to themselves in almost every respect have been rejected. The slightest action or expression is interpreted by each one as favorable to himself; and, whatever be his disadvantages, every man imagines that he has some charm about him calculated to excite love.

11. The comforting proverb, “that misfortunes never come single,” and the practical observation, that when a man has had bad luck in two or three things, he is apt to meet with more, are perhaps somewhat true in the main. For if when one misfortune has happened to a man, he should then be placed in a ticklish situation with respect to something else, he will be very liable to fare badly: in the first place, on account of his resources in some cases being diminished by the previous misfortune; and, secondly, on account of his being dispirited. But the contrary must also be the case: *i. e.* that good fortune rarely comes single, for similar reasons. But these things depend pretty much upon the character of the individual. For misfortune or adversity proves (as is said of pride in *Devereux*) “a stumbling block to some, and a springing board to others”—a sedative to one, and a stimulant to another.

12. That is a very disagreeable state of mind which follows our being prevented, by some untoward circumstance, from doing something, to do which we had fully expected and prepared. This unpleasant feeling occurs even when we expected no great pleasure in the performance of the act; it may even be in itself rather unpleasant. But the longer the time during which we have looked for-

ward to it, and the greater the pleasure which we expected from its performance, the greater is the consequent vexation. An instance of this is—being prevented, by the occurrence of some unfavorable circumstance, from visiting some person, whom we had for some time previously intended visiting at this time. This vexation, or rather *mal-aisé*, consists in our not being able to abstract our minds from the intended performance. To whatever we endeavor to turn our attention, this subject is sure to present itself and mingle with our thoughts of it. For the longer any idea has remained in the mind, the more intense will be the co-existent emotions; and the more recent its actions, the greater will be the difficulties in getting rid of that idea, and the stronger its tendency to recur. Now become wholly useless and uninteresting, it prevents us from giving full and undivided attention to any thing else; leaving us in a state of irresolution and uneasiness, which is made worse by the reflection, that our expectation, and perhaps trouble in preparing, were wholly useless—and that our time might have been much better employed; and also by being mingled with disappointment, if we expected much pleasure from the act in question.

A kindred feeling to this, is the anxiety felt whilst waiting in expectation of something; as, for instance, whilst waiting until it is time for us to go to some place, to which we intend going, or whilst in expectation of some one's arrival. Thoughts of the coming event will be so fixed in our mind, that we will not be able to attend to any thing else.

Those who do not wish to waste their time, would best spend it, on such occasions, in some pleasant engagement, or in doing something which requires no thought; as, for instance, if they have any writing to copy, or extracts to transcribe, especially if the thing expected be such as to cause nervousness.

13. Although, upon the whole, a release from having to do or suffer something unpleasant, is a relief and a pleasure to us, yet still it unites the disagreeable with the agreeable. For we feel an emotion akin to disappointment, when we reflect that the long contest which we have had, between will on the one hand and duty on the other, in the attempt to screw our courage to the sticking point, has been wholly inefficacious and useless.

14. A power girl around with a weakness.—*Shelley.*

Such is a gentle female. She whose voice and manners are soft as the sounds of the gentle summer-rain falling on the green, green grass; whose love and prayers and good wishes, are as extensive in their objects as the silver dew. To every good and wise man, she is indeed “a power girl around with a weakness.” And that may rather be affirmed of gentleness, and of the power of her who is gentle, (over them at least,) than of beauty, and the power of the beautiful; which Ana-

creon observes, in his second ode, that Nature, instead of any defence, has given beauty unto woman, and that she who is beautiful may conquer all things.

The truly refined, value the jewel within far more than the casket which contains it; and the irradiations of a beautiful mind within, with their dazzling brightness, prevent them from observing any homeliness of countenance. But can there be a very homely countenance—one that we shall dislike to look upon—where there is a noble mind within? For what is the face but an instrument for the mind to play upon—a conductor for the lightning within? And, where mind is wanting, the face cannot be otherwise than dull, uninteresting, and unlovely.

15. Different arguments are necessary to convince different persons of the truth of any doctrine; and an argument which would fully convince one individual, might have no weight at all with another. One disbelieves it on account of not being satisfied with respect to one point; a second, with respect to another—each of them feeling satisfied with, or at least making no objection to, that which puzzles the other. To convince either of them, therefore, you must satisfy him with regard to the point of which he is doubtful. It is on this account, in some measure, that books which convince some of the truth of the Christian Religion, fail in convincing others. And it is hence, that the fact of Gibbon's being so great an infidel, after having examined the history of the Christian Religion as minutely as any one ever did, is, or at least appears to me to be, no argument against its truth. For even if he had commenced his researches with an unbiassed mind, and had found unanswerable proofs of its authenticity, yet still this might not have convinced him. For his doubts might have been rather about some other particular; as for instance, the doctrine of the Trinity, or the nature of the Redemption. It might have been these, which to his eyes clothed the whole subject with the darkness of falsity; and to have thoroughly convinced him, satisfaction here was necessary.

The fact was, however, that he set out in his researches not with an unbiassed mind, but with a mind prepared to bring forward every possible historical fact, to aid him in his futile endeavors to "sap that solemn creed," which he believed to be wholly false. To a mind in this state, facts, however strong, would have availed nothing.

16. There is no one, however great be his affection for a friend, and however pure in its essence, who would have that friend to look into the inmost recesses of his heart, and see every feeling which he has in relation to him. For though his love be very pure and intense, yet still ever and anon there are slight and transitory feelings of disgust, anger, or some other like emotion, at some action of that friend, which it is far better that he should not know.

The natural weakness of the human heart, is also exemplified in the following trait of human character. If a man hear of a misfortune happening to another, and that misfortune seems likely to conduce to his own good, with the sorrow for him that suffers, there will certainly be mingled some pleasure on account of the anticipated benefit to himself. And the emotion of pleasure will frequently predominate over, and sometimes absorb that of pain; and this, too, even when the expected benefit shall be very small, or perhaps imaginary. So strong is selfishness! In general, this feeling is of course the stronger, according as the individual is of a more selfish or worse disposition.

We cannot have a fair idea of the weakness of human nature, until we reach the age of manhood. For before, though we know how feeble and frail human nature is, so far as it applies to ourselves and to our companions, yet, from our veneration of them, we are apt to imagine that our parents and elders are not so weak. And not even then can we see its full extent: for, though we may see that extent in all those around us, yet we all have in our mental vision some great character whom we fancy to be superior to it. It is only, then, the greatest and the wisest—those looked up to—the Washingtons of the earth—who can have a just idea of the littleness of human nature: and this is one reason that such men have often been the most humble Christians—the most pious men. But it is comforting to the philanthropist, that these, although they saw the faults, yet also saw the good traits of human character. And the wisest and best men therefore have not been scorers and scoffers of their kind. This class is mostly composed of those who judge the whole human race by themselves, or who have but a partial view of human nature.

17. Our idea of the character of a person is deduced from the whole tenor of his conduct, rather than from any particular act or acts. This tenor is composed of circumstances so inexpressible or small as to be nameless, or so unimportant as to be unobserved except *en masse*. And hence, sometimes, when asked for reasons for our opinion of a person, we may be able to give very few or none at all; and still we may have just grounds for our opinion, and it may accord with the truth.

18. How fond writers are of quoting old and rarely-read authors. And frequently they quote and express the highest admiration for books which are incapable of giving pleasure to any body, and which perhaps they themselves have not read at all except in extracts. If ever there was vanity displayed, it is in this practice—trying to appear superior in taste, and more deeply learned than any one else.

19. Although co-existence is a powerfully operating principle of association, yet how little of our knowledge can we trace to the time at which we acquired it.



Singular it is, that of things happening when we were in our boyhood, we have a distinct remembrance—in fact, a better one than of many events subsequently occurring; and yet of the first two or three years of our life, we have scarcely the slightest recollection. I suppose that this is owing in some measure to our want of attention then, and to the confusion produced by many new things entering our minds in quick succession, but chiefly to the imperfection of our notions at that time. For example, an infant has no idea of distance, and will grasp at things very far off—as, for instance, at the moon. And I suspect, (as Locke observes to be the case with animals,) that they compound very little. Thus, a child considers every thing gold that is yellow; and hence, they can have but an incomplete idea of an object, with respect to the qualities which it possesses, considering each one as a separate thing. Indeed, we may almost say, that when very young indeed, they have no mental function developed but sensation.

I have often thought, whilst looking at an infant, how much it had to learn—think of the number of words alone. And when a man dies, how much knowledge and experience then departs from earth forever.

And, if we mourn over the ruined and crumbling temple, how much more should we grieve when genius passes from the world. Then vanishes from us forever a mental temple which has been building for years—each day becoming more and more noble—a temple far more glorious in itself, and adorned with far brighter ornaments, than any material one—with noble thoughts, with abundant knowledge, with glorious imaginings. G.

*Williamsburg, 1840.*

## "SOUVENIRS DU JEUNE AGE."

### I.

If Manhood's waves have borne our bark  
Far distant from the shore,  
Whose pleasant scenes were dear to us  
When life its blossoms bore—  
'Tis sweet, when we come back again,  
To find each spot we knew,  
Deck'd in the self-same joyous garb  
Our youth around it threw.

### II.

If Time hath laid his hand upon  
The things about our home,  
And o'er them all the mournful shade  
Of deep, sad change hath come—  
'Tis sweet to know, that in our breasts  
The self-same hearts beat on,  
And that, while change rules all without,  
Within, we're chill'd by none.

### III.

Yet, sweeter than all this, it is  
To meet, when we are men,  
The friend we parted with in youth,  
The self-same now, as then—

To feel that he brings back, through mists  
By time and absence cast,  
The light of that same kindliness  
That warm'd the blissful past!

### IV.

The roses that with garish bloom,  
In pleasure's garden spring,  
Have, each within its painted leaves,  
Some insect that will sting—  
And so, 'tis doubly sweet for us,  
Amid life's heartless joys,  
To catch the blush and fragrance back,  
Of flow'rs we cull'd when boys. W. T. S.

*Baltimore, March 1840.*

## THE SOUTH-WEST.

*The South-West: Its History, Character and Prospects.*

A Discourse for the Eighth Anniversary of the Erosophic Society of the University of Alabama, December, 7th, 1839. By Alexander B. Meek, Esq. Tuscaloosa; C. B. Baldwin: 1840; pp.—40.

We are not disposed to pass over this discourse with the mere cursory notice usually allotted to productions of a similar character. The increase of colleges in our country has made collegiate addresses so common, that a certain stereotyped style of praise or blame, is the brief welcome of all. We admit a partial necessity for this summary method; but the necessity is not of that kind which knows no law. The rule may be departed from; and if departures from it be guided by due discrimination, these fugitive productions—birds of passage on the sky of literature—may give as sweet carols in their flight, as are ever won from their more pretending rivals.

This may be said with much truth, concerning the subject of the present article. Although local, both in its character and the circumstances of its origin, yet it regards a locality about which all are interested. There are none, but look with deep and abiding emotions on the Great South-West. Of these, a moiety view it as a splendid Utopian reality—a bona-fide El'Dorado,—where apples of gold really shine on pictures of silver. Others view it through a darkened medium. Rumor, as she has shot by them, has buzzed in their ears a foul story of perfidy and crime. She has told them of murder, baring his red arm in the open streets; of revenge, anticipating the tardy footsteps of justice; of vice, pitching his tents in the face of noonday, and lovingly embraced by the beings who surround his abodes. Here and there, we find a philosopher taking his stand between these two extremes. He sees nothing to warrant either the wild enthusiasm of the one, or the reckless fanaticism of the other. He beholds a section of country for which a bountiful God has done much. He looks upon a broad expanse, fertilized by noble streams, and yielding its harvests kindly; and his heart swells with joy, that there the poor man's little is abundantly sufficient to provide an ample inheritance for his children. In its moral condition he sees no cause of surprise—no reason for dark anticipations. He knows that society is new, and necessarily unsettled; that the consequent rudeness is moreover heightened by the influx of many, who have found the moral purity of their early homes a plough-share too hot for their guilty footsteps, and who have sought obscurity in a region where each man is a stranger to his neighbor. But he sets off against these, the high, enterprising character of a vast majority of the emigrants, whom he daily sees wending their way thither. He beholds the wealthy—the young and gifted—the pious—the prudent—all tending to the same goal; and he knows,

by his faith in man, as well as his trust in God, that the combined influences of all these agents must ultimately prevail.

But in regard to the early history of the South-West, the enthusiast, the fanatic, and the philosopher are equally blind. Settled long, long ago, by French and Spanish adventurers, its records remain buried in the antiquated volumes of their respective languages, and scarcely an attempt has been made to roll the stone from the door of the sepulchre. Little do the majority of our readers wot, what a busy, bustling scene was that same South-West, some three centuries ago. Little do they imagine that on this mighty theatre were witnessed, lang-syne, the waving plume, the glittering helmet, 'the pomp and circumstance of glorious war;' accompanied by displays of man's manhood, aye, and of woman's trust, that would mock the gayest tourney, and set at nought the wildest visions of romance!

The author of the pamphlet before us is well fitted to do justice to his theme. He is himself a poet, and well calculated to elicit the romance of its reality. And not only so—but in the space of forty pages, he has contrived to compress a great deal of rare and valuable information. He commences with some very happy allusions to the University, as the "intellectual home of his boyhood," and to the period spent there, as a "brief moonlight track upon the waters of youth." We regret that our limits preclude us from adopting entirely his own language; we shall wander along however, abridging and condensing as we go, so that our readers may at least have the benefit of the information contained in his pages, though they lose the easy and flowing style of the original.

Our author professes to take but "a hasty and superficial glance" at the hitherto, 'very partially explored field of South-Western history,' in order to show simply, 'its peculiar and romantic character, and the rich fund of historic materials that lie unappropriated, and daily perishing.' p. 11. For the sake of order and conciseness, he divides his subject into five general periods.

The first includes the time of Hernando DeSoto, and opens with an animated description of the battle fought by him near the junction of the Alabama and Tombeckbee rivers, on the 18th of October, 1540; in which he was opposed by the natives under their chief, Uscá. The Indians numbered ten thousand, and the battle was the bloodiest ever fought on our soil. The Indians fled for refuge to their city, whither they were pursued, and amid the shrieks of their families and flames of their dwellings, were unsparingly destroyed.

We have seen allusions to this battle in the works of Bancroft, and in Gallatin's Synopsis. But each of these writers fails of giving it the proper locality. Both of them are signally inaccurate in many of their allusions to these times. The former indeed has written very little about them, and does not pretend to be very accurate. But Gallatin makes different pretensions; yet even he has made statements, at variance not only with indubitably authentic documents that have come to our knowledge, but even with the most approved charts of the country itself. Theodore Irving professes to be more minute, yet he is entirely at fault in regard to the route of DeSoto, through the South-West. But so far as his route through Alabama is concerned, the pamphlet before us is particular, and, as we have every reason to believe, correct. We learn from it, that having proceeded northward from Florida through Georgia, he entered Alabama at its northeastern extremity; thence, he descended along the banks of the Coosa, to its junction with the Tallapoosa; crossed the latter stream, and proceeded west, along the banks of the Alabama river, which he crossed about fifty miles from its junction with the Tombeckbee, and there fought the above-mentioned battle. He then, after spending several weeks

near Mobile, went northwardly; crossed the Black Warrior, not far south of Tuscaloosa, and continued his course into the state of Mississippi, where he spent the winter, and subsequently discovered the Father of Waters—which mighty stream was the place of his burial!

The events which marked the second period laid down, (from 1562 to 1698) are matters of general record, and therefore more slightly noticed. It is known that by the expedition of DeSoto, Spain considered herself mistress of the whole North American continent, though she made but few attempts to take possession. In the meantime, the agents of France had explored the country, taken it in the name of their sovereign, and called it Louisiana. But in 1693, Spain took possession of West Florida, settled Pensacola, and established an active trade with the Alabamon and Chickasaw Indians.

The third general division comprises from 1698 to 1768; a period of seventy years. In 1699, Iberville, an officer of the king of France, brought out a colony of three hundred individuals, and settled them, some on Dauphin island in Mobile bay, and the rest at the bay of Biloxi, in the now state of Mississippi. He immediately commenced intercourse with the Alabamons, Chickasaws, Mobiles and Choctaws of the interior; built a fort on the Mississippi river, and then returned, leaving his brother, Bienville, governor of the colony. He, in 1702, built a fort on the bay of Mobile, near where the city of that name now stands. This fort was destroyed by an inundation, in the spring of 1711, when Fort Condé, the ruins of which are yet visible, was built upon the present site of the city. The colony suffered severely from wars and the yellow fever; which, there, made its first appearance in this country, in the year 1705, and carried off thirty-five individuals—so that in 1712, the whole European population numbered only three hundred and eighty.

In 1713, Crozat, a rich Parisian merchant, received the charter of the colony. His officers took possession; built Fort Toulouse at the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa, and located several other military establishments. Crozat surrendered the charter in 1717, and left the colony but little improved. In 1718, the population was 800, at which time, the colony was given up to the direction of the 'Western Company,' under which it continued for fourteen years. Bienville was reinstated, and the general prosperity greatly increased. New Orleans was founded; Pensacola taken from the Spaniards; the country divided into nine ecclesiastical districts for the purposes of the Roman Catholic religion; indigo, rice and tobacco, cultivated; large numbers of slaves imported: and the powerful tribe of Natches Indians subdued by Perrier, who, in 1726, had succeeded his brother Bienville as governor. Here is related a romantic incident that occurred about this time.

"Among a company of German colonists, who arrived at Mobile, in 1721, there came a female adventurer, of great personal beauty, high accomplishments, and evidently possessed of much wealth. It was generally believed, as she herself represented, that she was the daughter of the Duke of Wolfenbuttle, and the wife of the Czarowitz Alexis Peter, the only son of Peter the Great, and that being cruelly treated by her husband, she had fled from him for refuge in these far colonies, while he represented that she was dead. This belief was confirmed by the Chevalier d'Aubant, who, having seen the princess at St. Petersburg, recognized her features in the new comer; and upon the strength of his opinion, formed a matrimonial alliance with the repudiated wife. After many years residence in the colony, with all the style of a court, the chevalier went to Paris, with his princess. Here for some time, her story obtained general credit, and it was not until after the death of her husband that she was discovered to be an impostor. It was now proved that the pretended arch-duchess was only an humble female, who, having been attached to the wardrobe of the princess of Russia, had robbed her of large quantities of jewelry and gold, and had fled to America. By a similarity of appearance with her mistress, she imposed



upon the credulity of a young officer, who lived in splendor upon her ill-gotten wealth, and died in blissful ignorance of the truth of her history."

The Western Company in 1732, surrendered their charter to the king. The seat of government had been removed to New Orleans, though the business was yet mainly transacted at Mobile. The population of the colony, at this time, exceeded five thousand white inhabitants and two thousand slaves.

In 1736, Bienville, who had been reappointed governor, undertook an expedition against the Chickasaws. He was twenty days in ascending the Tombecbee, to where Cotton Gin Port now stands, and on his way was joined by 1200 Choctaws. Here he left his artillery, and proceeded by land to the enemy's village. The Chickasaws were headed by Carolina traders, and so strongly fortified that all his efforts to dislodge them were ineffectual. He was repulsed with a great loss. Before embarking he threw all his cannon into the Tombecbee, some of which were found a few years ago, and supposed in the wisdom of many to be relics of DeSoto's expedition. Bienville made a second attempt in 1740, which was successful. In 1751, the cultivation of the sugar-cane commenced: shortly after which time, France parted with all her North American possessions.

The fourth and fifth general divisions comprise the period between 1764 and 1819; but this period is so well known that it is foreign to our purpose to dwell upon it.

Printing was commenced in Mississippi in 1809, by the publication of a newspaper at Natchez. The first paper printed in Alabama, was the *Halcyon*, published at St. Stephens in 1816, by Thomas Eastin.

The account of the French colony that settled at Marengo in 1817, is so interesting, that we quote the whole of it.

"The overthrow of Napoleon was followed by the expatriation of many thousands of those who had been the most conspicuous maintainers of his colossal power. Of these a large number came to the United States. Among them were generals, who had won laurels in the proudest fields of European valor, and assisted in the dethronement and coronation of monarchs over millions of subjects; and ladies who had figured in the voluptuous drawing-rooms of St. Cloud, and glittered in the smiles and favor of Josephine and of Marie Antoinette. With the irrepressible enthusiasm of their nation, they thought to find in the quietude and peace of our boundless forests, an Arcadian exchange for the aristocratical establishments and gilded saloons of Paris. They wished to dwell together, and to form a miniature republic of their own, subject however to the same laws as other citizens of the Union. Accordingly they petitioned Congress to grant them a portion of the public domain in the South-West. This was done by an act of March the 3d, 1817, granting to them four townships of land, to be selected by them, somewhere in the territory of Alabama. The conditions of the grant were, that the emigrants should cultivate the vine upon one acre in each quarter section, and the olive upon another; and at the end of fourteen years should pay the General Government two dollars an acre, for a fee-simple title to the land. Among the grantees were Marshal Grouchy, the hero of Linden, and the present Minister of War for France: General Lefebvre Desnottes, Duke of Dantzic, and a Marshal and Peer of France, who had distinguished himself in all the great battles of Napoleon; General Count Clausel, General Count Real, the two Generals Allemand, and Generals Vandamme, Lakanal, Penniers and Garnier de Saintes: with a number of other subordinate officers, whose names are among the composing stars of that galaxy of greatness which encircled the 'Sun of the Sleepless!' Under the direction of these men, the location of the colony was made upon the Tombecbee river, in what is now the county of Marengo. During the year, emigrants, to near the number of four hundred, arrived, and took possession of the soil—which was portioned among them by lottery. They however did not disperse to any great extent through the country, but principally settled down in two villages: the one called Demopolis, upon the site where the village with the same name now stands; and the other called Eaglesville, situated upon the Black Warrior river, a short distance above Demopolis. In this

latter village, most of the distinguished men I have named, resided. Upon the colony they bestowed the name of Marengo, which is still preserved in the county; other relics of their nomenclature—drawn similarly, from battles in which some of them had been distinguished—are to be found in the villages of Linden and Arcola. In the spring, after their emigration, they proceeded to the cultivation of the soil, and were soon settled down in the occupations of agricultural life.

"A more singular spectacle than the one thus presented, is rarely to be found in the leaves of history. It is true that Cincinnatus, when he had saved Rome from the irruptions of her foes, returned to the plough he had abandoned. But here we have instances of men, who had been actors in scenes, which, in military magnificence, far transcended the wildest imaginings of the Roman—turning from the theatre of their former triumphs, and exchanging the sword for the plough-share, and the spear for the pruning-hook. In moral dignity, indeed, the advantage is all in favor of the ancient—for these are driven from their country by compulsion,—but in other respects, the parallel is not unequal. Who, that would have looked upon Marshal Grouchy, or General Lefebvre, as, dressed in their plain rustic habiliments—the straw hat, the homespun coat, the brogan shoes—they drove the plough in the open field, or wielded the axe in the new-ground clearing, would, if unacquainted with their history, have dreamed that those farmer-looking men had sat in the councils of monarchs, and had headed mighty armies in the fields of the sternest strife the world has ever seen? 'Do you know, Sir'—said a citizen to a traveller, who, in 1819, was passing the road from Arcola to Eaglesville,—'Do you know, sir, who is that fine looking man, who just ferried you across the creek?' 'No! Who is he?' was the reply. 'That, sir,' said the citizen, 'is the officer who commanded Napoleon's advanced guard when he returned from Elba!'

"Great as is this contrast, it was perhaps greater with the female part of the colonists. Here, dwelling in cabins, and engaged in humble attention to the spinning-wheel and the loom, or handling the weeding-hoe and the rake, in their little gardens, were matrons and maidens, who had been born to proud titles and high estates, and who had moved as stars of particular adoration, amid the fashion and refinement and imperial display of the Court of Versailles. And yet—to their honor be it said—notwithstanding the rustic and ill-proportioned circumstances around them—they did not appear dispirited or miserable. Nothing of 'angels ruined,' was visible in their condition. They were contented—smiling—happy. As cultivated women always may, they diffused around them, and over the restless feelings of their sterner relatives, the softening graces of the heart, and that intellectual glow, which, as Wordsworth has said of the retired beauty of a Highland girl,

'Makes a sunshine in the shady place!'

"But not the least amusing, as well as singular circumstances, to which these French colonists were exposed, arose from their connection with the adjacent American inhabitants. Who can think of the celebrated officers I have named, being drilled and mustered by one of our ordinary militia captains, and not feel emotions of the supremely ridiculous? And yet such, I am credibly informed, was frequently the case! Many amusing incidents resulted from their ignorance of our language. One, not unworthy of preservation, was this: An officer of the colony became engaged in a fight with a citizen of one of our villages. They used only the weapons which nature had given them. The Frenchman, getting the worst of the battle, desired to surrender according to the ordinary signal in such cases. But he could not think of the word 'Enough!' The only phrase he could recall, which he had ever heard upon such occasions, was the word 'Hurra!' This he continued to shout, until the bye-standers, guessing his meaning, removed his antagonist.

"For two or three years, the colonists appeared prosperous and happy, and seemed likely to realize those visions of the pastoral state, so sweetly sung by the Mantuan bard, and which they had caught from the pages of Chateaubriand and Rousseau. But 'a change came o'er the spirit of their dream.' The country was found unsuited to the cultivation of the vine and the olive. The restless spirits of the leaders, which had been formed and tutored to act a part in those games which loosen thrones and crack the sinews of whole nations, could not be content with the quiet circumference of their backwoods home, in an age of startling incidents, when war was afoot and the far vibra-

tions of its stormy music were heard, like the Macedonian invitation, in their sylvan solitudes. Inducements were held out to some of them by the struggling States of South America; and the ferryman left his flat, and the ploughman his furrow, for posts of honor in the army of Bolivar. For some, the decrees of their banishment were revoked, and they returned to 'la belle France,'—for which in their exile, they had felt all the *maladie du pays*, to preside in her senates, or to head her armies. Seeing their leaders thus leaving them, the emigrants, in large numbers disposed of their lands, and either returned to their native country, or sought more congenial homes in our South-Western cities. The rights of the soil passed into the hands of a few. Congress, at intervals, exempted them from the requisitions of the grant, and ultimately included them in the provisions of the general pre-emption law of 1833. The colony thus passed away: and though there are many of the original families, at least of their descendants, yet residing in the county, a stranger would in vain look among the black lands and the broad cotton fields of Marengo, for the simple patches upon which the Duke of Dantzic, or Count Clausel attempted to cultivate the olive and the vine."

The latter half of this interesting and valuable pamphlet, treats of the character and prospects of this great and flourishing region. These branches of the subject afford a fine development of the powers of the writer. He delivers himself ably and philosophically; but we regret that we have room for only the following extract. After alluding to the character of the people, he says:

"In such a state of society, it is not to be expected that literature or the fine arts should have a home. These, while they improve the whole structure, are but its embellishments. The architecture of society must be first strong and useful: the Doric and the Gothic are its emblematic orders! Refinement and elegance belong to more advanced stages: and it is then that the graceful Ionic, and the ornate Corinthian—fit metaphors of the beautifying branches of learning—blend their sweet proportions with the more solid parts of the edifice."

If we may judge from the work before us, we would say that the last mentioned orders seem to have taken their places already in the architecture of South-Western society.

We have said that the main design of our author was to make a brief showing of the mass of rich and romantic material, that awaits the future historian of the South-West. He has certainly succeeded, and we think we have a right to call upon him to avail himself more fully of the prize he has partially revealed. We think his style well fitted for historical writing. It is classic, perspicuous, energetic, dignified and appropriate. We cannot take leave of him, without expressing the hope that he will respond to our call; and we assure him, that the pamphlet on our table is an earnest of his success.

### MY COUSIN MARY BELL.

TUNE—"Sittin on a Rail."

Her eyes are bright as morning beams,  
First sparkling o'er the mountain streams;  
The living image of my dreams,

Is cousin Mary Bell.  
The pretty Mary Bell,  
The merry mountain belle;

"A lovely thing," the stranger deems,  
My cousin Mary Bell.

White as yon white cloud floating by,  
Is Mary's brow, and nobly high.

Thy cheeks are like the evening sky,  
My cousin Mary Bell.  
My blushing Mary Bell;  
My laughing Mary Bell,

Thy ruddy lip allures the eye,  
My cousin Mary Bell.

When she her silken hair unfurls,  
Adorned with rows of shining pearls,  
It forms a cape of auburn curls,  
For cousin Mary Bell,  
The graceful Mary Bell,  
The modest Mary Bell;  
Among a host of lovely girls,  
She is the reigning belle.

Her form is tall, she moves along,  
The queen among the Maiden throng;  
The text of many a suitor's song  
Is cousin Mary Bell.  
The pretty Mary Bell,  
The witty Mary Bell;  
Love grant that I may not be long  
From cousin Mary Bell.

Her heart is pure as crystal tide  
That gurgles from the mountain's side;  
Her father's hope, her mother's pride,  
Is cousin Mary Bell,  
The prudent Mary Bell,  
The careful Mary Bell;  
My love, and my affianced bride,  
Is cousin Mary Bell.

G. B. W.

Middletown, Va., 1840.

### THE DUELLIST.

A young Virginian of high promise was involved in a duel with a fellow-student and cousin, on account of some trivial offence, and killed him. The unfortunate young man that fell, had refused any compromise, and had insisted on the rencontre—his antagonist reluctantly assented,—it terminated the life of one, and the happiness of the other.

By the advice of a distinguished personage, his uncle, he retired from America to Switzerland, to complete his education, but,

"Cælum, non animum mutant qui trans mare current."

Neither the charms of study, nor Geneva, nor lake Lemman, nor the splendor of the Alps, could erase from his memory the fatal scene; and his sleep was frightened with apparitions of his kinsman's form staggering and falling before him.

He made the acquaintance of Lord Byron, who was much taken with him, and they were much together, but the society of the poet failed to dispel the darkness that like a funeral pall enshrouded his soul. He was in the bloom of his youth, but in that bloom lurked a hidden canker which preyed in secret on his peace. When he came to lie down at night, the same image of horror came to haunt his repose, and when the light of morning streaming through his lattice awoke him, its genial influence could no longer cheer his gloomy spirit. The effort to extrude the fatal idea from his mind, seemed only to infix it the more indissolubly. The figure of his victim still returns, his dress, his attitude, each feature clothed in the hue of death—each circumstance of horror stands ste-



reotypied on his memory. He gazes wistfully up at Mont Blanc, towering to the skies, its snow-capped summit bathed in effulgent light, and the rising ecstasy kindling in his breast at the spectacle, is quenched by his recollections of the field of honor; he watches the last fires of sunset reflected on the tranquil surface of lake Leman, and turns away from the emblem of that repose to which he is now to be forever a stranger.

He returns to the United States, and is rejected by a young lady, who cannot be persuaded to unite her destiny with one, however accomplished or prepossessing, who is doomed to be the uncomplaining victim of a deep, unmitigated, corroding melancholy. The evanescent smile that played upon his lip, served only to enhance the settled sadness of his air.

He died; some poetical pieces exquisitely written, were found among his papers, in which he had given vent to those mental tortures which had blighted his hopes, withered his happiness, tinctured all his cup with wormwood and made premature death itself an acceptable boon.

### TO MY BROTHER.

My Brother! where art thou?  
It is the holy, twilight hour,  
When thou wert wont to seek my bower;  
My bower deserted now.

The softened light of eve  
Still gleameth thro' its trellis'd side,  
Where rose and jasmine interweave  
Their beauty and their pride.

And still the evening star,  
Mild emblem of a faith as bright,  
As fadeless, as its own pure light,  
Beams on it from afar.

But when wilt thou return?  
Nor eve, nor evening star can please,  
Nor song, nor flower, when thou art gone;  
My soul is not with these.

My Brother, seek thy home!  
Oh! come once more at twilight hour,  
To glad my lone, deserted bower.  
Oh! come, no more to roam.

### SONNETS.

*From the French of Scarron.*

I.

Illustrious monuments of human pride,  
Ye pyramids, ye tombs, ye buildings vain,  
Which show how art with skill and vigor plied  
Can o'er the works of nature triumph gain;  
Old ruined palaces, of Rome the glory  
And the last efforts of her artists' skill,  
Thou Coliseum, where in contests gory  
A race inhuman did each other kill;

By the strong hand of time ye are abolished,  
Or at the least, most of you are demolished;  
There is no cement time can not eat through:  
If then your marble hard has gone to wrack,  
Should I repine this doublet, on my back  
For two years worn, now shows a hole or two?

II.

A mount begirt with rocks and pine-trees drear—  
A giant breasting all the tempest's powers,  
Whence seen, great oxen rabbits small appear,  
And trees of largest size like little flowers—  
Spews at great bursts from out its cold internals,  
A stream which swelled with heaven-descended rain  
And noisier than ten thousand of infernals,  
With thousand cornered rocks bestrewn the plain.  
Sometimes the lightning covers it with fire,  
It can but make a little smoke arise  
And blacken its firm peak with all its ire.  
On this proud mountain towering to the skies,  
I lately stood, and there upon my word  
As I'd be saved nothing at all occurred.

### THE MOUNTAIN-TOP.

We rode through a well-cultivated country; farms, orchards, meadows, clumps of trees. The road ascended nearly the whole distance, ten miles; and as it occasionally wound spirally around the cone of a hill, we cast our eyes back upon the fine city which we had just left, and the wide rich landscape that lay carpeted in view. We at length reached the mountain, and having gained the summit, advanced along the ridge until we arrived at a gate. Here alighting, we walked over a gravelled way, leading through orchards and pleasure-grounds. In front of a fantastical summer-house, or lodge, we paused to survey a lake which here spread its glassy sheet on the very top of the mountain. At one extremity of the lake stood a boat-house, where pic-nic parties sometimes take their luncheon; the numerous names on the walls, carved with a penknife, or written in pencil, evinced the common natural desire of being remembered.

We then ascended the peak of the mountain, tugging up by bushes and roots of trees. On the apex of this peak, we found a speculum, or watch-tower—a sort of light-house in the sky. Mounting by a steep spiral stair-case, we at last reached the top of the tower.

At once, burst upon us a vast sea of landscape. It spread out like a map, stretching on all sides, far as the eye could reach, till lost in the dim haze of the distant horizon. Towns and villages dotted the extensive valley, which like that wherein the prince of Abyssinia was confined, seemed walled in on all sides by lofty mountains. Here and there dark forests frowned in shadowy gloom. A river was stealing along its fringed banks, glistening in the sun, or meandering gently through verdant meadows, and losing itself far away in fairy land. Houses in the distant perspective, dwindled to the size of toys, and men and cattle to mere

specks; farms contracted into gardens, and gardens, to squares on a chess-board.

In the back-ground of the picture, purple mountains lay piled up on a clear sapphire sky.

We all gazed for some long time, in mute admiration, at the wonders of this grand panorama; our attention was at length diverted by the production of certain crackers and cheese out of a basket, wherein was discovered also a bottle of wine.

Petersburg, March 1, 1840.

C. C.

## THE THREE DEAF MEN.

*From the French.*

Before the deaf 'Squire of the village,  
Deaf Plaintiff summons deaf Defendant,  
And having charged him with the pillage  
Of sundry cheeses, makes an end on't.

Not at all moved by such grave charges,  
The other on his part engages  
In his defence, and much enlarges  
Upon an old account for wages.

The Justice then with solemn face  
Declares, "As I have understood  
The merits of this knotty case,  
I must decide the marriage good,  
And in this view I shall persist.—  
The case is without costs dismissed."

## MY UNCLE'S UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS.

### NO. II.

*My Dear Nephew:*—The accompanying manuscript, marked No. 2, is one of the remains of my college life. But read the tale first, and then my comments on it.

### MANUSCRIPT II.

## THE CHRISTMAS VISIT.

"A blessing on the man that first invented sleep—it covers one all over so like a blanket." "Honest Sancho, thou hast spoken the truth," said I, as after a busy day I drew the bed-clothes up over me, and prepared for a comfortable night's rest. Hardly had I ended my exclamation, when a servant entered my room with a letter from the mail, which had then just arrived. Light a candle, Caesar, and let's see whom it's from;—from my old chum, Frank N—. Well, I must read it before I sleep, for I cannot hope to rest in peace, with the sin of neglecting a chum's letter resting on my conscience; and besides, I should like to hear what Frank has to say in reply to the unanswerable arguments in my last epistle.

GREENWOOD, NOV. 16th.

*Dear Hal:*—Your letter of the 27th of October, came regularly to hand. Should I judge you by your letters alone, I should conclude that you belonged to that small, very small class of bachelors, who are perfectly contented with their condition. But, even in the midst of the eloquent panegyric, which you are pleased to pass on what you term "a state of perfect independence," methinks I can discover traces of a smothered conviction, that, after all, this is rather what you wish to believe, than what you do believe as a matter of fact. I will grant you all you claim

for a bachelor's condition; that he is "more free to move about the world than a married man;" that "he has no one's wishes but his own to consult;" that "he can engage in the business of life without the cares of a family to distract him," &c. &c. But are there no offsets to the real value of all these "blessings?" Or, to take an illustration from your own favorite mathematics, are there no negative quantities on your side of the equation, which will cancel these positives? To confess the truth, I never hear a bachelor desecrating upon the blessings of his condition, that I do not think of our old school-fellow, Jack Belknap, coming to his seat one day, (after having missed his lesson, and being told that he must stay in at playtime and make up his deficiencies,) muttering to himself, "Well, staying by the fire in this cold weather is not so *corn-founded* bad, no how."

Come, tell the truth now. When you have been travelling "in perfect independence," and have found yourself a stranger in a strange city, every one hurrying on about his own business, and taking no more notice of you than of a lamp-post, have you never wished that you could turn to one at your side, and feel that to that one at least you was of some account? Or, when your eye has rested with delight upon something grand or beautiful in nature, have you never wished for some one to participate in your pleasure? Or, even in the enjoyment of your "glorious solitude," as you call it, have you never wished for some one to whom you might say, "how sweet solitude is?" Or when, after a fatiguing travel, you have returned home, way-worn and weary, and the only notice you have heard taken of your return, has been a call from the head-waiter of the establishment to one of his underlings, "Go fix up No. 13, massa Hal is done come," have you never sighed for the "married man's lot"—for a smiling countenance, and a warm kiss, to welcome you back to your own fire-side? But I'll spare you on this subject.

I have shown your letter to Kate, and she has laid her commands on me to bring you to Greenwood to spend the coming Christmas with us. Now as you know that I am a subject of "domestic government," and of course shall have to suffer if I do not fulfil the commands of my Imperatora, and, moreover, as you are "perfectly free to come and go as you list," I shall have just cause to be offended if you do not come. Besides this, you must recollect, that when we parted from each other at college, you promised, that, if at the end of five years you were within a hundred miles of the place where I lived, and I was married to the "blue-eyed lass" of whom I so often spoke, you would certainly come and spend a week or so with me. As all these conditions are fulfilled to the letter, I shall expect certainly to see you at the time appointed. Till then, farewell.

Your affectionate friend,

FRANK N—.

Poor Frank! he was always a good-natured, warm-hearted fellow; and, I do verily believe, that he is as much in love with his Kate now as he used to be, when in our college days he would talk me to sleep, telling me of her innumerable virtues, &c. &c. At any rate, I'll go and see. Such was the determination to which I came, on reading the above letter.

On a gloomy day, about the middle of December, I started from Richmond on my intended trip. As I had always found horseback travelling unpleasant in the winter, I determined, for once, to try the stage. About one o'clock in the morning, the stage driver's unharmonious horn aroused me from my slumbers. With my dream but half finished, I was compelled to hurry on my clothes, and hasten to occupy my appointed seat in the old lumbering vehicle, honored with the name of an "Accommodation Coach." Why it was so called I could never divine, unless the name was bestowed on the same principle on which the L.L.D. is said some-



times to be conferred: i. e. "Lucus a non Lucendo Disce." Here I had hoped to have finished my dream; but such a hope, I soon found was a vain one. So, summoning to my aid all the stoical philosophy of which I was master, I determined calmly to meet whatever might befall me.

I had never before tried Virginia stage travelling in the winter, for if I had I should certainly have considered long ere I had undertaken the present trip. It had rained incessantly for three or four days before; and as the road I had to travel was one of the great thoroughfares between Richmond and the upper country, it was by no means in its best possible condition. At the time of which I speak, the Virginians retained much of that primitive simplicity of character, which is to be found only among a people, who, being well contented with their own homes, and having but few conveniences for travelling, never go far abroad. The road had been opened many years before. I say *opened*—not *made*; for, in those days, roads were opened and left to make themselves. The only thing which was ever done for highways, was occasionally to mend them. Of this last mentioned operation, I will remark, (for the information of those of my readers who may never have travelled in Virginia,) that the great first principle was, always to provide a way in which you might *get out*: it is altogether a modern innovation to think of preventing your *getting in*. The suffering I endured on that doleful day, who may attempt to describe?

Just as the shadows of evening were gathering around us, my fellow-traveller (for I had a companion in misfortune) called out to the driver to know how far we were from Richmond? "Thirty-one miles," was his reply. Thirty-one miles in sixteen hours: i. e. nearly two miles an hour. Think of it, gentle reader. But, to complete our troubles, the driver added, "We are stalled again, and it is entirely impossible to get the stage on any further; so, gentlemen, we must take it the rest of the way on horseback." It was in vain that we remonstrated, and offered to help him "prize" his stage out again, as we had been compelled to do twenty times before during the day. He assured us that all such attempts would be vain; and, on examining our position, we saw that there was too much truth in what the driver said. So, having two of the horses brought around to the door of the stage, we mounted, and hoisting our umbrellas, prepared to move on.

The horse which fell to my lot, was a tall, rawboned, sorrel brute, with as villainous a gate as ever stage-horse had. Had there been any thing romantic in our situation; had our way lain "o'er craggy rocks," or "along yawning deeps;" had I been mounted upon "a fiery black steed," who would "paw the ground for fierceness;" had the rain descended from "a black cloud, 'mid thunder and lightning;" or, even had we been in any danger of robbers, the excitement, which would have been thus caused, might have alleviated my misery. I have always had a taste for the romantic, and would have been willing to purchase the gratification of that taste at the price of a little suffering.

But there was nothing of the romantic in our present situation. Our road was nearly a dead level. My horse, as I before remarked, was a tall, rawboned, sorrel brute, and, what was worse, soaking wet, and without a saddle; and as to his pawing the ground, that was entirely out of the question. The road was covered to the depth of two feet with soft mud; the heavens were all over of one uniform dusty dove-color; and the clouds, or I should rather say the cloud, for it was all one, poured down rain in a lazy, monotonous manner, as if it worked by the day, and not by the job. Of robbers, the driver assured us, there had never been but one seen on that road, "and he turned out not to be a robber neither." It was evidently no place for them. But there was no alternative; so giving my horse a

thump with a muddy stick, which the driver had provided for me, we proceeded on our way.

The only consolation which I had, was in the reflection that I could not be over seven or eight miles from my friend's house, and it could not possibly take us all night to travel that distance. About eleven o'clock we came opposite to a lane, which the driver informed me led to Greenwood. So dismounting from my horse, and giving the reins into the hands of his master, I wished my companions a pleasant ride, and turned into the lane as directed. A few minutes walk brought me in front of a large old fashioned house, pleasantly enough situated so far as I could see, and giving promise of comfort within—a very pleasant sight indeed to a traveller—wet, way-worn, and weary, as I then was. Frank had been expecting me, and on that account had not retired with the rest of the family. In a few moments he appeared, and giving me a hearty shake by the hand, bade me welcome to his old family mansion.

A rousing fire was blazing on the hearth and sending its wreaths of flame up the wide old fashioned chimney of the dining-room, and a plentiful supper was ready provided upon the table. The kind reception I met with, the plentiful cheer and blazing fire, together with an hour's conversation with my friend about our various fortunes since we last parted, almost blotted the day's troubles from my memory; and when, in addition to this, I found myself in a most comfortable bed, had it not been for my stiff limbs and aching bones, I could almost have imagined that the occurrences of the day were but a part of my dream. And here I may just remark, by the way, that bachelors very frequently dream of such things as lonely journeys through the rain and mud, and leave it for those who are more philosophically inclined than I am to account for the fact. It has been said, "the weary do not have to seek long for sleep," and so I found it on the present occasion.

The next morning when I awoke it was already late; so dressing as quickly as my limbs, still somewhat stiff, would let me, I descended to the dining-room. Here I found Frank, his good lady, and Anna G—, (a sister of Mrs. N—, who had resided with them since the death of their parents,) ready to sit down to the breakfast table. From Mrs. N—, I received such a welcome as a good wife always gives to an old friend of her husband; and, after being introduced to her sister, we seated ourselves for our morning's meal. My appetite had not as yet recovered from the effects of my last night's supper; and, as in true Virginia style, we were in no hurry to finish our meal, I had a fair opportunity for making my observations upon the family.

My friend Frank, I found, had lost the boyish appearance which he had when at college;—his fair white skin, which had once given rather a feminine cast to his countenance, had been tanned by his necessary exposure in overseeing his plantation, and he had become larger and stouter built in every way. Mrs. N— I thought a beautiful woman, but I will not attempt to describe her. There are some things which are indescribable; and female beauty is, I think, one of them. I would as soon attempt to paint a rainbow, as to describe a really beautiful female face. When I have heard descriptions attempted, and have been told of blue eyes, and auburn hair, and rosy lips, &c., I have thought, well, all this may be so, and their possessor very homely still. It is the expression—the soul beaming through the countenance—that gives it real beauty. Some of the most lovely faces I have ever seen had not a regular feature about them; whilst others, in which every feature was perfectly regular, have appeared any thing but beautiful. Suffice it to say, I thought Mrs. N— a really beautiful woman. Her sister—but more of her anon.

The rain had ceased during the night, and the day was one of those bright sun-shiny days which, in our climate, often succeed a winter storm. Every thing invited us

abroad. It is true, the trees had been stripped of their green foliage—no flowers appeared to deck the earth in beauty—the birds, which at another season might have charmed us with their sweet wild melody, had gone to other lands—but then, there was a bright warm sunshine; and this alone is always inducement sufficient to go abroad in the winter. The greater part of the day I spent with Frank, in rambling over his plantation, examining his farming arrangements, and all those numberless and nameless things which a planter points out for the notice of a city visiter.

It was not until the shades of evening had again assembled us around the fireside, that I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Mrs. N—— and her sister. I was at once received as an old friend, and felt myself perfectly at home. The ladies brought out their sewing, and Frank and I having comfortably fixed ourselves, we soon entered into conversation; not about the gayeties, and fashions, and fooleries of town, but sober, rational conversation. There is nothing which affords more unalloyed pleasure, than the social intercourse enjoyed when the circle is not so large but that every one may have an opportunity to speak; and where there is so much mutual confidence, that each one will feel free to speak his opinions without restraint. There is a sober enjoyment in such intercourse, for which the glare and splendor of a large party is but a poor substitute; at any rate, such is my opinion. It is in such intercourse, too, that we have the best opportunity of forming a correct judgment respecting the character of an acquaintance. I do not know why it is, but yet it is almost invariably the case, that at large parties all seem to feel that they must assume some other character than their natural one. How often have I seen the man whose mind was richly stored with learning, and who might, had he followed the leadings of his better judgment, have made himself a most interesting companion, sit down and talk to a lady about the last new novel, or the fashions of the day, or starting that never-to-be-forgotten theme—the weather, make sage remarks about what it has been, and equally sage conjectures about what it will be, until from her inmost soul she wishes that we had never had any weather at all; and, on the other hand, how often have I seen a lady attempting to entertain a learned doctor with flimsy metaphysics, until in utter despair he has prayed that the mangling of Locke and Newton, which has taken place before his eyes, may never be laid to his charge. But enough of this.

On the present occasion, I found the fire-side circle peculiarly agreeable. Frank had much to say, and his good lady and her sister were well calculated, both by nature and education, to give a charm to social intercourse. Of the two ladies, I hardly knew which most to admire. Mrs. N—— was certainly the more brilliant of the two, and had the most to say on the present occasion; but yet, for some reason, I will not pretend to determine what, I had from the first felt a peculiar interest in Miss Anna. There was a mild lustre in her soft blue eye, which bespoke a spirit at peace with itself and with all around it. The smile which occasionally appeared upon her countenance, gave evidence of a cheerful disposition. It was not one of those everlasting smiles which you may sometimes notice, and which are evidently put on to hide the ill-temper, or perhaps more frequently the stupidity which reigns within; there was something in the whole expression of her countenance which I cannot describe, but which made an irresistible impression upon me. In her conversation there was nothing remarkably profound, or peculiarly brilliant. Her remarks were sensible, and had evidently sprung from a mind accustomed to think for itself, but more than this I could not say for them, and yet they would find a lodgment in my memory. How is this, I asked myself, when I had retired for the night? Can it be that these are the first symptoms of "a tender passion?" Why, I am an inveterate old bachelor;

my mind is fully made up to a life of "single blessedness;" I have no confidence in this "love at first sight;" and more than all this, I did not come to Greenwood in search of a wife, but to visit an old friend. At any rate, I will be true to my motto, "Never be too wise to be happy." If the society which I here enjoy affords me peculiar pleasure, I will enjoy it while I can; for in a short time I must return to my solitary lodgings in town, and resume my intercourse with a cold and heartless world. Reader, this was the first time which I can recollect, when I had applied the epithet solitary to my lodgings, even in thought.

\* \* \* \*

In about three weeks, the time came at which it was necessary for me again to set my face towards Richmond. I had already prolonged my stay a week beyond the time which I had at first fixed upon for my return, and now my business imperiously demanded my presence. On the evening preceding my departure, I was sitting before the fire with my friend Frank—the ladies having retired and left us to ourselves—when I broke silence with ———

Well, Frank, what do you really think of a married life? you have now tried it for four years, and I should like to hear an honest expression of your opinion respecting the matter.

Your question covers too broad a ground. I cannot answer for married life in general; but this I can say, if a man has selected a suitable partner—one who can sympathize with him in his feelings and pursuits—one whom he loves, and by whom he is loved in return—if he has found such an one as I have—a married life is a happy one: it has a thousand enjoyments which you bachelors are ignorant of. Or, to give my opinion in a few words, I would say—"If it were well done, it were well it were done."

To confess the truth, Frank, I am altogether of your opinion; and if I can persuade your Kate's blue-eyed sister to cast in her lot with mine, I shall not be a bachelor long.

\* \* \* \*

In about four months, I carried Kate's blue-eyed sister with me to our good old town, and I have never had occasion to repent the deed. This Christmas visit, I have always looked upon as an era in my life; and I speak of it as *the* Christmas visit, to distinguish it from many others which I have since enjoyed. When I started for Greenwood, I had fully made up my mind never to get married. My old bachelorism, like all other neglected diseases, was fast assuming a chronic form. I returned from that visit a different man. And now in my old age, I can say to all old bachelors, respecting marriage, as Frank once said to me, "*If it were well done, it were well it were done.*"

—

This tale was written during the last year which I spent at college. At that time, I had a room-mate who was a great reader, and a young man of excellent sense, and, withal, something of a critic too. As I never had that morbid sensibility respecting the criticisms of others, which some persons are so deeply infected with, it was my custom, whenever I had written any thing, to read it to him in order that I might benefit by his remarks. In writing this tale, I met with some difficulties which I found it impossible to overcome. It was the first regular tale which I ever attempted to write, and when I encountered these difficulties, I of course encountered them for the first time. When I came to the part where you see the first line of asterisks, I was brought completely to a stand, and applied to my room-mate for advice respecting the manner in which I should proceed. As I think you will get a better idea of the difficulties which embarrassed me from the conversation which took place between us on that occasion, than from any general remarks upon them which I could make, I will endeavor to give you that conversation as nearly as I can. Of course, after the lapse of thirty years, I cannot pretend



to give it with any great degree of accuracy; and the only reason that I am able to give it at all is, that my mind was, at the time, in just that state in which it was best fitted to receive lasting impressions from remarks upon the subject-matter of our conversation.

When, after having read aloud that part of the tale which I had written, I applied to my room-mate for advice, our conversation commenced something in this way:

"What did you intend to do next with your hero and heroine?"

"My heroine—who do you mean?"

"Miss Anna, to be sure! You certainly do not suppose that I am so dull as not to perceive that she is to have a place in your piece next in importance to that of your hero; and of course, according to the common usages of language, as she is a lady, she must be termed the heroine. I was certain that she was to be the fair reason for friend Hal's conversion from old bachelorism, the moment you mentioned that Mrs. N— had a sister. All love stories are the same in substance; they differ from each other only in their details. For my own part, I have read so many of them, that I can pair the heroes and heroines off the moment they come upon the carpet."

"Doubtless you are very learned in such matters, but it seems to me it would require no great penetration anyhow to tell who Hal was to marry, when there were but two ladies introduced, and one of them was married already. But as to what I want them to do next: I wish to engage them in a conversation, in which Hal shall draw from Miss Anna an expression of her opinion on those important points respecting which a man ought always to learn the opinion of a lady before he addresses her. Hal would appear like a fool should he fall deeply in love, when he knows no more about Miss Anna than I have given him a chance to know as yet."

"He would be a very natural character notwithstanding. But what are the important points to which you refer?"

"Those points on which a wife should sympathize with her husband. There are many which occur to me, but I cannot select one on which I can make a conversation which pleases me. For instance, the management of household affairs—but it will never do to set them to conversing about that; for you may apply to knowledge on such subjects, a remark which I have somewhere seen, respecting our knowledge of the dead languages: 'It is knowledge which every one should possess, but never talk about.' How will it do, to let him lead her into conversation, in which she shall express her opinion respecting theatres, balls, and other places of frivolous amusement? Of course you may know what that opinion will be, as I have the manufacturing of it."

"That will not do at all. The subject is too commonplace, and their remarks would necessarily be trite; and besides, it is too grave a subject for such a tale as yours. You might almost as well set her to reading extracts from the book of Homilies to him."

"How would it do to let them converse on some literary subject? Not about the last new novel, but some literary subject of graver character. You know an educated gentleman, such as Hal, ought to have a wife who would take some interest in literary matters; and in no way could she show such a taste so well, as by making sensible remarks upon some literary subject."

"And what will you have her say? Repeat 'the names of all the kings of England, from Alfred the Great, to George III, arranged in chronological order,' or a chapter from Blair's Rhetoric? My dear fellow, don't you know that in company, excepting in that of learned doctors, or genuine blue-stockings, literary remarks are introduced in the course of conversation on other subjects, and never make up a whole conversation by themselves."

"Well, suppose I let them talk about a mutual acquaint-

tance who has some peculiarity—is very bashful for instance—and let her express her sympathy for such poor unfortunates? That will show her good feelings towards her fellow-creatures."

"And begin somewhat in this way. Hal shall mention a young man, and remark he is an extremely bashful man; and Anna shall answer, poor fellow, how I pity him. And then they are aground just as they were before, unless one or the other shall tell some instance of his bashfulness; and then the conversation will not bring out her opinions, but will necessarily form a sort of episode to the story, and you have one terribly long episode already."

"Well suppose, then, I let Hal tell of his travels, and the various persons he has met with in passing to and fro through the land?"

"That will never do. Don't you see that the conversation will have to be all on one side? He will have to talk all the time, and she listen all the time; and, I can assure you, if she is a sensible lady, she will not like that."

"Well, what shall I let them talk about? You know you are engaged. What did you talk to Jennett about when you first became acquainted with her?"

"That's more than I can tell. I have known her ever since I was seven years old."

"But you can tell me what people generally talk about in such circumstances."

"Most people, when they are in love, talk about 'matters and things in general,' I believe, and find it hard work at that too."

"That subject will never do for me. I could not make up a conversation on 'matters and things in general,' if I was to try. What shall I do with them?"

"In my opinion, the best thing you can do is to let them say as little as possible, and go on and get married. The truth is, in the kind of tale which you have undertaken to write, you cannot well introduce a conversation without its having a forced and stiff appearance. If your characters were more active persons, or if the scene was laid in time of war, or something of that kind, then some incident would occur which would set them naturally to talking. In such a tale as yours, the thing is peculiarly difficult; more especially as you have your hero fixed just now—having sent him to bed dreaming about Miss Anna—I do not see how you could set him to talking unless he talks in his sleep. As matters stand, you had better let them go on and say as little as possible."

After having received this advice, I turned to my paper and wrote on until I came to the second row of asterisks. Here I again applied to my room-mate for assistance.

"Well, what's your difficulty now?"

"Conversation again."

"I thought I had convinced you, that the structure of your tale was such as not to admit of the introduction of a conversation. Why not take my advice and let them get married?"

"That's the very thing I mean to do, but all in good time. You certainly would not have them married 'just so,' before he has asked her to have him, or she has had an opportunity to give him an answer. It is his proposal that I want now. You recollect, that you once promised me, in case you succeeded, to tell me all the conversation that passed between Jennett and you on the occasion. Come, tell your story. I want to make use of the information which it will afford."

"My dear fellow, there are some things which never ought to be told. They do well enough for the occasion, but do not bear repeating; and besides, you do not suppose that I will tell you what I said on that occasion, and let you blazon it forth to the world in your tale. I should have 'a pretty kettle of fish to fry' when Jennett saw it."

"I did not mean to put your speech into the mouth of

Hal. All I want is to get a general idea of the matter, and then I will make a speech for Hal myself."

"O, just let him ask her if she will have him, and let her say, as people always say when they are asked if they will have anything and mean to take it—'yes, sir, I thank you.'"

"That's not poetical enough. I know that lovers do not talk in that way. But if you will not tell me for use, in the way in which I wanted to use the information, will you tell me for my own private satisfaction?"

"You can have private satisfaction on the subject, if you act aright, as soon as you deserve it."

And this was all I could ever get from him respecting the matter. So the only course I had left for me, was to finish my tale in the best way I could.

From this conversation, which, in substance, really occurred between my room-mate and myself, you will get some idea of the difficulties which embarrassed me. I had not then learned that there were some things, which, though they might occur very naturally in real life, could not be introduced, with good effect, in a tale. Since my attention has been directed to this matter, I have often, when reading the works of our best authors of fiction, been constrained to admire the tact with which they would avoid them and yet leave the reader with the impression that all has been told. An author of real genius will show that genius as much in the selection of proper incidents for his tale, as in his manner of telling those incidents after they are selected; and as much too in leaving out improper incidents, as in selecting those which suit his purpose. It is a very common, but at the same time a very erroneous opinion among young writers, that if their characters are drawn true to nature, and their incidents are such as really occur in real life, this is all that can be required of them. There are very many occurrences in this world of ours, which are too commonplace, or too grave, or too silly, or too wise, or too something else, ever to be introduced into a tale with good effect. In this particular, the situation of the author is very much like that of the artist. You are doubtless aware of the fact, that a master artist, when he wishes to paint a landscape, selects his "point of view" with the greatest care. It will not do for him to represent his scene as it appears from many a point. The grandest scenes in nature appear tame when seen from certain points; and, what you may perhaps be surprised at, extremely *unnatural* from others. The same remark may be extended to historical and fancy pieces. It will not do for the artist to paint the scene as it really appears at certain times; and often, it will not do for him to introduce every thing which appears, in fact, at the time he does select. I was once one of a party who attempted to ford a river much swollen by recent rains. When about the middle of the stream, a horse which a young lady was riding made a false step, and together with his rider, was swept away for some distance down the stream. The scene which was presented, was one which would have furnished a fine subject for a painter. It was near sunset, and a dark, heavy cloud, which was hanging just above the western horizon, had its edges tinged with silver by the rays of the setting sun. The banks of the stream were covered with a most luxuriant vegetation. Our party were well mounted, and making every exertion to render assistance to the lady who had been swept away. Anxiety was depicted on every countenance; when, just as the fair sufferer was saved from danger by her horse's gaining the shore, where a projecting log had caused the accumulation of a sand-bank, a large mud-turtle, startled from his repose by the noise which we had made, left his seat upon the log and plunged into the water. How I came to notice this circumstance I know not; but this I have often observed, that when our feelings are much excited, the attention is very apt to rest for an instant on some object by no means in accordance with those feelings. On the present occasion, the

first remark of the father of the young lady who had been swept away, was—"My daughter, you should have come to shore in some other place; you have disturbed an old turtle, and doubtless put to flight all his sweet visions of oceans of mud and mountains of fish-worms;"—thus showing that he had noticed the same thing. Nothing could have been more natural than that there should have been a turtle sitting upon the log, nor could any thing be more natural than that he should have plunged into the water at the time he did; and yet, had the artist who should have attempted to paint the scene, introduced the said turtle in the act of leaving the log, this thing alone would have rendered the whole piece ridiculous. In nothing does the genius of the master-artist shine forth more conspicuously, than in properly selecting, and properly grouping the elements of his piece; introducing such things, and such alone, as will contribute to the general impression which he intends to produce. Should he violate this rule, the apology that his drawing is true to nature, will not save him from merited criticism, or his piece from contempt. Just so is it with the author.

Whilst writing upon this subject, there is another remark which I will make, and it is this. The writer of fiction must not only select his matériel, leaving out much that in the strictest sense of the term is natural, but he must often introduce that which is not strictly natural. For instance, in the accompanying tale, I have drawn Hal's character, at the commencement, as that of an inveterate bachelor; and inveterate in that sense, that he has fully made up his mind never to marry. Such a determination does very well in a story, and it does not strike the mind of the reader as at all unnatural, and yet I doubt very much whether an original could be found for my hero in this respect. I was very much amused, some time since, with an anecdote which your mother told me, of an old maiden aunt of her's. When this aunt was nearly sixty years old, your mother, then a laughing girl "in her teens," one day asked her if single ladies ever gave up entirely the idea of being married. Her aunt's reply was—"I don't know child, you must ask some one older than I." It is true, that you will often hear persons expressing such a determination, and some may think themselves perfectly sincere, but let these very persons meet with one that suits their fancy, and the determination "vanishes into thin air." An author should be a close observer of nature, and never confound in his own mind things which are unnatural with those which are natural; but yet, he may often introduce the former with good effect.

I have remarked that there are some incidents, which, whilst they are perfectly natural, an author should nevertheless reject. Among those which I would prescribe, with a sweeping condemnation, are courtship scenes. The opinion which my room-mate expressed, when I was proposing to introduce one as a part of my tale, is, I believe, a correct opinion. Perhaps you may think, that as I am now "a bachelor gray," and have never reaped any personal benefit from such scenes, I am not an impartial judge. But if you will notice, you will find that our best writers of fiction very rarely introduce such scenes; and still more rarely succeed in describing them. They are scenes in which the feelings play the active part, and the intellect has but little to do; and it should be remembered, that language properly belongs to the intellect, and not to the heart. Hence it is, that powerful emotion of any kind renders a person dumb. The tongue is laid aside, and the emotion finds expression in the countenance;—the eye, the lip, the muscles of the face, all are called in play to supply the place of words. I have somewhere seen a courtship all summed up in one short sentence. "They looked unutterable things, and the next day were married." You may think this a caricature, but in fact, it is every whit as true to nature, as those descriptions in which the whole is attempted to be represented



in words alone. There are some other remarks, respecting this matter of selecting proper materials for the work on which an author is engaged, but as my sheet is already full, I must defer them to some future occasion.

### SONNET.

My friend, I pray thee call not *this* society ;  
I asked for bread, and giv'st thou me a stone ?  
I am anhungered, and I find not one  
To give me meat, to joy or grieve with me ;  
I find not here what I went out to see—  
Souls of true men, of women who can move  
The deeper, better part of us to love—  
Souls that can hold with mine communion free.  
Alas ! must then these hopes, these longings high,  
This yearning of the soul for brotherhood,  
And all that makes our beings wise and good,  
Come brokenhearted home again to die ?  
No, Hope is left, and prays with bended head,  
Give us this day, oh God ! our daily bread. H. P.

### Notices of New Works.

The Pathfinder: or, The Inland Sea. By the author of "The Pioneers," "Last of the Mohicans," "Prairie," &c. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1840.

We welcome Mr. Cooper back to his old ground. It is really refreshing to open a book from his hands, written in the style of his earlier and better productions. Once more "his foot is on his native heath, and his name is McGregor." Once more he leads us through the perils of forest, rock and stream—of ambush, and of fight—with Chingachgook and Hawk-Eye. We have been waiting with pleasant anticipation for "The Pathfinder" ever since its announcement, and we received it really with a thrill of joy. We are proud of Mr. Cooper. We are sorry for what we deem his deviations from his true course as a novelist. But we know that he has produced novels that rank among the best of the age, for their truth to nature, and for their originality; and we feel that he is capable of doing so again. Let his future reputation as a writer be what it may, the name of the man who wrote the Pilot, the Spy, the Last of the Mohicans, and the Pioneers, can never be lost to fame, while our gallant vessels shall ride the deep, or our free and hardy sons roam the greenwood. We congratulate Mr. Cooper and the public, then, upon his return to his old ground of romance.

We sit down to write this notice, from only a partial reading of the work before us. Time compels us to do so. We feel that we are not capable of judging fully of the merits of any book without a thorough perusal. But, so far as we have read, we have been highly interested and gratified. The first volume opens with a scene near Lake Ontario—"The Inland Sea." We are here introduced to a party of four—Charles Cap, an old mariner—his niece, Mabel Dunham, or, as he styles her, Magnet—Arrowhead, a Tuscarora Indian, and his wife Dew-in-June. It appears that Cap and Mabel are on their way to join her father, Serjeant Dunham, who is stationed at Fort Oswego. We are soon introduced to another party, who have been sent out from the fort by the serjeant to meet his daughter, consisting of our old acquaintance Hawk-Eye, or "The Pathfinder"—Chingachgook—and a young fresh-water sailor, Jas-

per Western. From this encounter, the regular action of the novel goes on, which, as we have not ourselves followed it to the conclusion, we will not dwell upon. Mr. C. states in his preface, that the plan of the tale is old; "though the details are altogether of recent invention. The idea of associating seamen and savages, in incidents that might be supposed characteristic of the Great Lakes, having been mentioned to a publisher, the latter obtained something like a pledge from the author, to carry out the design at some future day; which pledge is now tardily and imperfectly redeemed."

The work is well written, and filled with incident. We would like to extract the encounter between Pathfinder and Mabel, immediately after "the shooting match," as a specimen of its contents, but forbear doing so—recommending to our readers to procure and read the whole. Some may deem, perhaps, that he has already introduced one actor too often upon the stage, and that the sayings and doings of the guide, hunter and trapper, are worn threadbare. But Natty Bumppo is a character that can never grow stale. He is one of nature's philosophers. He has sat at her feet in her great cathedral of rocks and streams and mighty woods, and her teachings have gone down into his simple heart, and have made the toil-worn and rugged hunter eloquent and profound. There is a beautiful simplicity in his actions, and a fountain of fresh, free thought in his words, that will always excite emotion and interest. It is natural that Mr. Cooper should dwell upon a character, in the delineation of which he has been so successful. "The reader," says he, "may recognize an old friend, under new circumstances, in the principal character of this legend. If it should be found that the exhibition made of this old acquaintance, in the novel circumstances in which he appears, shall not lessen his favor with the public, it will be a source of extreme gratification to the writer, since he has an interest in the individual in question, that falls little short of reality." We are assured that the public will need no apology for "the exhibition of this old acquaintance;" but that he will be greeted once more with as much, if not more pleasure and interest than ever. It will add to the curiosity of those who have not yet read these volumes, to inform them that Hawk-Eye appears under a peculiar phase—that of a lover. Cupid has pierced the heart of the honest guide, as effectually as ever "lying Mingo," or bounding buck, was bored by the bullet of Killdeer.

We trust that those who may have formed a prejudice against Mr. Cooper, from his recent writings, will not suffer that prejudice to deprive them of the pleasure that we feel assured they will experience from the perusal of "The Pathfinder;" and we hope that in future Mr. C. will employ his pen as a novel-writer upon those subjects with which American history is so rich, and which call upon him and Irving so loudly to rescue them from oblivion and to preserve them among the living monuments of their genius.

We had not intended to make any extracts from this work, but here is a description of the Pathfinder so appropriate to what we have just said, that we must present it, and with this close our notice.

"The fact was, few knew the Pathfinder, intimately, without secretly coming to believe him to be one of extraordinary qualities. Ever the same, simple-minded, faithful, utterly without fear, and yet prudent, foremost in all warrantable enterprises, or what the opinion of the day considered as such, and never engaged in any thing to call a blush to his cheek, or censure on his acts; it was not possible to live much with this being, who, in his peculiar way, was a sort of type of what Adam might have been supposed to be before the fall, though certainly not without sin, and not feel a respect and admiration for him, that had no reference to his position in life. It was remarked, that no officer passed him, without saluting him as if he had been his equal; no common man, without addressing him with the confidence and freedom of a comrade. The most surprising peculiarity

about the man himself, was the entire indifference with which he regarded all distinctions that did not depend on personal merit. He was respectful to his superiors from habit, but had often been known to correct their mistakes, and to reprove their vices, with a fearlessness that proved how essentially he regarded the more material points, and with a natural discrimination, that appeared to set education at defiance. In short, a disbeliever in the ability of man to distinguish between good and evil, without the aid of instruction, would have been staggered by the character of this extraordinary inhabitant of the frontier. His feelings appeared to possess the freshness and nature of the forest in which he passed so much of his time; and no casuist could have made clearer decisions in matters relating to right and wrong; and, yet, he was not without his prejudices, which, though few, and colored by the character and usages of the individual, were deep-rooted, and had almost got to form a part of his nature. But the most striking feature about the moral organization of Pathfinder, was his beautiful and unerring sense of justice. This noble trait, and without it no man can be truly great, with it, no man other than respectable, probably had its unseen influence on all who associated with him; for the common and unprincipled brawler of the camp had been known to return from an expedition made in his company, rebuked by his sentiments, softened by his language, and improved by his example. As might have been expected, with so elevated a quality, his fidelity was like the immovable rock. Treachery in him was classed among the things that are impossible, and as he seldom retired before his enemies, so was he never known, under any circumstances that admitted of an alternative, to abandon a friend. The affinities of such a character were, as a matter of course, those of like for like. His associates and intimates, though more or less determined by chance, were generally of the highest order, as to moral propensities, for he appeared to possess a species of instinctive discrimination, that led him, insensibly to himself, most probably, to cling closest to those whose characters would best reward his friendship. In short, it was said of the Pathfinder, by one accustomed to study his fellows, that he was a fair example of what a just-minded and pure man might be, while untempted by unruly or ambitious desires, and left to follow the bias of his feelings, amid the solitary grandeur and ennobling influences of a sublime nature; neither led aside by the inducements which influence all to do evil amid the incentives of civilization; nor forgetful of the Almighty Being, whose spirit pervades the wilderness as well as the towns."

Voices of the Night, and other Poems: By H. W. Longfellow. Cambridge: John Owen, 1839.

Professor Longfellow ranks among the first of our American Poets. There may be those who excel him in profundity and grasp of thought, in beauty of language and smoothness of versification—but there is no one to whose vision the "Land of Song," opens fairer and brighter. His are

"The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes;"

and when he touches the chords of his lute—that has been charmed, perchance, by the spell of some gay troubador and awakened from its silence of ages—when he touches the chords of his lute, his thoughts drop in music from its golden wires, and thrill us with a pleasant melody and a wizard power. His poetry is quaint, sweet and beautiful. While we read it, we are surrounded with visions, forms and images—fancy-summoned—thought-created. We read his rhymes, where the sun streams through stained windows and Gothic arches, upon curious carvings of oak, and storied monuments, and illuminated volumes—or by the side of streams that glide along under green and drooping leaves and flow with sweet murmurings over silver sands—or we look out ever anon and catch glimpses of the watching heavens and the solemn stars, and hear

"—The trailing garments of the night,  
Sweep through her marble halls."

Or, in perusing his earlier poetry, our brows are fanned by the breezes that come from the hills and the living streams,

and we behold the sunshine, and the freshness and the gladness of nature.

But the various impulses that have stirred Mr. Longfellow to write, and that give character to his productions, may be best learned from himself, in his Prelude to "The Voices of the Night."

#### PRELUDE.

Pleasant it was, when woods were green,  
And winds were soft and low,  
To lie amid some sylvan scene,  
Where, the long drooping boughs between,  
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen,  
Alternate come and go.

Or where the denser grove receives  
No sunlight from above,  
But the dark foliage interweaves  
In one unbroken roof of leaves,  
Underneath whose sloping eaves,  
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree  
I lay upon the ground;  
His hoary arms up-lifted he,  
And all the broad leaves over me  
Clapped their little hands in glee,  
With one continuous sound;—

A slumberous sound,—a sound that brings  
The feelings of a dream,—  
As of innumerable wings.  
As, when a bell no longer swings,  
Faint the hollow murmur rings  
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,  
Bright visions, came to me,  
As lapped in thought I used to lie,  
And gaze into the summer sky,  
Where the sailing clouds went by,  
Like ships upon the sea;

Dreams, that the soul of youth engage  
Ere Fancy has been quelled;  
Old legends of the monkish page,  
Traditions of the saint and sage,  
Tales that have the rime of age,  
And chronicles of Eld.

And loving still these quaint old themes,  
Even in the city's throng,  
I feel the freshness of the streams,  
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,  
Water the green land of dreams,  
The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings  
The Spring, clothed like a bride,  
When nestling buds unfold their wings,  
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,  
Musing upon many things,  
I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and mild;  
It was a sound of joy!  
They were my playmates when a child,  
And rocked me in their arms so wild!  
Still they looked at me and smiled,  
As if I were a boy:

And ever whispered, mild and low,  
"Come be a child once more!"  
And waved their long arms to and fro,  
And beckoned solemnly and slow;  
O, I could not choose but go,  
Into the woodlands hoar;

Into the blithe and breathing air,  
Into the solemn wood,  
Solemn and silent everywhere!  
Nature with folded hands seemed there,  
Kneeling at her evening prayer!  
Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue  
Of tall and sombre pines;  
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,  
And, where the sunshine darted through,  
Spread a vapor soft and blue,  
In long and sloping lines.



And falling on my weary brain,  
Like a fast-falling shower,  
The dreams of youth came back again;  
Low lisps of the summer rain,  
Dropping on the ripened grain,  
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, O stay!  
Ye were so sweet and wild!  
And distant voices seemed to say,  
"It cannot be! They pass away!  
Other themes demand thy lay,  
Thou art no more a child!"

"The land of Song within thee lies,  
Watered by living springs;  
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes  
Are gates unto that Paradise,  
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,  
Its clouds are angels' wings.

"Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,  
Not mountains capped with snow,  
Nor forests sounding like the sea,  
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,  
Where the woodlands bend to see  
The bending heavens below.

"There is a forest where the din  
Of iron branches sounds!  
A mighty river roars between,  
And whosoever looks therein,  
Sees the heavens all black with sin,—  
Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

"Athwart the swinging branches cast,  
Soft rays of sunshine pour,  
Then comes the fearful wintry blast;  
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast;  
Pallid lips say, 'It is past!  
We can return no more!"

"Look then, into thine heart, and write!  
Yes, into Life's deep stream!  
All forms of sorrow and delight,  
All solemn Voices of the Night,  
That can soothe thee, or affright,—  
Be these henceforth thy theme."

The volume, besides the Prelude, contains eight poems, entitled "*Voices of the Night*"—the "*Earlier Poems*" of Mr. Longfellow, and "*Translations*." The "*Earlier Poems*," are of a different character from his more recent productions, and are well-known to his admirers. Among the translations is the grand, solemn poem from the Spanish, "*Coplas de Manrique*." In addition to the above selection, we give two pieces from the work before us, the one original and the other, as will be seen, a translation from Lope de Vega. And we commend the volume, to all lovers of the beautiful—of true poetry.

#### THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

Shall I have nought that is fair, saith he:  
Have nought but the bearded grain?  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again.

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

My Lord has need of these flowrets gay,  
The Reaper said, and smiled:  
Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child.

They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear.

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day;  
'T was an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

#### THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

Shepherd! that with thine amorous, sylvan song  
Hast broken the slumber that encompassed me,—  
That mad'st thy crook from that accursed tree,  
On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long!  
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;  
For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be;  
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see  
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.

Hear, Shepherd!—thou that for thy flock art dying,  
O, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou  
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.  
O, wait!—to thee my weary soul is crying,—  
Wait for me!—Yet why ask it, when I see,  
With feet nailed to the cross, thou'rt waiting still for me!

Dramas, Discourses and other pieces—By James A. Hillhouse. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown—1839.

This is an elegant edition of the works of one of our writers, of whom another speaks thus—

"HILLHOUSE, whose music, like his themes,  
Lifts earth to heaven—whose poet-dreams  
Are pure and holy as the hymn  
Echoed from harps of seraphim,  
By bards that drank at Zion's fountains,  
When glory, peace and hope were her's,  
And beautiful upon the mountains,  
The feet of angel-messengers."

The first volume contains Demetria, Hadad and Percy's Masque;—The second, two poems—"The Judgment," and "Sachem's Wood;" together with three Discourses—one delivered by the author before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, "On some of the considerations which should influence an Epic or a Tragic writer in the choice of an era"—one "On the relations of Literature to a Republican Government" pronounced before the Brooklyn Lyceum, and the third on the life and services of La-Fayette, delivered at New-Haven. The volume concludes with "The Hermit of Warkworth," by Bishop Percy—modernised, we presume, by Mr. Hillhouse.

We have read none of the pieces contained in these books except Hadad, with which many of our readers are probably familiar. That Drama alone, (founded upon the rebellion of Absalom,) is enough to build up a splendid reputation for its author.

These volumes are published in a style which places them among the most beautiful specimens of the American Press.

Franklin's Life and Writings: 2 vols. Family Library, No's: XCII and XCIII.

We are pleased to see this valuable work, published in the neat, cheap, and convenient form of the Family Library. Besides the sound common-sense instruction conveyed in the writings of this illustrious man, we regard the example afforded by his life, as a living and practical lesson, calculated to kindle a resolution in the heart of the poor and humble young man, that shall urge him to become a useful and respectable member of society. Let him read the life of the sage, the statesman and the philosopher, and learn what a poor printer's boy may become. True, he may

never attain to the same eminence as he who drew the subtle lightning from its cloud, but he may imitate him so far as to know by experience the rich rewards that follow a course of industry, sobriety and economy. This he may share with Franklin, and it is better than the mere outward show of popularity, and the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal of applause. Let every young man, then, read this book, and let it be placed in the libraries of those whose means will not allow them to purchase the larger edition of his works. These volumes, the title-page informs us, contain a portion of Franklin's Writings, "selected with care from all his published productions, and comprising whatever is most entertaining and valuable to the general reader." We say again, that we are glad that the Messrs. Harpers have published this work. It will be welcome and useful to many.

Sam Slick's Letter-Bag of the Great Western. Philadelphia. Lea & Blanchard—1840.

We have read a few of these Letters. They contain some humor, and the first is a very good imitation—as it was probably intended to be. But we cannot say much for the delicacy of the book. We think that wit should not have been preserved, in any instance, at the expense of decency. We have been much amused at some of the Letters, and have no doubt that they will amuse others, but we cannot recommend the work—certainly not as a book to be read in the family-circle.

The Fruit of the Spirit. By G. W. Bethune, D.D. Philadelphia: H. Hall. 1839.

We gave a brief notice of this work in our last. We have read but a few of its pages, but we are pleased with its sweet style and tone of practical piety. The subject of the volume is found in Galatians v: 22, 23. "*The fruit of the Spirit is Love, Joy, Peace, Long-Suffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Meekness, Temperance: against such there is no Law.*" The book is appropriately dedicated by the author to his "Mother and first teacher in Religion." The substance of its contents was delivered from the pulpit, but we think that many will be glad to receive it in this form—and trust that its usefulness will be much extended by publication. It is divided into different sections, each one having as a topic one of the "Fruits," except the last, which is devoted to the phrase "*Against such there is no Law.*" We think that the devout of all denominations will be pleased with this work. It has, we judge from what we have read, a deep practical bearing. It is good for the Christian to leave the jarring interests and tumults of the world, and retire with such a book as this. It directs his vision to the golden gates, and his soul becomes calm with the contemplation of the green fields and the clear crystal waters, where grow these "Fruits of the Spirit," of which God has vouchsafed to give him a taste, even amid the dusty and thorny pilgrimage of human existence. Let this work be read, even by those, who, in some points of doctrine, may differ from Mr. B. They will find that he says much with which they can sympathize. They will all respond to the spirit of these closing words:

"Our pleasant meditations upon our sweet text must now close. Yet like him, who saw the Lord on the holy mount, we could linger around it and say, It is good to be here. How pure is the atmosphere, and how calm! Controversies and sectarian jars reach not this elevation. No creed forbids such virtues. How clear the sunshine! No doubt rests upon the beauty of these divine graces. How holy the society! Each virtue, and all, reminding us of Jesus and the shining ones who followed him on earth, and now adore him in heaven.

"Beloved, let us leave our holy thoughts to practise this holy morality; nay, we can meditate as we practise, and while we walk on earth, our hearts may be in heaven.

Happy will the writer be, if God has permitted him to bind up the fallen tendrils of any neglected grace; to shed the dews of the Spirit upon one drooping virtue; or encourage into full loveliness one shrinking bud of Christian duty. Happier will we all be, if knowing the will of our heavenly Father, we shall do it; that so Jesus may be glorified in us upon earth, and we be glorified in him for ever.

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Amen."

Address delivered before the Philodemic Society, of Georgetown College, D. C., on the 22d February, 1840. By William H. Lewis, of Tennessee.

To this address are prefixed some remarks made by Mr. W. S. Walker, previous to his reading the farewell address of Washington. Both are highly creditable productions, especially when we consider the age of their authors. The subject was a good one, and they have handled it well. We read this little pamphlet hastily, but such is our judgment from the perusal. We trust that the young orators will go on in the course upon which they have so successfully started, emulating the virtues and practising the precepts upon which they have been descanting; and that they may become lights upon our country's altars, and pillars in her temple—that they may do honor to the land whose soil embosoms the ashes of Washington.

Emily; or, Mistakes in Religion. Philadelphia: 1839.

We have been much pleased with the perusal of this sketch. It exposes, in a proper light, many of the errors which obtain among professors, in regard to practical Religion. There are one or two points where the authoress may be thought to go too far, and in which many will not agree with her; but we think that the general tone of the work will please—and that its lessons, if rightly pondered, may do much good by being circulated and read. The "Steam Voyage from Augusta to Savannah," we have not read. The book is by a Southern lady, and does much credit to her talents, and to her discrimination as to the topic on which she treats. Our readers will be somewhat acquainted with her, when we inform them that she is the author of the Tale, entitled "Mrs. Shooter's Party," in our last.

#### CHARLOTTESVILLE ADVOCATE.

We are pleased to see that this paper has passed under the editorial management of LUCIAN MINOR, Esq.—"a scholar and a ripe one"—a man of fine literary acquirements, and an amiable gentleman. It is not often that we notice newspaper changes, but in this instance we have seen proper to do so, trusting that the Advocate will prosper under the hands of its talented and worthy editor, and receive a full and adequate patronage.

We have been indebted to the pen of Mr. M. for many articles, and trust that his new vocation will not deprive us of his contributions in future.

#### DEFERRED NOTICES.

We have on hand several other works, for which we tender our hearty thanks to the publishers and authors, and which shall be noticed in the April No. Among these are Lieber's Political Ethics—first and second volume. Lieber's Legal and Political Hermeneutics; and Marian, or a Young Maid's Fortunes, by Mrs. Hall. They shall not be forgotten.